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OUR FOREIGN POLICY IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

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I

For ten years now we have been telling each other — and telling the world — that America leads in the search for peace. Three Presidents and three Secretaries of State, backed by senatorial utterances and party platforms, have reiterated the idea; editorial writers and Rotary Club speakers have elaborated it until now it has become part of the folklore of the country — one of those unquestioned generalizations by which a nation ascribes virtue to itself, and vice, or at least unenlightenment, to its neighbors.

Briefly stated, this particular generalization runs as follows: As a peace-loving people we here in the United States have done and are doing our utmost to promote better understanding between nations. In this matter we have assumed a position of leadership which is universally recognized. Unfortunately the rest of the world, because of racial or economic rivalries which happily we do not share, has not caught up with our position. We have therefore been unable to accomplish what we desired; our efforts have been blocked; our suggestions have been misinterpreted and have frequently met with rebuff. But we have been patient and generous in our understanding, and our hope is that, with the example of America before them, perhaps in time the other nations will bring themselves abreast of our national attitude so that peace will come to the earth.

It was apparently President Harding who gave impetus to this comfortable doctrine. As one wades through the tortuous English of his messages and addresses the theme is encountered again and again. 'It has been our fortune both to preach and promote international understanding,' he said in 1922. 'Cognizant of the world's struggles for full readjustment and rehabilitation, we have shirked no duty which comes of sympathy, or fraternity or highest fellowship among nations.'

President Coolidge developed the text with infinite elaboration. His speeches and messages constantly reiterate it. 'All the world knows that the whole extent of our influence is against war and in favor of peace, against the use of force and in favor of negotiation, arbitration, and adjudication as a method of adjusting international differences. . . . Our example has become of great importance in the world. It is recognized that we are independent, detached, and can and do take a disinterested position in relation to international affairs. Our charity

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embraces the earth. Our financial favors are widespread. . . . We have always been desirous not to participate in controversies, but to compose them. What a success this has brought to us at home, and what a place of respect and moral power it has gained for us abroad, is known to all men. . . . We have given freely of our counsel to the settlement of difficulties in Latin America and the adjustment of war problems in Europe. . . . We cannot make over the people of Europe. We must help them as they are if we are to help them at all.'

President Hoover, upon his accession to office, made the same text his own. 'Year by year,' he said in his speech of acceptance, 'in our relations with other nations we have advanced the ideals of law and of peace in substitution for force. . . . Our foreign policy has one primary object and that is peace.' Senator Fess, as chairman of the Republican Convention that nominated Mr. Hoover, phrased the theme as follows: 'The attitude of the military countries of the Old World has been seriously disappointing to this country toward rational proposals for permanent peace. Declarations of peace are ineffective when drowned out by the clatter of armament.'

II

In view of this tradition which has been so sedulously preached and so widely accepted, it might be as well to examine its claims to validity. Are we, of all nations, peculiarly disposed toward peace? Has our influence been thrown on the side of understandings that make for peace? Is it true, for example, as Mr. Coolidge said recently, that the United States has become 'a leader in limitation of armaments,' while other nations 'constantly think in terms of war'?

Perhaps a few figures in relation to this last question will furnish a point of departure for our discussion. In 1913 the United States had a fleet of 963,000 tons, Great Britain had a fleet of 2,222,000 tons, and France a fleet of 689,000 tons. To-day the United States has 1,173,000 tons, Great Britain has 1,378,000 tons, and France has 618,000 tons. In terms of annual cost for naval armament the United States is spending to-day $382,000,000, whereas in 1913 we spent $133,000,000; Great Britain is spending $271,000,000, as against $247,000,000 in 1913; while France is spending $100,000,000, as against $90,000,000 in 1913. In other words, the United States is to-day spending 187 per cent more than she spent in 1913, Great Britain 10 per cent more, and France 11 per cent more.

If army and air defense costs are added to navy costs, the United States is this year spending $842,000,000, Great Britain is spending $560,000,000, and France $431,000,000. In 1914 the officers and men of our regular forces, both Army and Navy, were about 164,000; in 1924 they were about 256,000; to-day they are roughly 250,000. Our citizens' army, including the National Guard and other forms of reserves, increases these totals to about 299,000 in 1914, 672,000 in 1924, and approximately 728,000 to-day.

Of the present world expenditure on armament, — a total of about four and a half billion dollars a year, — 60 per cent represents the expenditure of all the European countries put together, 20 per cent is spent by the United States, and 20 per cent by the rest of the world. In the United States the expenditure attributable to war (service of war debt, war pensions, and current cost of armaments) constitutes 80 per cent of the total Federal budget. In Great Britain this expenditure is 77 per cent of the budget; in France it is slightly less.

'While other nations have felt that they were forced to prepare for war,' said Mr. Coolidge in his Memorial Day address in 1928, 'our situation has been such that we have always been preparing for peace.' 'While we have had wars in the Western Hemisphere,' said President Hoover in his inaugural address, 'yet on the whole the record is in encouraging contrast with that of other parts of the world. Fortunately the New World is largely free from the inheritances of fear and distrust which have so troubled the Old World. We should keep it so.'

III

We are accustomed to refer with considerable pride to the achievements of the Washington and London naval conferences and to the initiative which came from America. It is true that in both these conferences forward steps were taken in limiting naval competition, in declaring a 'battleship holiday,' and in reducing the tonnage in certain categories of auxiliary vessels. But it must not be forgotten that the significant result of these conferences in terms of American policy was the recognition by Great Britain of our right of parity with her in combat fleets. In the perspective of history this is a stupendous event. We have climbed to the throne of naval supremacy which, in the three hundred years from the Spanish Armada to the Battle of Jutland, was occupied by Great Britain alone. We have successfully asserted our right to have a navy second to none, and that right is now written into the body of international law. Hereafter we can, without question, build ton for ton and gun for gun with an empire whose far-flung commonwealths and dependencies have seemed until now to place its naval needs in a special class. Not what we need, but what Great Britain thinks she needs, is now our basis of measurement. What this will cost us if we build up to the treaty levels cannot with precision be determined. The chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee estimates an outlay for this purpose of $500,000,000 by 1940, which, added to the cost of ships already authorized, will bring the total building cost to roughly $936,000,000.

It is true that these increases are optional and not mandatory, but the big-navy people now have the whip hand; a definite goal has been legally established; and the campaign which has already been initiated to drive the United States to exercise the right which it won at the London Conference will be increasingly difficult to resist.

The London Conference was significant in another way. It was initiated with expressions of lofty purpose on the part of the United States. Ambassador Gibson, speaking for President Hoover before the Preparatory Commission at Geneva, in April 1929, urged the nations to make a new approach based on the recent signing of the Briand-Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war, and to 'take the bold course and begin by scrapping the term "limitation" in order to concentrate upon a general reduction of armaments.' President Hoover in his Armistice Day address of the same year went even further. 'We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other,' he said. 'Having said that, it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us.'

But when the pinch came, the lofty purpose was considerably deflated. Because it could not be reconciled with our claim to parity, the word 'reduction' was forgotten, and 'limitation' was restored to favor. The tentative suggestion of Great Britain looking toward the 'eventual abolition' of battleships was summarily turned down by the United States for the reason, explained by Secretary Stimson, that the battleship constituted 'the core of the fleet.' Similarly the American delegation declined to consider the reduction of aircraft carriers from 135,000 tons to 100,000 tons, and rejected the formal proposal of Great Britain to extend the age limit of vessels, a proposal which would have permitted substantial savings in replacement costs. With President Hoover's fair words still echoing, and with the ink scarcely dry on the Briand-Kellogg Pact, we spent weeks jockeying for advantage with four other great naval powers — each of the five endeavoring to obtain for itself the best relative position for coming battles which they had all sworn were never to be fought.

When it was all over, and the parity that we were determined upon had been secured, the complacent chorus began again. The theory of other nations, wrote Mr. Coolidge in his daily column, is to 'arm for security'; the theory of the United States is to 'disarm for security.' Said President Hoover: 'It [the London Naval Conference] is an accomplishment which I believe will appeal to the moral and spiritual sense of the American people. Through this agreement we have strengthened the forces of peace. It is an accomplishment that has great material advantages to all its participants, but I prefer to have it judged on the far higher grounds of its contribution to the moral and spiritual welfare of our people and the world.' Senator Robinson, who helped negotiate the London Treaty, was more realistic. 'The result of the limitations imposed by this treaty,' he told the Senate, 'will give the Government of the United States, in so far as the Navy is concerned, far more sea power than it possessed during the period when there was no limitation.'

IV

In the last decade American foreign policy has been profoundly influenced by the fact that fifty-four nations have grouped themselves into a League in which we have declined to accept membership. Whatever the seven millions of voters who constituted President Harding's majority may have desired at that time, successive administrations have since interpreted the election as a final determination of the question whether the United States should join the League. Although Mr. Hoover was among the thirty-one who signed the manifesto addressed to the American people in 1920, urging them to vote for the Republican ticket as the best method of getting the United States into the League of Nations, in his speech of acceptance as a candidate in 1928 as well as in his inaugural address as President in 1929 he acquiesced in the doctrine that that election had closed the issue.

In ten years, however, the relationship of the United States to the League of Nations has undergone extensive modification. President Harding's statement with which he started his administration, that 'in the existing League of Nations, world-governing with its super-powers, this Republic will have no part,' was followed by the Guildhall speech of Mr. George Harvey, our Ambassador to London, in which he said, 'Our present government could not without betrayal of its creators and masters, and will not, I can assure you, have anything whatsoever to do with the League, or with any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively.' Nevertheless, despite this truculence, the United States is today represented, officially and unofficially, on many committees and at many conferences of the League; a plank in the Republican platform of 1928 endorsed our 'coöperation in the humanitarian and technical work' at Geneva; and Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover have both given cordial approval to a relationship that is far removed from that of a decade ago when we followed Mr. Harvey's doctrine so literally that the State Department would not even answer the letters received from the League.

But the relationship is still undefined and haphazard, and our foreign policy is in a state of continuous embarrassment in its attempt to work with other nations through the machinery which they have developed at Geneva, and at the same time avoid what Mr. Coolidge always referred to as the 'entanglements' of the League. The result is uncertainty and capriciousness.

A few random examples will suffice. Our Surgeon-General, Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, sits as a member of the League's health committee, but for the sake of appearances he represents, not the Government at Washington, but the International Public Health Office in Paris, created in 1907 and long outlived in usefulness. We have been represented 'unofficially' on the League's permanent committee dealing with the suppression of the traffic in women and children, but Miss Grace Abbott, our delegate, has been unable to attend its sessions since 1925, because permission has not been granted by the Department of Labor of which she is an official. In the League's International Labor Office we play no part whatever, and the vast work of that organization, with its world-wide implications, is carried on with no voice raised on behalf of the United States. Although sixty leading professors of international law in American universities recently petitioned the Secretary of State to cause our treaties and international engagements to be registered in the League of Nations Treaty Series, thus facilitating the work of students and obviating confusion and delay, the result was a timid note from an assistant in the State Department to the effect that the United States was not a member of the League.

In spite of the fact that we participate on varying bases of collaboration in many of the League's committees and conferences, in ten years we have contributed toward the expenses of this work only $25,000, approximately. We have paid nothing toward any share in the general overhead expenses of the League, such as salaries, printing of documents, headquarters at Geneva, and so forth, nor toward those conferences of a 'humanitarian and technical' nature — to quote the language of the Republican platform — in which we are represented by private citizens like Jeremiah Smith and Professor Millikan, who have been nominated by the League rather than by the State Department. During this same ten-year period Great Britain and France have contributed to the League roughly $4,000,000 each — and even Liberia and Haiti have given $67,000 and $118,000 respectively.

Illustrations such as these could be given almost endlessly. Even when we coöperate whole-heartedly and completely with the League's commissions — such as the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament — the nature of our relationship necessitates a search for formulas and face-saving devices to disguise the fact that fifty-four nations have an organized method of consultation in which we do not participate. Occasionally the awkwardness of our relationship is the result of friction between the State Department and the Senate. For example, a protocol prohibiting the use of poison gas and bacteriological warfare was drawn up in Geneva in 1925, largely on the initiative of an American, the late Senator Theodore Burton. It was duly signed by the United States, but ratification was defeated in the Senate as the result of efforts by the American Legion, the Chemical Warfare Service of the War Department, and commercial chemical companies. The United States and Japan are the only great powers which have failed to ratify this ban. Incidentally the United States has spent over twelve million dollars in the last ten years in furthering the development of gas warfare.

Similarly a convention signed in Geneva in 1925 for the supervision of the international trade in arms and ammunition has never been ratified by the Senate. The convention relating to the traffic in women and children, drawn up in Geneva in 1921, was never even signed by the United States although it is now in force in more than thirty other countries. Nor have we signed the Opium Convention of 1925. The Convention for the Suppression of Obscene Publications, drawn up in 1923, has been signed but not ratified by the Senate. The same is true of the Convention for the Suppression of Counterfeiting Currency in 1929. The Convention of 1928 relating to Economic Statistics, although drawn up with the assistance of American representatives at the conference, has not even been signed. Altogether there are about twenty League conventions of a humanitarian or non-political character to which the United States has not given its assent, although for the most part they have become the recognized policy of the rest of the world.

V

Our relationship with the League has other unsatisfactory aspects. For example, the United States participated officially in the League's Economic Conference in 1927 and in the two conferences of 1927 and 1928 on Import and Export Prohibitions and Restrictions. In vital subjects like these, where the interests of the United States are so deeply and directly involved, it would be inconceivable for us to allow fifty nations to take action in our absence and without our collaboration. We could not afford to be away when fifty other governments were determining issues that affected us. But the difficulty is that the United States is not represented on either the Council or the Assembly of the League. Consequently we have no part in controlling the work of any of these conferences and committees. We have no voice in deciding what shall be initiated, or how the recommendations shall be carried into effect. Other governments decide what is to be undertaken; they determine what conferences are to be held and what subjects each is to consider. The United States has none of the initiative; it has no part in shaping the agenda; and its representatives arrive at a League conference to find a chairman already chosen by the Council and preparations made by League committees over which our government has no control. When the work of the conference is completed and the report is submitted, it is the Council or the Assembly that determines what shall be done with it, and in the ensuing debates there is no voice to represent the United States. American representatives on the committees may work vigorously for the adoption of a particular proposal, only to have it defeated or forgotten when the matter comes before the Council. Our situation is precisely as if Massachusetts, for example, were represented on the committees of the United States Senate, but had no voice and no vote in the Senate itself.

This state of uncertainty, with one foot in the League's door, makes our foreign policy fumbling and inconsistent. Our representatives on the Geneva committees are oppressed by the anomaly of their status and by the futility of the whole arrangement. No one knows at what conferences the United States will be represented, and frequently our delegates have appeared at the last moment, breathless and unprepared. An atmosphere of unreality and pretense hangs over the whole relationship. We advance and draw back, attend one conference and stay away from another. The State Department is afraid of the Senate and the Senate is suspicious of the State Department. A policy toward the League and its work that might be honest and forthright is consequently whittled down to furtiveness, and vacillation characterizes our whole approach.

Meanwhile fifty-four governments, sitting around a table, have for ten years been reaching conclusions on all sorts of problems that overflow national boundary lines. A new method of international legislation has been developed, a new technique of continuous conference. In the blazing of this trail the United States has had no part. In only a few instances in an entire decade have we taken any initiative. In health, in child welfare, in questions relating to communication and transit, in the opium traffic, in double taxation, in intellectual coöperation, in the codification of international law, — and in a dozen other difficult matters where common counsel is necessary, — it is Geneva that has set the pace, while the United States has trailed along behind, dimly conscious of the new interrelated world in which she must live, but bound by outworn methods and the slogans of old battles.

VI

It is scarcely necessary to speak of the World Court. Here is an institution which Chief Justice Hughes has called 'the absolute minimum of intelligent effort for the promotion of world peace.' Supported by forty-five other nations, accepted by 90 per cent of the civilized world, it has demonstrated over a ten-year period its fundamental usefulness in substituting the authority of law for the authority of force. Although it has received the endorsement of four Presidents and six Secretaries of State, the United States still remains aloof, fearful of some infringement upon its sovereignty. In spite of the fact that three distinguished Americans have served as judges on its bench, not a cent has been contributed from our Treasury to its support. Although America assisted in giving the original impetus toward a world court in the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, we have allowed the leadership in this great movement to pass to other hands, and to-day, with Honduras, Afghanistan, Mexico, Turkey, and two or three other nations, we stand on the side lines, mere spectators in one of the most significant developments in human history.

It is to be hoped, of course, that in the forthcoming session of the Senate the protocol of the Court will at last be ratified. What is perhaps not generally understood in this country is that the protocol represents far less in the way of commitment than most other countries have agreed to. All the great powers except Japan, together with many of the small ones, — thirty-eight in all, — have ratified the so-called 'optional clause' by which they have accepted the jurisdiction of the Court as compulsory, *ipso facto* and without special agreement, in four broad classifications of legal disputes. The protocol which we propose to sign, if the Senate gives its reluctant consent, limits the jurisdiction of the Court, as far as the United States is concerned, to such cases only as we may specifically refer to it. We will not allow ourselves to be sued in the Court unless we so agree, and in each such case the Senate by a two-thirds vote would have to concur.

We look upon the Court — to use the words of Secretary Stimson — 'as a carefully chosen and experienced tribunal to which the nations of the world, if and when they choose, can refer their disputes for settlement, without the ordinary delays and difficulties which accompany the selection of arbitrators.' On the other hand, the thirty-eight nations that have signed and ratified the 'optional clause' have declared their willingness to submit their policy to the rule of law as interpreted by the World Court. Consequently they think of the Court in terms of compulsory jurisdiction, while we think of it merely as a convenient method of arbitration. Countries like Great Britain and France have taken the bold step of making the Court a real court as far as their disputes are concerned; with us the struggle in the forthcoming session of the Senate will be, in effect, merely to determine whether the United States will ever use the World Court as an arbitrator in those particular cases in which we voluntarily choose this method of settling difficulties.

But complacency has not deserted us. 'We wish to see all the world relieved from strife and conflict, and brought under the humanizing influence of a reign of law,' said President Coolidge. 'We wish to discard the element of force and compulsion in international agreements and conduct, and rely on reason and law.' 'Our ideals and our hopes,' said President Hoover, 'are for the progress of justice through the entire world. We desire to see all humanity relieved of the hideous blight of war and of the cruelties and injustices that lead to war.'

VII

This World Court situation brings up the large question of our attitude toward arbitration and conciliation as a method of settling international disputes. In the minds of many people this method has constituted the American substitute for the machinery of the League of Nations and the World Court, and the popular impression prevails in this country that in this field the United States has a position of recognized leadership. This impression has been confirmed by official words emanating from Washington for over a decade. In a communication to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1927, Secretary Kellogg stated that 'the Government of the United States welcomes every opportunity for joining with the other Governments of the world in condemning war and pledging anew its faith in arbitration.' In the same year the American representative on the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference, meeting in Geneva, stated that 'the United States has always championed the idea of international arbitration and conciliation, both in principle and practice,' and 'welcomes the extension of the practice'; but at the same time he announced the refusal of the United States to participate in the work of an international committee on arbitration.

Similarly President Hoover, in his address on Armistice Day of 1930, said, 'It is our purpose to develop in every way the use of arbitration and conciliation agreements in our relations with foreign nations.' In pursuance of this policy the United States has within two years signed such treaties with forty-five nations, at least twenty-six of which have already been ratified by the Senate.

An examination of these bilateral treaties is illuminating. The so-called Root arbitration treaties, negotiated in the first decade of the century, followed the pre-war model of limiting the arbitration to differences which did not 'affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting states.' While the new treaties no longer contain these limitations, other limitations have been substituted, notably questions within the domestic jurisdiction of the parties, and questions involving the Monroe Doctrine. In other words, these new treaties represent little if any advance over pre-war ideas. They are so full of conditions and allow so many loopholes for contention that it is difficult to see how, in a crisis of heated public opinion, they could be made to work at all. They leave both parties free to claim that the subject matter of any dispute is within its domestic jurisdiction, and no method is provided for determining whether the claim is well founded. For the first time they introduce in our arbitration treaties the uncertainties of the Monroe Doctrine. They provide for no definite arbitral body; instead, disputes are to be submitted to tribunals to be created out of the old Permanent Court of Arbitration, 'or to some other competent tribunal, as shall be decided in each case by special agreement.'

Finally, the new treaties reënact the Senate's ancient claim, against which Presidents Roosevelt and Taft protested vigorously and in vain, that in each particular case that body, by a two-thirds vote, must pass on the terms of the proposed arbitration. This waters down the obligation to arbitrate and makes it a mere agreement to agree. It means that we covenant to arbitrate when the President and the Senate, two thirds of its members concurring, are willing to consent to arbitration when the time comes. The decision whether a particular dispute falls within the scope of the treaty, or is excluded by its limitations, lies in the last analysis with the Senate, which means that one third plus one of the Senators may, if they are opposed, prevent recourse to arbitration. It was in regard to this provision that President Roosevelt said in 1905, 'We had better abandon the whole business rather than give the impression of trickiness and insincerity which would be produced by solemnly promulgating a sham. . . . As far as I am concerned I wish either to take part in something that means something or else not to have any part in it at all.'

Yet this provision still finds a place in our new treaties, and with their other weaknesses they have been launched with colorful words of praise from the White House and the State Department. What President Hoover and Secretary Stimson have not told us is that these treaties fall far short of the standard of recent arbitration agreements among other powers. Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, France, and a score of other nations have concluded an amazing network of treaties under which they have agreed to settle by arbitration or recourse to the World Court *all* differences of whatever character which they are unable to settle by diplomacy or conciliation. These treaties provide for the automatic submission of disputes to arbitration without the necessity of a special agreement in each particular case. Moreover the General Act for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, which was the work of the Assembly of the League of Nations in 1928, has now been ratified by France and Great Britain as well as by a growing number of the smaller powers. According to this General Act all justiciable disputes come under the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court, and the 'optional clause' is thus reënforced. But the General Act deals also with non-justiciable disputes, and definite binding arrangements are made by which in this troublesome class of difficulties the contracting parties agree without qualification to resort to conciliation. The Act is well defined by the London *Times* as 'more comprehensive than the "optional clause," more precise and specific than the Pact of Paris, and more rigid than the Covenant.'

In all this new forward movement by which nations are trying to build up definite machinery for the pacific settlement of controversies, the United States lags far behind. We are still thinking in pre-war terms. The arguments by which the Senate defeated the Olney-Pauncefote treaty between Great Britain and the United States in 1897 are still the arguments in force to-day. Our recent arbitration treaties represent little more than a gesture toward peace — an attempt to create the impression that we are marching in the procession. And they do give us a talking point. In his recent Pan-American Day address President Hoover expressed himself as follows: 'In this respect [conciliation and arbitration] the Western Hemisphere has placed an enviable record before the nations of the world. From the earliest period of their history the governments of the republics of this hemisphere . . . have demonstrated their willingness and even eagerness to adopt and apply mediation, conciliation, and arbitration. The common purpose to eliminate war and the determination to achieve peace and security represent a major contribution of the Americas to modern civilization.'

President Hoover neglected to add that the Inter-American Arbitration treaty, which with nineteen other American nations the United States signed with such a beating of drums on January 5, 1929, is still sleeping in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate. It is more progressive in its terms than any similar treaty to which our signature has ever been attached. Among other things it does not require participation by the Senate in a special agreement in each particular case. For that reason it will doubtless sleep for a long time to come.

VIII

Our foreign policy, as it has developed over the last decade, boils down to this generalization: the United States does not intend to make commitments in advance as to what course it will adopt in any particular contingency. This principle, launched somewhat timidly in the Harding régime, has been given explicit and repeated expression by Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover. 'In case of danger,' said Mr. Coolidge, 'we can join in any consultation that seems necessary to us when it arises. No agreement about it in advance is necessary or desirable. . . . It would be more practical to await the event. Our position can then be ascertained.' President Hoover in his last Armistice Day address phrased the idea as follows: 'We believe that our contribution can best be made in these emergencies, when nations fail to keep their undertakings of pacific settlement of disputes, by our good offices and helpfulness free from any advance commitment or entanglement as to the character of our action.'

How far this doctrine is a rationalization of our failure to keep step with other nations in their development of alternatives for war, or to what extent it represents the sense of frustration and impotence of the executive branch of our Government, faced with a rigid constitutional provision under which it must share with the legislative branch responsibility for our foreign relations, is perhaps impossible to determine. Certainly every President of the United States since Benjamin Harrison has crossed swords with the Senate over this divided function, and the bitter words of John Hay have been echoed by every Secretary of State: 'The thing that has aged me and broken me up has been the attitude of the minority of the Senate which brings to nought all the work a State Department can do.' In all our diplomatic history there is perhaps nothing so revealing as the letter written by Secretary Hughes to President Harding advising him of the uselessness of submitting to the Senate the 'optional clause' of the World Court statutes, which, as we have seen, would make the Court a real court instead of a casual method of arbitration.

But whatever the cause, or however real and patent our difficulties may be, the fact remains that the doctrine enunciated by Presidents Coolidge and Hoover not only is out of line with the entire development of the world since 1918, but is fundamentally incompatible with the obligation which we assumed when, with fifty-nine other nations, we signed the Briand-Kellogg Pact. In that Pact we covenanted never to seek the settlement of disputes *except by pacific means*. But what are the 'pacific means'? What precise methods or technique have we developed to make this clause effective? Do we intend to rely on the old practices of diplomacy that proved so futile a barrier against war in 1914? Do we seriously believe that our new bilateral treaties of arbitration with their conditions and exceptions, and with the necessity which they involve of a fresh reference to the Senate, will avert disaster when mass passion has been aroused? Yet, except for these two methods we have no answer to the question. Or, rather, our answer is entirely in the negative. We will not join the League. We have not joined the Court. We will not sign the 'optional clause.' We will have nothing to do with the General Act. Except in the region of the Pacific Ocean we will not agree to consult with other powers in time of danger. We even decline to say in advance that we will not act as an armory for nations that run amuck — and the Capper, Burton, and Porter resolutions, designed to give assurance to the world on this point, have been shelved in Congress these many months.

Our whole policy is that we will leave to the improvisation of the moment both our own attitude and the method to be employed. When the crisis comes and the world is in flames we will decide whether or not poison gas is to be used; we will determine whether bacteriological warfare is permissible; we will try to reach an agreement with other nations as to a proper method of liquidating the dispute; and we will get the Senate by a two-thirds vote to concur. This is our theory. Apparently 1914 has taught us nothing. We are not interested in the formation of a fire department. When the fire actually breaks out we will plan our own technique for combating it. In the meantime we ask our neighbors to trust our well-known abhorrence of fire.

To be sure, President Hoover in his Armistice Day address in 1930, speaking of the Briand-Kellogg Pact and the possibility of its extension, ventured upon an approach that can scarcely be called too daring or incautious. He remarked, 'I do not say that some further step may not some day come about.' And that was all. Shortly thereafter, as reported in the press, the State Department assured the public that the President had no intention of making a bid for the opening of negotiations. There the matter ended. With this show of valor the army of peace retreated to its trenches.

IX

But the matter cannot be allowed to rest there. Procrastination and extemporization are poor substitutes for the kind of foundation that the world needs to be laying at the present moment. Disaster awaits us around the corner — new wars, new methods of mass slaughter, indeed the possibility that the inheritance of civilization may become little more than a memory. We are face to face with situations which our fathers in 1787 never foresaw, and we cannot hope to muddle through, armed only with the machinery and the ideas they laid down. It will not avail us to appeal to tradition and old techniques. It will not excuse us to claim that constitutional limitations stand in the way of our participation in preventive measures. This is a time when traditions that no longer fit must be thrown aside, and practices that are no longer applicable must be scrapped. This is a time, indeed, when no country can hesitate in taking risks for peace.

Not by improvisation but by careful planning will the cataclysm of another war be avoided. No longer can we trust the inspiration of the moment or dare to gamble that some happy chance will see us through the crisis. The risk is now too great and the penalty of failure far too ruinous. The strategy of peace must be worked out with the same painstaking detail which has hitherto been reserved for the strategy of war. Conscious control must be substituted for chance, and collective planning for haphazard circumstance. It would seem as if the blood of 10,000,000 soldiers, slaughtered in the years from 1914 to 1918, had written this lesson in words which could never be forgotten. Yet thirteen years after the event the only definite strategy of defense against war which we in the United States are able to present is the bankrupt method of diplomacy and a handful of arbitration treaties of a type that President Roosevelt called 'shams.'

Meanwhile we continue to serve peace with words. 'The government of the United States will never be a laggard in any effective movement for the advancement of world peace,' says Mr. Kellogg. 'We are a people peculiarly devoted to the arts of peace,' says Mr. Coolidge. 'We are interested in all methods that can be devised to assure settlement of all controversies between nations,' says Mr. Hoover.

HUNTING THE WILD ASS

BY JAMES E. BAUM

I

THE great salt desert of Central Persia is the stamping ground of the wild ass, a wise, long-eared dun, brother of the horse. I wanted a specimen of the Persian wild ass for the Field Museum, although the Museum has an excellent group of Somali asses that Carl Akeley shot and mounted some years ago. But the Persian ass, or onager, although an allied species, is different from the African, and also from the kiang, the wild ass of Central Asia.

The first thing to do was to gather all the wild-ass information I could in Teheran, the capital. And let me say right here that I've never known a place where reliable information is as hard to get as it is in Persia. Americans and English of the legations in out-of-the-way places are usually the only persons you can rely on for information about game; most of them shoot, all are interested, and, thank God, they tell you the truth. Other Europeans as a rule do not shoot, and their ideas on game are sometimes quaint, to say the least. They mean well, but shooting is out of their line; they don't know. Native information, of course, is notoriously unreliable. The best way to handle native information is first to deduct 50 per cent, then whittle down what's left about one third, divide that by two or any other number you have handy, and work over the residue with a fine-toothed comb.

I went to the American and British Legations, but found to my surprise that no one there had shot wild ass. A Swiss doctor, Stump, was mentioned by two or three as a man who knew as much as anyone about game conditions. Stump has lived in Persia almost thirty years and has done a great deal of shooting on his own. The Legations steered me also to a Persian grandee, an old gaffer about seventy, one Mustophie, who they said was a noted hunter and poker player and a 'buddy' of the Shah. (Mustophie was made Prime Minister three months ago.)

'Mustophie's two passions,' one said, 'are poker and shooting. He's a good rifle shot and a sharpshooter when it comes to making two pair beat three of a kind.' Someone in the American Diplomatic Service has evidently put the Persians through a course of sprouts in the amenities of Western civilization. A few grandees have become poker addicts, and old Mustophie and the Shah are well able to defend themselves at our national indoor sport.

With an American, Arthur Dubois, in Persia to build a railroad for the government, I went to see Mustophie. The old man owns many villages in the country and two or three mansions in Teheran; property in Persia has been in the hands of a few families for generations. We met Mustophie in a large, high-ceilinged room of his house, surrounded by ten or twelve so-called advisers, really hangers-on. The old fellow was dressed as a dirt farmer or homesteader would be in Nebraska or Colorado. His European clothing had seen better days and he could n't be bothered with a collar. Flapping, heelless slippers took the place of shoes (the last thing a Persian gives up when he changes from the ancient to the modern costume is that inexcusable abortion, the bedroom slipper). Flippity-flop, here they come, flapping at every step. You can't stride; you must shuffle to keep them on. I'd sooner go barefoot.

Coming directly to the point, we ordered our interpreter to get Mustophie's ideas on the best place to hunt wild ass at this season. We were in a hurry; Dubois had other things to do. But you can't hurry a Persian. Did n't Kipling say something to the effect that a forest of gravestones marked the resting places of Westerners who had tried to hurry the East? The interpreter was horrified at our abruptness. Tea was brought casually, cigarettes handed around languidly, and candy circulated with great deliberation. We ate and drank and passed compliments back and forth for half an hour. Finally our prodded interpreter arrived in graceful oral curvets at the main business of the meeting.

'The only way you can possibly shoot wild ass,' answered Mustophie, 'is to take an automobile and a good driver, go down into certain parts of the desert where sand and salt are not too deep, and run them by car. A horse cannot overtake a wild ass and carry a man's weight; we Persians have tried it many times. Wild asses have remarkable eyesight. They see you two miles away on the flat desert and they're off! You must use automobiles.'

'How about laying for them at water holes?'

'Can't be done. They drink only at night and but once or twice a week, and they change watering places. Wild asses are crafty. If you lie in wait for them by a water hole, someone always makes a noise at the wrong time, the asses wind you, or something else happens. Even if you were lucky enough to get a shot, it would be dark; you could n't see your sights and you probably would n't hit anything. No, to shoot wild asses in Persia you must run them with automobiles.'

Not having sunk, as yet, to the level of the armchair sports who shoot from automobiles, we left old Mustophie to the ministrations of his numerous retinue and called on Dr. Stump. In Stump's opinion we might possibly shoot wild asses from horseback provided we were unusually well mounted, were close enough at the start, and happened to find them on good ground.

'But,' he said, toying languidly with one of those gruesome instruments that doctors always have lying around, 'wild asses are smart and wild, and they have remarkable eyesight — better eyesight than gazelles. It's almost impossible in that level country to get within half a mile of them. And with a half-mile start no horse on earth can overtake them. They know their business, too. They'll make straight for rocky, broken country where a horse carrying a man cannot compete with them in speed. However, it will be an interesting experiment and no end of sport. I'd like to go with you and I know a good place down in the Kevír.' We told the doctor to throw a saddle on his favorite pony and come along.

Dubois had two Arab horses bought from the tribes down around Bagdad, desert-raised, fast and tough. One of these he lent to me. The doctor had a Shirazi Arab. Shirazi horses carry their tails high, as do all Arabs, but slightly sideways — a curious habit.

We telephoned down to the mud village of Kishlok to a Persian friend of the doctor, one Mirzah Hossein Khan, and asked Mirzah to collect ten pack camels and have them waiting for us.

The place we had in mind to hunt was the Dasht-i-Kevír, the great salt desert of Central Persia. Not a spear of grass grows there, and feed for the horses was carried by the camels. Camels thrive on a thorny greasewood bush; a camel's idea of Heaven, as everybody knows, is a place of unlimited thorn bush and no water. Wild asses feed on the same bush. A horse will not touch it.

II

The great Kevír is a vast plain occupying much of the central part of the country, broken here and there by narrow irrigated strips and short ranges of barren limestone mountains, weathered and blackened by the intense sun. No grass and no trees grow either on the mountains or on the plain, with the exception of a few wild almond trees in the deeper and more inaccessible mountain canyons. Those barren, rocky black mountains have a look about them that calls to mind infernal regions and the hells of the various prophets.

The Kevír is encrusted with a layer of white salt that gleams in the sunlight like snow. If a horse or a man attempts to cross that salt — well, it's just too bad, that's all. A man sinks down a foot or two and a horse to his knees. Nothing lives in that salt area, not even birds. Wild asses range around its border, but have enough sense to stay out of it. Two cousins of a Persian clerk in the American Legation attempted to take a short cut across the Kevír two years ago. They were never heard of again. There is but one way to make the crossing — by a stone road built nearly four hundred years ago by old Shah Abbas. The road, raised slightly and paved with large round stones, is ten feet wide. It runs straight as a die across the glistening salt. To-day, after four hundred years, its condition is not so good; it is just passable for horses, provided always that camels go along to carry horse feed and water.

I was curious to know why old Shah Abbas went to all that labor and expense in such a barren waste. It seems that in his day savage Turkomans from the eastern border of the Caspian Sea had a weakness for raiding into Persia. They went as far south as Isfahan, ravaging and destroying, as boys will when out on that kind of 'bender.' This rough byplay got under the skin of Shah Abbas and kept him awake nights until he lit on the idea of a road to checkmate the hairy Turkoman. Horsemen could then cross the Kevír and reach the Turkoman border quickly, cutting off the freebooters. With such a threat behind them not even Turkomans dared to come far into Persia, and serious raids from that quarter were a thing of the past.

We crossed the Kevír on this old road. Mirzah Hossein sent his brother, Abbas Khan, along with us. Abbas knew the water holes in the desert mountains and also considerable wild-ass lore. We marched at night across the Kevír to avoid the heat and the glare of the sun on the white salt. It was pitch-dark and there was no moon. You could n't see your horse's ears, and about the first thing my stallion did was to join battle with the doctor's horse, also a stallion. I'm the last person in the world to mix up in anybody else's quarrel, and if stallions must fight I want no part in it. 'Let 'em have it out' is my motto, provided they keep away from me. But when you're riding one of the gladiators with a flat English saddle on a pitch-black night, it's not so good! After the first squeal and rush I reined him in hard. But he was a studhorse of infinite resource; he reared up straight and went over backward — *wham!* — on the saddle. I quit him in mid-air and just in time. If I'd been where he thought I was when he landed — but let's not go into that.

The next evening we reached the Siah Kouh, a range of desert mountains, and made camp near a stagnant spring. You're not 'choosy' with your water in the desert. You take it where you find it. This was salty and hard to keep down at first, but in a few days we became used to it and gulped it like so much Pilsener; you get used to anything in time — even Pilsener.

We found from tracks when we reached the spring that a few wild asses had been watering there. So we decided to lie in wait that night. For if they should come in to water and smell our camels, — anything this side of Heaven could smell those camels, — we knew they'd pull up stakes and leave the country. We were all bone-tired after that long trip over the Kevír, but we did n't dare to take a chance on their coming in, sniffing the camels, and leaving once for all.

Mahmoud, the cook, shook up a hasty supper at his small fire behind a jutting cliff, where it could not be seen from the desert. We gulped down the hot food, took our guns and a blanket apiece, and walked half a mile to a narrow place between two steep hills, where tracks showed that the asses had passed on the way to the spring. There we arranged watches; one man was to stay awake for the first three hours, then call another, and so on until daylight.

It rained that night, I believe for the first time in three or four months. We stuck it out, cold, wet, shivering, and hungry along toward morning. My turn came about one o'clock. Low clouds hung close to the hilltops, a drizzle soaked into clothes and blanket. The wind blew in gusts, and every little while I imagined I heard the clatter of unshod hoofs along the rocky trail leading through the narrow canyon. I was continually straining ears and eyes through the pitch-black of the stormy night. Once I shook the doctor and woke him with a 'Sh! I think they're coming,' only to find that it was nothing but the wind, strained nerves, and a vivid imagination. Not a single wild ass came in to drink that night.

We went back to camp at daylight, pulled Mahmoud from his warm felt, — Persians sleep wrapped in a piece of thick felt made somewhat on the order of a giant overcoat, — demanded breakfast, and got into warm dry clothes. We had expected to find plenty of ibex and mouflon on the higher peaks of the Siah Kouh. But a prolonged scout that day showed that practically all had left for parts unknown. Two years ago, according to the doctor and Abbas Khan, the Siah Kouh was alive with them, thousands of them. But we found no fresh tracks or sign. The game must have been gone from that range for six months. We talked it over and came to the conclusion that some Persian hunter had been there with the usual retinue of *shikarchis*, beaters, and satellites.

When a Persian grandee hunts, he sits down on a blanket behind a convenient rock and orders his beaters, sometimes a hundred men, to start the drive at the other end of the range and work toward him. An isolated range like the Siah Kouh is ideal for such work. Ibexes and mouflons come bounding along ahead of the drivers, and, as they pass, your sporting grandee cracks down on everything, regardless of age or sex. Those that get by keep on going until they find a new home on some other mountain range. It's the quickest way I know to exterminate or drive away game from a locality. Such a business would account for the absence of game on the Siah Kouh.

With no ibex or mouflon on the range we had to concentrate on wild ass. And let me say that it took some concentrating, too. I've shot pronghorn antelope at home, zebra and hartebeest in Africa, and gazelle of various kinds in Abyssinia and the Sudan. All those plains animals are wary and, because of the open country they inhabit, are hard to get up to. But for downright wildness, scariness, or whatever you want to call it, the Persian wild ass bears off the palm. We saw two or three specimens in the next few days. But they were a mile away and they saw us as soon as or before we saw them. Immediately they remembered important engagements in foreign parts; away they went in clouds of dust and sand, and they did n't stop until they were out of sight in the shimmering heat waves of the desert. Nothing like the coquettish gazelle, which runs a few hundred yards and turns to look back. They simply quit the locality for good and all. When I saw how much to heart they took our presence, and the serious, businesslike way in which they put country between themselves and us, I knew we were in for a real job of work to get one.

III

And now let me say something about the stamina of an Arab horse. As I mentioned before, I was riding one of the Arabs that belonged to Dubois, a desert-raised animal. He was n't over fourteen and a half hands high, and to look at him you might say, 'Why, a big man can't ride a cat! This horse is too small. He'll never be able to go the route.' And if you said that, you would make the greatest mistake of your life.

We left camp one morning, on horseback, to ride over the range by a trail that Abbas Khan knew, hoping to find a spring somewhere on the other slope. We thought there might be a few wild asses loitering around the water. We left camp at daylight, climbed the steep trail, got down the other side about one o'clock in the afternoon, looked all over the place for the spring, but could n't find it. We had our canteens, of course, but the horses had no water. Finally we gave it up. By that time we were almost at the eastern end of the range, so we decided, rather than go back and climb that steep and rocky trail again, to keep on, round the end of the Siah Kouh, staying on the desert and so arriving at camp that way. The trail around the end of a mountain range is a deceptive thing. It looks to be a fairly short way, but when you go on a bit you find another spur and another row of hills beyond. When you cross these you find more, and the thing piles up on you until, by the time you get around, you've covered three times the distance you expected.

It became dark soon and there was only the ghost of a moon. Not to drag this story out too long, I'll just say that we arrived in camp at three in the morning. Nineteen hours in the saddle. My Arab came in prancing and champing at the bit. He needed a firm hand on the rein at the finish, just as he had at the start. He had not walked one step, but pranced the entire way. Hard on me, I admit, but what an exhibition of stamina! And in the dark, on rocky, uneven ground, he had not once stumbled. I have no idea how much farther he could have gone without showing signs of fatigue. No water, and of course no food. Nineteen hours, head up, tail held high, pulling at the bit, prancing, eager to get out and run. That's what I call a horse!

We hunted the country around the spring thoroughly in the next few days.

But some charcoal burners with their camels had been camped there not long before, and the wild asses had left that locality. We moved camp to the eastward along the same range, one short day's march for the pack camels, about twelve miles, and camped at another spring. Here were many more ass tracks, some made in the last night or two.

We were up and dressed two hours before daylight the next morning, had breakfast, saddled up, and set out an hour before dawn. We rode down into the desert and separated. I rode rapidly far to the eastward, and when the sun rose was lying on a sun-baked mud butte at the edge of a narrow strip of bad lands, looking over the country with the binoculars. Just as the sun poked his nose over the far horizon I saw a small herd of five wild asses moseying along slowly, headed out into the desert. They passed behind a mud hill about half a mile long, walking slowly, one behind the other and entirely unconscious of danger. I waited until the last was out of sight behind the hill, then mounted and rode at a good gallop to intercept them, keeping the hill between us. I beat them to the far end, but they were four hundred yards beyond on the level plain. It was too far to shoot with accuracy, so I headed straight for them with my horse on a dead run. They looked up and saw me instantly, and away they went at their best clip, into the rising sun.

The ground was hard and even, sunbaked, and there were few rocks. It was an ideal place to try the speed of that Arab horse. He was eager to go, as he always was, and I let him have his head. How that little horse did enjoy it! His ears were cocked forward toward the dust cloud ahead, and he stretched out into a stride remarkably long for such a small animal. The wild asses were running low and doing their level best, but the Arab gradually drew up on them. They had a start of four hundred yards, but after a run of two miles and a half we were within seventy-five yards.

'Now,' I thought, as I yanked the Springfield from the scabbard, 'if you pull up suddenly, swing off, turn your horse loose and start shooting, you should be able to kill two or three before they get out of range.'

But when I tried to pull up, the Arab simply would n't hear of it! He shook his head, tried to get the bit in his teeth, and almost threw a cat fit. It took considerably more time to stop him than I had figured on. Meanwhile the asses were going at their best pace, and by the time I could pile off without danger of broken bones they were two hundred yards away. I turned the horse loose — you could walk up to him anywhere — and threw the gun to my shoulder. Then I had the surprise of my life. To save my soul I could n't hold that rifle steady! I had forgotten to take into consideration the fact that a two-and-a-half-mile race leaves the rider just about as winded as the horse. There I stood, panting as though I had climbed a steep hill on the run. The gun wobbled all over the scenery. I could no more hold the sights on one of those running animals than I could fly. I shot several times, but never touched hide or hair; they got clean away. The noise of the shooting scared the little horse, and I had to walk back a quarter of a mile to catch him. By that time further pursuit was out of the question.

I should have kept on in that race and ridden into the middle of the herd and shot from the saddle at close quarters, the way buffalo hunters used to do on the Western plains. But the chance had been lost. I only hoped I'd get another like it. But so wise and wary were those animals that we had no more chances while hunting from that camp, although we covered immense tracts, riding out each morning before daylight. After that first day in our second camp every single wild ass pulled up stakes and left that section. It seemed to us that word must have been passed around among the scattered bands by some mysterious method of communication. Sounds a bit absurd, I know, but how else can it be explained? Upon our arrival the watering place had been all tracked up. Dubois ran another bunch beside the five I saw, and immediately every wild ass within a radius of twenty miles quit the country.

Three weeks of tireless effort passed and we had nothing to show for our work. The doctor and Dubois returned to Teheran; the doctor had his practice to look after and Dubois had business with the government and also an important polo match, the foreign colony against the Persians. Since he used his two Arab horses for polo, he had to take them with him. I made up my mind to remain in the desert alone until I killed a wild ass or the wild ass stamped o'er my head, and I asked Dubois and the doctor to send out a new supply of grub from the village of Kishlok as they passed through and also to send another horse, the best they could find. I kept the tent and one camel man to cook.

I spoke no Persian and of course the camel man could speak no English, so the doctor wrote a list of the more important Persian words on a sheet of paper, with the English words opposite. When I gave an order I pulled the sheet from my pocket, spread it on the sand, ran my eye down the list until I found the words needed. It worked well enough. Camel men are good lads in their way, but excessively dumb, and perfectly content to squat around the fire drinking endless cups of tea, which suited me down to the ground. I did n't want them interfering and trying to help in the hunting.

The horse, borrowed from Mirzah Khan, and the commissary camels arrived in five days. The horse was the best in those parts and a good animal, but not an Arab. I moved camp, still to the eastward, about fifteen miles and on the same side of the range. This time we camped near an old ruin, a caravanserai built by Shah Abbas, the same who made the stone road across the Kevír. It was a square stone structure covering perhaps an acre of ground. Rounded turrets rose at the corners and slits of loopholes, narrow and businesslike, were cut at intervals in the walls. The roof had fallen in, but the walls stood solid. It was built, I suppose, as a fort or place of refuge for caravans in the old days when brigands were many and bold. The sight of the old pile standing in the bright desert sunlight, fallen into decay and with wild-ass tracks all around it, brought to mind the lines of Omar Khayyám: —

> . . . The Lion and the Lizard keep
> The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
> And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
> Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

IV

In the next few days I rode the country as thoroughly as a cow-puncher looking for strayed stock. With gun in scabbard, canteen, and a small bag of dried goat's-milk curds on the saddle, I set out each morning. I took it slowly. It would n't do to wear out my horse before I had a chance to make another run after wild ass, and the open country had to be hunted carefully. One morning I saw two asses a mile ahead browsing on the stunted thorn shrub that grows sparsely in the desert. They had not seen me and were directly west of my position. The sun was just coming up. At first I could not figure out a way, in that level country, to approach them near enough to give my horse a fair chance in a run. Then it occurred to me to ride straight toward them. The rising sun shining directly in their eyes when they looked my way might possibly keep them from seeing me until I should be close enough to chance a run. I rode forward very slowly, so slowly that my horse did not kick up the slightest dust to attract their attention. Each time one lifted his head I stopped dead still and waited until he again put down his head to feed.

The sun behind me must have been the greatest factor of concealment. Anyway, I got within three hundred and fifty yards before they saw me. Instantly they wheeled, facing in our direction. Heads were up. Every line of them became rigid. They made a beautiful picture there on the wide desert, the horizontal rays of the low sun gleaming upon their slick coats. Big ears were cocked forward and every line showed extreme alertness. I had taken down the end of the halter rope wound loosely around my horse's neck and with this gave him a crack over the hind quarters. He leaped forward like a shot. The two asses spun around and dashed away. The race was on.

It was a great disappointment. Within half a mile I could see that my horse, although a good one, was no match in speed for those unencumbered animals. They drew gradually away. At the end of a mile they had gained two hundred yards and the horse was blowing like a porpoise. How I wished for that little Arab of Dubois's! I would have given my whole outfit if that Arab instead of the native horse had been stretching out in his long stride between my knees. It was no use. I pulled up.

'Well,' I thought, 'perhaps these two are exceptionally fast. There must be a difference in speed among wild asses as there is among horses. These may be the speed kings of Persia — perhaps one is the Man o' War and the other the Sir Barton of all asses. I'll not be satisfied that my horse can't catch a wild ass until I give him another try.'

But again that curious thing happened. I mean, every ass in the neighborhood pulled out after that short run. Tracks at the spring a mile below the old caravanserai showed that several large herds had been in the habit of watering there. I rode the country for another week, reconnoitring the place, you might say, with a search warrant and a lantern, but not another wild ass did I see. After the first day the tracks in the dust at the spring proved that not a single animal had been in to water. Do they pass the word around? I admit it 's beyond me. I make no comments, simply give the information. Anyone's guess is as good as mine.

Again we packed the camels and moved camp, this time around the range to the spring we had looked for that other day and had not found. One of the camel men found it this time without trouble, and we made camp. Early the next morning — and when I say early I mean somewhere between three and three-thirty — I jogged through the foothills and out into the desert. By sunup I was six or seven miles from the hills. This part of the Kevír was more rolling. Several low ranges of hills ran parallel to the Siah Kouh. I crept on my belly to the top of one of these, leaving the horse a short distance down the slope. Four hundred yards away two wild asses were feeding on the stunted bush! I crept back to the horse, tightened the cinch, tied canteen and bag of curds so they would n't thrash around in a fast run, mounted, and dashed down the slope at a high-tailed run.

The asses saw me the instant I showed on the sky line. Up went their heads. One quick look and they were off in a cloud of dust and sand. My horse seemed to be running very well. He was larger than the Arab and apparently had a good stride, and he put his heart into it. But this show was an exact repetition of the last. The wild asses drew away. The native horse did n't have the blood and the heart to catch a wild ass on his home grounds. I pulled up after a mile run and sat there with one leg across his withers, lit a cigarette, and watched the asses disappear in the purple distance, the dust cloud raised by their hoofs visible long after the animals themselves were too far away to be distinguished.

I rode to camp in a thoughtful mood. I had now been hunting wild ass almost six weeks. I had had one chance, solely by virtue of the speed and endurance of that Arab horse of Dubois's. That chance I had botched by a deplorable piece of poor judgment. My present horse, clearly, had not the speed to give me another such chance. Most of the wild asses had withdrawn from the country, too wise to stay around where trouble was likely to pop up at any minute. What method should I use from now on? I did some heavy thinking on the way to camp and that night in the tent. It seemed to me that there was but one system left — to use the horse merely as a means of getting about the country and to stalk the animals afoot when seen. In that way it was barely possible that I could get near enough in that flat country for a long shot — a very long one. It was the one way left and I could only hope for the best.

Another week went by. I saw nothing but *gebir*, a species of small gazelle, almost an exact duplicate of the Sömmerring's gazelle of Africa. I had been so fearful of scaring away any wild asses that might be in the neighborhood that I had refused to shoot a gebir for meat. We had been out of meat for a month and I was meat hungry. One morning three gazelles jumped up a short way ahead. Dainty, fat little things they were — a buck, a doe, and a fawn.

'I'll just take a chance on you,' I said aloud. You begin to talk to yourself after about a month alone in the desert. The buck turned a handspring at the second shot. He was going pretty fast and the bullet broke his neck and curled him up as dead as a wolf.

I stayed in camp the rest of that day and had one of the camel men cook cabobs, slices of meat with alternate layers of fat between, held over glowing coals on a ramrod. It's a Persian specialty and a great dish. I'd be ashamed to guess how many pounds I put away that day. You have no idea how you crave good old rare and bloody meat after a month or two in the desert air.

V

But to get back to those asses. A few days later I was riding along at a walk. I had looked over the immediate country most carefully with the glass and had seen nothing. It appeared to be as level as a billiard table. I was sure there was nothing between me and the far horizon. No hollows or depressions where an animal could remain out of sight appeared anywhere. But those broad plains are deceptive. Hollows and swales occur here and there that are not perceivable at a distance. I found myself riding up a gentle slope. I thought nothing of it and was not especially watchful. But my luck was in. The big ears and forehead of a wild ass appeared as he raised his head just two hundred yards in front of my horse.

I jerked the horse back, slid off, pulled the gun from the scabbard, and crept forward on hands and knees. The wind was right and the wild ass had not seen us. Again he raised his head, and this time I could see not only his head but as far down as his breast. I knew he'd see me in another second. It was a hard shot, just grazing the top of the low swale, but I had to chance it. I shot — and missed. The ass jumped about five feet in the air, gave one look around — and I shot again. That bullet got him in the centre of the chest and he went down in a heap, stone dead. Throwing in another cartridge, I ran to the top of the low rise on the chance that more might be on the other side.

Three hundred yards away I saw in the shimmering heat waves what appeared to be another wild ass. He was standing perfectly still. That was strange. By all the rules of the game he should have been on a dead run, in a panic from the noise of the two shots. But the strangest thing was the fact that he stood with his tail toward me, ears forward, looking directly away from where the reports of the gun had come!

'That can't be a wild ass,' I thought. 'If it were, he would certainly be on the run, or at least he would n't be looking in the opposite direction. It's a rock or a trick of the shimmering desert heat waves.' I held the gun down and peered closely. Surely that was an ass! I whistled. Instantly he whirled. I shot — and the bullet kicked up dust at his feet. I had underestimated the distance. He came to life with a rush and dashed away, broadside. But the next shot caught him in the shoulder and down he went, finished.

I puzzled long before I could understand the strange actions of that animal. He was almost directly behind the first ass, and the first shot, passing over the head of the nearer, had kicked up a small cloud of dust and gravel a short distance beyond the far animal. The noise of the gun meant nothing to him because he had never before heard a gun fired; he must have taken it for a peculiar kind of modernistic thunder. But that unaccountable and mysterious shower of dirt and sand that flew up just beyond him was a weird and ghostly phenomenon. He had wheeled and was staring fixedly at the spot with tail toward me when I reached the top of the swale.

JONES, HIS MOTHER AND HIS WIFE

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

FOR the perfect example of what the Machine Age has done to the soul of America, for the climax and triumph of Standardization, it has been suggested that we cannot do better than turn to the Western Union Telegraph Company and its competitors. The wire companies have laid a heavy hand on the nation's finer feelings. This they have done by compiling a large stock of form messages which permit the customer to express himself on every conceivable human occasion with complete adequacy and without the slightest mental effort.

If Jones, for instance, happens to think of his old mother on Mother's Day, all he needs to do —

Why, no! Jones does not even have to recall that this is Mother's Day. Western Union and Postal Telegraph have been reminding him these last several days, in large display advertisements in the newspapers, of the approach of Mother's Day. Their efforts have been bravely seconded by the florists, who have stumbled upon the happy thought that flowers are an excellent medium for expressing one's love for one's mother. All that Jones needs to do, then, is to call up the telegraph company and leave an order for the dispatch, early on Mother's Day, of Form No. 18. He may then walk over to the barber shop to have his hair cut, while Western Postal sends humming over the wires to the gray-haired little woman in the old homestead the pulsating message: 'Mother of Mine, I have many blessings for which to be thankful, but the greatest of these is you, and my thoughts are with you this Mother's Day.' So daughter at college, as of the less sentimental sex and the more economical, calls up the Union Telegraph and asks for No. 89: 'To-day I salute the most precious of all people — my mother.'

For every occasion, for every anniversary, for every festivity, for every fatality, the telegraph company has seen to it that the American of the year 1931 shall be spared the pains of composing anywhere from ten to fifty words. While the barber cuts Jones's hair and the manicure girl polishes his nails and the bootblack shines his shoes, the Radio Corporation of America is voicing for him his affection, his love, his sympathy, his pride, his congratulations, his regrets, his condolences. According to directions, Commercial Cables is gay for him, grave for him, sentimental for him, tearful or boisterously good-fellow. That is the Machine Age of it. And the Standardization would be, of course, the fact that at any one moment a hundred identical messages of love, affection, grief, and sympathy are coursing through the American atmosphere from Maine to Florida and from Los Angeles to Seattle.

It is a pitiful and portentous spectacle. One need hardly ask what it bodes for the spiritual and intellectual integrity of a nation, this substitution of canned heart throbs for fresh, this expenditure on the old mother at home of telephone and telegraph tolls in lieu of a few minutes with paper and pen and a touch of real affection. But before we have definitely identified in this new American custom another factor contributing to the atrophy of men's souls and the triumph of machines, it may be in order to ask a question.

Have you ever read J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy?* If you are in years more than fifty, you probably know the book, and perhaps you may remember that one form in which young Tommy's exceptional literary gifts found expression was in writing letters for the villagers. At the age of fourteen, let us say, Tommy was an excellent hand at love letters. He would write — But it may very well be that you are in years under forty. You are not acquainted with Barrie's story, but you have read, of course, nearly everything by Chekhov. In that case you may have read the little story called 'At Christmas Time.' The old peasant woman, Vasilisa, and her husband, Peter, have just hired the services of the village scribe, Yegor. The letter is to their daughter, who married and went away to the city four years ago and, after writing to them twice, has not been heard from.

> 'What am I to write?' Yegor asked again.
>
> 'What?' asked Vasilisa, looking at him angrily and suspiciously. 'You are not writing for nothing; no fear, you'll be paid for it. Come, write: "To our dear son-in-law, Andrey Hrisanfitch, and to our only beloved daughter, Yefimya Petrovna, with our love we send a low bow and our parental blessing abiding forever."'
>
> 'Written; fire away.'
>
> '"And we wish them a happy Christmas; we are alive and well, and I wish you the same, please the Lord . . . the Heavenly King."'
>
> Vasilisa pondered and exchanged glances with the old man.
>
> 'And I wish you the same, please the Lord . . . the Heavenly King,' she repeated, beginning to cry.
>
> She could say nothing more. And yet before, when she lay awake thinking at night, it had seemed to her that she could not get all she had to say into a dozen letters.

Or if not Chekhov, you are sure to have read during these last few years a good many books about the way of life among peoples who have not been altogether spoiled by the Industrial Revolution and by literacy. In such studies of pre-industrial man you are sure to have come across the universal figure of the village letter writer. He flourishes in China and Japan and India, as in Russia, and Italy, and Ireland. He squats in the bazaar, in the public square, in his own cabin, and to him come Nipponese mothers for letters to their sons with the army in Manchuria, and Calabrian wives for letters to their husbands in Buenos Aires, and Connaught girls for messages to their sweethearts on the Boston police force. And everywhere, in Yokohama, in Cittanova, in Roscommon, these simple souls find it easy enough to pour out their hearts to the letter writers, but stand tongue-tied in awe before the specific demand of the blank page. The professional scribe thereupon writes as he pleases. He knows what mothers should say to their sons and wives to their husbands. Being seventy and toothless, he knows what girls want to say to their sweethearts. And his message, in style and detail, is quite as far removed from the original source as Western Postal's Form 55 on Mother's Day. Messrs. Newcomb Carlton and Clarence Mackay are only perpetuating an ancient Folkway.

Of course there is an objection to be noted. This peasant mother in Chekhov and this Hindu girl in the Bengal village are at the mercy of the professional letter writer's formulas because they are, as a matter of fact, illiterate. But the American patrons of Forms 55 and 74 have all of them been to school, a great many of them to high school, many of them to college. They know how to write. Why don't they?

But don't they write? And do they know how? A great many sons still write to their mothers on Mother's Day or mother's birthday — many more, I will venture to say, than send form telegrams. By no means all the girls at college are in too great a hurry for a date to do more for father's birthday than wire him Form 74, 'Daddy Dear.' They write a letter and send him a book, and they have the book charged to him.

For it is with this subject of the people and civilization of the United States as it used to be generally with the subject of Woman, and still is in considerable measure: one fact makes a generalization, and three instances make a universal truth. At all times it has been the rule that if a man at lunch is observed putting red pepper into his coffee the incident will be reported in the following words: 'There are some men who have a queer habit of putting red pepper into their coffee.' But if the coffee drinker should be female, the circumstance invariably gives rise to the statement: 'Woman has the extraordinary habit of putting red pepper into her coffee. Some authorities attribute this to her historic subordination to masculine rule; other authorities are inclined to explain red pepper in coffee as a secondary sex characteristic.'

So it is with ever so many traits of American civilization as depicted by foreign observers and native sons. Fifty Americans wire on Mother's Day. Five thousand Americans write letters on Mother's Day. Ergo: 'In nothing, perhaps, does American standardization manifest itself as in the habit of sending stereotyped telegraphic messages on Mother's Day.'

II

And do all Americans know how to write because they have been to school? It is, of course, a rash conclusion. Even among educated people there is only a small minority to whom the business of writing is not a task. Literate man in the mass exhibits in the presence of pen and paper the same timidity that possessed poor Vasilisa in the presence of the village letter writer. The gift of expression is far less common than the gift of self-expression. See what a boast the English people make of the tongue-tied shyness of the English, as when the son goes off to war and father and son cannot bring themselves to speak out their heartache. So perhaps the Western Postal's form messages are a part of an Anglo-Saxon tradition of emotional reticence; and it should be to the credit of the Radio Corporation that its stencils permit parents and children to express a love that would else go silent and for naught.

The notion that sincere feeling cannot be expressed in a formula is absurd. It has been the questionable good fortune of most of us to read in the newspapers the letters written by infatuated old fools to slim young sirens and by women of years to young men. Such documents are always turning up in breach of promise suits and in the domestic relations courts. They show that elderly men and women of fair literacy, when caught on the swell of a real passion, almost invariably resort to a vocabulary of roses and stars, and limpid eyes mirroring Heaven, and lips whispering messages from the isles of bliss; he is her Laddie-Boy aged sixty-five, and she is his Dream Girl in the early fifties. The poetic quotations in such legal proceedings are nearly always from 'The Road to Mandalay,' 'A Fool There Was,' and 'Dan McGrew.' It is a fact of newspaper record that men and women beset by love will go down to destruction shouting the most dreadful banalities.

Fifty years before Americans were standardized into telegraphic form messages, people wrote letters to each other out of the *Complete Letter Writer*, containing one hundred specimens for every possible occasion. One hundred and fifty years ago, little boys writing to their mothers from school addressed them as Honoured Parent, the whole letter dictated by the headmaster. And thirty-five hundred years ago, as we have seen, the Egyptian mother told the village writer that she wished to write to her son in garrison at Jerusalem, and the scribe wrote what he thought was suitable to the occasion. The form of the message does not exclude a living heart behind it.

The mother cult in the United States, as part of the all-pervading woman worship which was long ago identified as a basic American trait, needs the caustic and corrective examination to which it has been subjected by the lighter satirists. This religious code maintains that every prize fighter goes into the ring thinking only of the little woman and the kiddies. Every bacteriologist glues his eye to the telescope through the weary years for the sake only of the little woman and the kiddies. Every aviator is out to break the 42,187-feet altitude record for the sake of the wife and the kiddies. Unmarried prize fighters, bacteriologists, and aviators are spurred on to effort and victory by the thought of the old mother back there in the little whitewashed cottage. If the Nobel prize-winning bacteriologist forgets to mention his old mother, the reception committee in the old home town will remember her. If the reception committee should happen to forget, the committee's publicity agent will remember her. If the publicity agent should forget, the reporters will remind him of his mother. The hint has not been wanting in the press that Professor Einstein discovered Relativity for the sake chiefly of his womenfolks.

Given these amiable lunacies in gyneolatry, there can be no quarrel with the newspaper humorist for suggesting that the cult of Mother's Day may have profited by the activities of the American florist; just as Father's Day is not altogether frowned upon by the necktie manufacturers; just as Apple Week is said to find some support among the apple growers of the Pacific Northwest Coast; just as Fire Prevention Week is said to encounter no undue hostility from the sprinkler and chemical manufacturers; just as Old Home Week finds no irreconcilable enemies among the railroad companies and the bus lines. The newspaper paragrapher is obviously useful as well as amusing when he makes his thrust at this particular bit of nonsense, and goes his way.

Harder to accept is the humorless satirist and sociologist who picks up the mother jest and turns it into a jeremiad, who picks up a grain of incongruity and magnifies it into a problem and a menace. With a mighty clanking of scientific apparatus and at enormous length, people fell to work soon after the Armistice to expose the infantilism which inheres in the Mother's Day cult, and the arrested development, and the narcissism, and other defects and aberrations peculiar to the American people. Sometimes, to be sure, the touch faltered a bit; as when the analyst seemed to find it hard to decide just which was responsible for Mother's Day, the essentially adolescent nature of the Americans or the Western Union

Telegraph Company and the Associated Florists. The dilemma was surmounted, of course, by deciding that Mother's Day was the result of the telegraph company and the florists' bringing their full power to bear upon the adolescent instincts of the American people.

That the mother cult in America should be compared with the Frenchman's worship of his *maman* is obviously too much to ask. It is too much to ask of a social critic busy with the abnormalities of the American scene that he take a look at other civilizations.

That the mother cult in the United States should be studied in the light of the primitive matriarchal institutions of the Protochukchis is too much to ask. In comparing Jones with the primitives it is the rule to cite from primitive civilization only the evidence that will count against Jones, and never for him.

But it is not too much to ask that students of Mother's Day in America, and of the broader subject of woman worship in America, should occasionally give a moment to the thought that the cult may be not altogether an aberration, or at least something more than an aberration. Merely in idle curiosity, merely to take his mind off really serious questions, merely for a change, the observer of Mother's Day might say: 'I wonder if there is n't something in American history and American statistics that will explain, to some extent, why Americans make so much more fuss about their mothers than other nations do.'

Such a question, candidly put and pondered, might ultimately direct the inquirer's attention to the fact that in the United States — even in the United States of super-booming 1928 prosperity — nine housewives out of ten do their own housework.

This interesting fact leads us to what I think is the just inference that in the average articulate American family the children spend much more time in close communion with their mothers than in the average articulate European family.

III

By the articulate classes I mean those that give form and stamp to the national life. They are the classes that count, the classes one has in mind when one says that Englishmen do this or Americans do that. In this sense, even in the most advanced countries of Europe the peasant population and the industrial masses are not articulate. Even in England, where the working classes have become definitely articulate in the political life, they are still but a timid voice in the rounded national chorus. When you speak of what books and newspapers Englishmen read and what music the Germans listen to, you mean perhaps 10 per cent of the English or the German people. But when you speak of what Americans read or play or telegraph to their mothers, you are thinking of a potential 75 per cent of the American people. Whatever may be America's 'contribution' to history, the number of participants in that contribution is easily five times as great as in England or Germany. The people who count are five times as many here as in other countries.

The case might be stated in terms of family income. Take ten English families having an annual income of $2500; eight out of the ten families almost certainly keep a servant. Take ten American families with the same income; one out of the ten will keep a servant. One element in European life that never fails to surprise the visiting American is the presence of domestic servants in 'poor' homes. One thing that never fails to astonish Europeans is the number of 'rich' American women who do their own housework. The wife of the English university professor will stint herself on clothes, on food, on coal, but there will nearly always be a couple of sturdy Devon lasses to do the work of the house. The American professor's wife, herself a college graduate often, does her own cooking and cleaning, and sometimes her own washing of clothes.

Among other things she gives personal care to her children. She performs for her children of the pre-school age the services which the Englishwoman or German lady of her income status delegates to the celebrated Nanny of the London *Times* classified advertisements, to the nurse, the nursery governess, and, in humbler homes, to the stout maid of all work. The wives of American clergymen with an income of $2500, or country lawyers, doctors, small merchants, college professors, bathe their children until the children can look after themselves, put them to bed, read to them. The English or German boy wheedles kitchen gratuities from 'Cook,' the American boy does it from his mother, for it is she who does the cooking while keeping an eye on the small children.

It is scarcely necessary to go on with the details in order to demonstrate the simple truth that the American child sees a great deal more of his mother than his European coeval of the same articulate class. It is so in the early formative years, and is emphasized in later years. The eight-year-old son of the English small-town banker is sent away from home to school. The banker's son in small-town Ohio, California, and Maine does not leave home until he goes away to college.

If, then, a member of the British House of Commons — excluding the Labor Party — is likely between the ages of six months and seventeen years to have seen his mother only one third as often as our average member of Congress has seen his, is there not some *prima facie* reason why 'mother' should bulk larger in the daily American vernacular than in the English? Whether or not the thing is desirable is quite another matter. I understand that mother fixations are dangerous things. But if the mother fixations are there, it follows that Mother's Day cannot be wholly explained as propaganda by the Associated Florists; just as Father's Day is not 100 per cent the handiwork of the necktie manufacturers. Notorious for generations has been the American habit of parents deferring to children, instead of having children defer to their elders as they do everywhere else in the world. Foreigners assert that in this country the family is dominated by the claims of the child. But if it is true that the American child is outrageously indulged and spoiled, is there not the likelihood that the child will remember with some tenderness the mother who spoiled him?

These are obvious matters, but perhaps not out of place in an inquiry dedicated to the great many obvious facts of American life which the critical temper of recent years has so amazingly succeeded in overlooking. The mother cult in America is not all ballyhoo and propaganda, because the general cult of woman in America is not all ballyhoo and propaganda. The American boy is brought up by women as European boys of equal economic and social station are not. The case of the mother and her boy up to the age of six we have seen. After six the American boy goes to school to a woman teacher, but the European boy has a man schoolmaster. Out of every five teachers whom the American boy has met up to college age, four have been women. It is a big subject that has been much discussed, and here calls only for mention.

This American respect for Womanhood, as the orator calls it, this American habit of putting woman on a pedestal, as the cooler heads call it, argues neither virtue nor demerit in the American. The tradition has a sound social-economic basis, and is due, I assume, to pioneer conditions. It is a commonplace among the statisticians that in the older countries of Europe there are more women than men, and in new countries — the United States, Australia — there are more men than women. We have to-day probably two million more males than females. England has two million more females than males, and the war is not entirely responsible. There was a large female surplus in Great Britain and Germany before the war, and a large female deficit in this country. For sixty years it has been true with us that for every one hundred women there have been nearly one hundred and five men.

American respect for womankind would thus appear to be grounded in the scarcity value of women in this country. For this reason, among others, the American male needs comparatively little encouragement from his florist and his telegraph company in order to be kind to his womenfolk. This kindness is inbred in him. The infection is in the air. It seizes upon the immigrant from Central Europe at Quarantine, and impels the peasant woman to step into her higher status as a matter of course and her menfolk to concede it as a matter of course.

Let the critics of American gyneolatry and of its devastating effects on American civilization be patient. As the country fills up, as we cut down the male surplus and ultimately develop a female surplus, our traditional respect for women will approximate the established forms in the older countries. With that will come a weakening of the mother cult as part of our general cult of women. As America grows still richer and more urbanized and more specialized, American children will begin to see less and less of their mothers and more and more of cooks and governesses. They will see less and less of female school-teachers. Our wealthy classes have already mastered the art of sending the small boy away to what the English call a public school and we call a private school, with men teachers predominant. For the moderately comfortable classes there are the public schools (in the American sense). In growing variety and number they are stepping in between mother and child. Below the primary grades are the kindergarten classes, the pre-kindergarten classes, the pre-school nursery, moving steadily down, one is almost tempted to say, to the pre-natal school.

Countless observers, foreign and domestic, have pointed out that American men in respect to their women are like Matthew Bagnet —

Safety first in the face of new reading habits! Let it be said for the benefit of all readers under fifty that there is a book called *Bleak House* by a man named Charles Dickens. Not the least attractive group of characters in that book consists of Matthew Bagnet, ex-artilleryman with a record of service in British garrisons all around the world; his strong, brave, hard-working, cheerful wife, Mrs. Bagnet, affectionately referred to as the Old Girl; their two charming daughters, Malta and Quebec, and their son, young Woolwich. Now to Matthew Bagnet has been denied the gift of ready expression. When approached on any subject, — as, let us say in modern terms, whether the family should move out to the suburbs, or whether the son should go in for aviation engineering, or whether Picasso marks an advance over Cézanne, — this Matthew Bagnet invariably turns to the Old Girl and says, 'You tell them what I think.' And the Old Girl tells them, with vigor and common sense and fondness for her own men.

The men of America as yet depend on their Old Girls to attend to most of the expression and self-expression for them, with one important difference. Though Matthew Bagnet respects his wife enormously, and insists he never saw the Old Girl's equal, he never owns to it before her. 'Discipline must be maintained.' The American male would n't dream of applying discipline to his womenfolk. He delights in telling the Old Girl what he thinks of her. He says it with flowers, with telegrams, with candy. Perhaps he gets a reminder from the Western Postal and other advertisers. But the urge is his own.

(*In September Mr. Strunsky will rediscover 'Jones, His Machines'*)

ANOTHER JEW WITHOUT MONEY

BY T. SWANN HARDING

I

If I were going to be a successful scientist in America, there are several specific things I should certainly avoid if at all possible. For one thing, I should not be a Jew if I could help it. For another, I should not lack those higher symbolic university degrees calculated so usefully to simulate intellectual ability in the mentally sterile. For a third, I should avoid attacking a problem upon which the bigwigs of science or the medical profession had recently made up their minds and unmistakably expressed themselves. In the fourth place, I should certainly seek to avoid problems the pursuit of which would lead inevitably to the disclosure that thousands in this land of plenty are habitually underfed — a disclosure that is bound to be vexatious to members of the classes that profit thereby, whose emotional tranquillity it is wiser not to disturb. Finally, I should aim not to be equipped with an annoying sense of unswerving ethical probity.

This sounds like rather a large order. It is. Many failures in science can be attributed largely to disregard for only one or two of these five prohibitions — say the second and the third, for instance. But economic and professional regeneration (in another sphere) can likewise often be attributed to the fact that the individual's sense of ethical probity unaccountably compromises on occasion with the bleak realities of the preferment methods which obtain in a singularly unethical profit economy. On this occasion my subject is a really great man and a really distinguished scientist who managed eventually, especially after his death, to attain a very respectable modicum of deference and adulation in spite of the fact that he violated every one of the items in my list of prohibitions. He was a Jew. He had no 'scientific' degree. He solved a problem which medicine considered already solved, though his solution reversed the one then held true. His study involved disclosures of starvation on the part of thousands in this favored land of the gods, and he had about the most rigidly imperturbable ethical sense that I ever came across in any individual. The man was Joseph Goldberger. I talked long with his widow the other evening.

I had reached her by skirting carefully the choicer parts of a Washington suburb inhabited largely by exponents of what Veblen well called the art of conspicuous waste. I found her in a most unpretentious home, living within the penumbra of poverty, in circumstances and with furnishings remote in quality from those common in the homes of successful brokers, realtors, automotive experts, and morticians. She was a nervous woman who smoked cigarettes rapidly as she told me about her husband. She has three fine children living with her, each one obviously meriting education, and she is trying to get a job, so that they may all be educated. Coming of a wealthy New Orleans family, but retaining not a single Southern prejudice, she successfully wedded her cultured Gentile refinement to what was noble in this East Side Jew without money, and she exists now on the meagre pension our government is sufficiently generous to give the widows of its Walter Reeds, for really tangible pensions must be reserved for the higher retired officers of the army and the navy. Not that she complains; she accepts this as her lot. She is socially conscious and thoroughly able to realize the uncomfortable predicament of a pure scientist in an acquisitive society. She realizes also that it is better, as things are, to pay large salaries to superb circumlocution experts who laboriously secrete enormous memoranda giving subordinates detailed instructions in the art of official obfuscation, than to pay them to fundamental scientists.

So things are, then, and she does not complain. This man Goldberger was a Jew. He was a Hungarian emigrant. His brothers bore packs on their backs and peddled goods. Paul de Kruif, in his breathless, syncopated way, using words like impudent flails, which batter the mind as do the tonic excreta of jazz orchestras, said some little about him in *Hunger Fighters*. But Goldberger's personal dignity commands more respect than that. He started life with the handicap of being a Jew, and in science, as elsewhere, that is not just the best thing to be. Prejudices are often subtle rather than overt, but preferment is tardy. Recognition can be had, but far less quickly than by some Gentile fop who escaped the heritage of Israel. Yet, in spite of this handicap, Goldberger, at long last, won favorable notice.

Educationally he was an interloper; he came in through a side entrance. He began the study of engineering in college, but heard a lecture on the circulation of the blood which thrilled him so that he changed over to medicine. He pursued this course, performed his interneship, won his medical degree, and ultimately began the practice of medicine in a small city. But the bills were too much for him. He could not bring himself to charge the rich as much as he should, and he could bring himself to charge the poor nothing at all. When a patient died, he canceled the bill, because he felt he had failed. With ethical probity so curious as that, he was bound to fail in medicine corporately organized on a private, individualistic guild basis, and depending upon merciless acquisitiveness for a livelihood.

II

It was then that Goldberger entered the Public Health Service as a surgeon, though he never performed surgical work there. He was impressed into nutrition work. In 1914 the problem of pellagra began to absorb him. Lacking the stamp of authenticity as he did, he was regarded askance by sterile doctors of philosophy whose brains were sealed and placed in permanent storage on the day they began to write 'Ph.D.' portentously after their names. For Goldberger was 'only' an M.D. But he worked on none the less. He was not a vacuum surrounded by an education; he had authentic mental power. Soon he had unmistakable evidence that this scourge which kept thousands upon thousands of Southerners ill and dying was nutritional, not infectious, in origin. As empirical theory this idea was old; Goldberger established it as scientific fact. In orphanages he discovered that the nurses and doctors who ate good food never contracted pellagra, but the child victims who were fed grits, corn bread, and molasses almost universally had the disease. Plaintively he sought to have meat, milk, and green vegetables added to the diets of these sufferers, and also to attract attention to the fact that the disease was widely prevalent in the South.

Both efforts met with stern opposition. The medical profession had been committed to the belief that pellagra was an infectious disease, and it did not, as a vested interest, intend to surrender easily. Medicine has long been skeptical of nutrition anyway, and even to-day many leading physicians seriously doubt the efficacy of vitamins and mineral salts to accomplish therapeutic ends. In spite of Goldberger's rapidly accumulating proofs, prejudice died hard; he was laughed at, ridiculed, and his work impeded. In addition to that, every time he sought to call attention to the widespread prevalence of this disease among the ignorant and the economically 'underprivileged' classes, he was sternly rebuked by the local gentry in Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs, who for business reasons declined to believe unpleasant truths. Worse still, public health officers from the South would storm Washington declaring fervently that the disease did not exist in their communities, after Goldberger, in his objective scientific way, reported what he saw there with his own eyes.

All this it was difficult for him to understand. He returned to his wife and often told her tales of what he had seen, and wept as he spoke. He mentioned the young woman who told of her family living 'well' on thirty-four dollars a month. But this large income was reduced when she had to go to the hospital. Finally, illness and other contingencies also prevented two of her children from working in the cotton fields. Later still, her husband was reduced to odd jobs. Ultimately the income became two dollars a month and she looked at Goldberger wide-eyed and said, 'You know we just could n't make out on two dollars a month,' to which he solemnly replied, 'I was just wondering how you managed on the thirty-four dollars.' He went with the woman to her home, found the husband and two children abed with pellagra, dug down in his own pocket to afford immediate relief, and later said to his wife, 'If it were just that one case! But it is n't. The South is full of such cases. There are thousands upon thousands of them.' This was under the ægis of Coolidge, when Prosperity was in the saddle.

In his naïve way Goldberger felt that if he could somehow get an endowment, pick out a really bad Southern community, go in with hygienists and nutrition experts and educate the people, wiping out pellagra, this would set a good example to the opulent and somewhat ventrally distended gentlemen who desired to hear nothing of poverty and distress in their respective communities. His wife is striving right now to get a job with the Red Cross to lead a crusade of this character. The ideal is noble. Upon reflection one wonders, however, whether the regeneration of these pellagra-stricken people can ever be accomplished effectively under a social and economic régime which places a premium upon greed and profits, and can ill afford to finance work of such fundamental scientific importance as that in which Goldberger was engaged.

This brings to mind his ethical probity. Goldberger could have made money. He could have made it posthumously, in fact. For his wife showed me a letter which had come but a week or so earlier from a well-known medical charlatan who desired the privilege of using Goldberger's name and an apposite — but carefully edited and garbled — quotation from an authentic scientific paper of his to confirm the excellence of a quack health food he was exploiting. During his lifetime Goldberger could have made plenty of money — twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year if he had wished. All he had to do was act a bit unethically and devote his talents to antisocial ends. For America has riches always to throw into the bank accounts of those who will so utilize their ability as to exploit the gullibility of others.

Had he had an advanced scientific degree, — in short, a Ph.D., — Goldberger could have had a professorship at Yale. Perhaps if he had countenanced a personal appeal which could have been made for him to Mr. Taft he might have had the position, degree or no degree. But that was not his idea of scientific advancement. He sternly decided against the technique of special pleading. If they wanted him, they must invite him to come, degree or no degree. But the presentation of a professorship to a man who merely had scientific genius is perhaps too much to expect on the part of any wealthy university dealing in degrees on what Flexner has described as a bargain-counter basis — selling education, but relatively careless of the quality of the education sold or of the innate ability of the educated to absorb such education.

The University of Chicago was more liberal. It was at one time willing to take Goldberger on its staff without quibbling over a higher degree. But it wanted him to devote himself to one specific problem — *dementia præcox*, a problem which did not interest him and upon which he had never worked. He talked the matter over with his wife. He said, 'I should like the salary; it would be a great thing for you and the children; but I should not like the work at all.' She replied, 'Then why consider it for a single instant?'— which ended the conversation and the idea. Though he was away from her ten months of the year, though even his own relatives thought he neglected his family shamelessly, she grasped the nature of those ruthless forces which impelled him to pursue science even in opposition to his own personal good.

III

A more conscientious man never lived. A more cautious writer there could not have been. He was one scientist who never retracted. He consistently prepared his papers in such manner that he could sustain his conclusions against all onslaughts, and he never had to admit an error or take back a statement. Within a year or so, a leading biochemist had to publish in most humiliating form, in the *Biochemical Journal*, a long paper in which he acknowledged and lamely sought to extenuate careless errors he had made in several previous papers. Goldberger was never forced to such extremities. He would not even permit himself to gloat over the mistakes of colleagues, and in the dispute about blacktongue in dogs as an analogue of pellagra in humans, — an assumption denied by Mendel of Yale, — out of deference to his opponent he actually refused ever to make the flat statement that the two diseases were closely analogous. Yet he had seemingly incontrovertible facts to sustain him all the time.

Well, he worked along for a number of years on pellagra. He saw a great deal of distress and poverty, and realized that thousands of Southerners are held guilty of low intelligence, whereas their real deficiency is purely nutritional. He was agonized that so few seemed to be interested in this problem, and annoyed that, when he called attention to it, political exigencies compelled him to soften his words — for were not various candidates for office extolling our widespread prosperity at the very moment? Was it not customary for our statesmen to tell the world that American working people thrive, prosper, have their cars, and own their homes — that they eat well and are well clothed? Should some desperate Jewish fanatic spout heresy in the face of evidence so conclusive? It just was not done. So he worried along as best he could on a small salary. Finally one day he simply could n't drag himself around. He was sick. His illness progressed, and he died while colleagues talked of voting him a Nobel prize, which never reached him. And his picture hangs on the rather forlorn wall of a rather forlorn house — all in uniform, with a sword near by! For he worked under military orders to the last, but was not sufficiently important to leave his widow an adequate pension.

It is a strange thing, this business of discovering new knowledge. We Americans give large lip service to pure science. We toss up our hats to an Einstein, knowing not what we do, while he meantime wonders at the ape antics of these emotional Americans. But we make it very difficult for our scientists to pursue their tasks. If they find out that hungry people should be fed moderately expensive foods, we begin to think them a little 'balmy.' Of course, if later they are fortunate enough, as Goldberger was, to discover that the poor may be fed a cheap food like yeast to prevent their pellagra, that is not so bad. But even then it is bad business to get excited about such matters, and to have the fact blazoned in the newspapers that thousands are ill and starving in a land of plenty. It is not just the sort of thing that should be done — especially by a Jewish scientist who failed to take a Bachelor of Science degree, much less become a Doctor of Philosophy. And one wonders ultimately whether it might not be wise for such men of genius to adopt just sufficient of the shrewd technique of the money-minded men to enable them to profit well and serve the public more widely. Yet it is silly even to mention this, because men like Goldberger cannot do that sort of thing. It is their misfortune to be gentlemen in an age that capitalizes acquisitiveness and rewards louts for their depravity.

WAITING FOR THE RAINS

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

It was midnight, and they had just finished dinner; it had been too hot to face that daily ordeal earlier. They walked across the dusty grass, seared pale yellow, to a clump of long chairs that were placed as near as might be in the middle of the thirty-acre compound that surrounded the mud-walled bungalow. There they escaped the heat which it still reverberated; and the open space around them gave an illusion of comparative coolness. A bearer, carrying a guttering hurricane lantern, preceded them. It was a nightly ritual. The two white men in the station dined each night with the Deputy Commissioner; there was nothing else to do. And, as always, they talked shop at dinner; there was nothing else to talk about.

They settled cautiously into the long cane chairs; the bearer circled gravely round to see that there were no snakes in sight. He returned in a few minutes, lantern in one hand and a tray with 'pegs' in the other, fitted the long tumblers into the receptacle provided to that end in the broad flat arm of each chair, placed a box of cigars, with an air-tight lid, on a wicker table in the centre of the group, and padded off silently, taking the lantern with him. Without the light, the illusion of coolness was perhaps heightened a little. No one spoke.

When the swaying light had disappeared behind the bungalow, the night shut down on them. The sky was blue-black velvet; not a breath stirred; the scent of lilies came strongly from a hidden clump that grew, practically wild, in the vast sprawling garden, and mingled with the faint, acid-sweet odor of tamarinds from the great tree, seventy feet high or more, that heaved its huge bulk in front. Its feathery foliage showed merely as masses of darkness, and of deeper darkness; thousands of fireflies wove their way, their pale green lights glowing and dimming, in and out and round about its towering mass. Overhead, the stars shone brightly: not the cold, aloof stars of Northern lands, but glowing globes, as it seemed, big here, smaller there, that hung suspended at varying distances which the deluded eye thought it could easily appreciate. The men wriggled in their chairs, trying to find the positions where their prickly heat annoyed them least; a flying fox winged its way heavily across, shearing the air with slow, powerful strokes; every now and then ice tinkled coolly against glass, and the cigar tips waxed and waned, like red stars that had come to earth in the thick, scented darkness.

The three men there were the entire white population of the district, which covered about three thousand square miles and had a population of one and a half millions. Carstairs, the Deputy Commissioner and chief civil authority, was of the wire-drawn, capable, untiring, not-to-be-rattled type; he knew his work, and did it without fuss or worry. He had spent most of his life in taking charge of situations of all degrees of gravity; and he knew, with the certainty of complete conviction based on long experience, that if one kept one's head, and did the 'sensible thing,' it would work out all right. Turner, the doctor, was a tiny little man, quick as a weasel, good at his job, but with a superficial air of callousness and brutality that the hard-pressed doctor so often has. Rendel, the policeman, looked a very bullock of a man: red-faced, thick-necked, with great heavy shoulders and abnormally long, powerful arms ending in huge clumsy hands. Elephantine, one would have said, in mind and body.

Cane creaked in the darkness, and Carstairs spoke.

'What about the river, Doctor?'

'Rising a foot a day. Snow water coming down good and hard. Pretty high already; and the banks flopping in all along that big curve, Somastipore way. They have moved the ferry to the rains station.'

And then, reflectively, 'And I had one hell of a time getting across, too. Worse coming back.'

It sounded as if Rendel had sat up in his chair. 'What were you doing across the river?' he asked, imperiously.

'I was attending to my own business, young fella-me-lad.'

Carstairs chipped in, a trifle too rapidly: 'Stop it, Doctor. He's here, Rendel, to tell you all about it. Get on with it, Doctor, and speak your piece nicely.'

'May I have a peg?' Rendel asked. Carstairs apologized, and shouted for the bearer. The swaying lantern reappeared after a minute or two, an order was given, and the servant returned with ice, a whiskey decanter, and three large bottles of soda water. In the flickering lantern light, Carstairs and Turner, eyes shaded with their open palms, watched closely: Rendel's peg was a three-finger one. 'Foreign water for me,' said the doctor, in Hindustani. 'And for me,' added Carstairs.

When all was darkness again, the doctor spoke.

'I got a most urgent message from Bahadur Singh this morning. Wanted me out at Daulatpore at once. Life and death, and the usual flummery. Perfectly bloody journey in this weather, as you know. When I got there, I was told that his brother — that dropsical old swine Kallu — was very ill. Would I see him at once? Usual thing: there he was, in a room about the size of a bathroom, in that great pyramid of masonry; every window pasted up with dark green paper; every hole stuffed up with filthy rags; place packed with people, all of the usual hanger-on type; and a fugg that made me sick. When I managed to see in the dark, there was old Kallu on his string bed, propped up with loathsome pillows, and quite obviously pretty bad. He was very busy drawing imaginary threads from the ragged coverlet. You both know what that means?'

'Aconite,' said Carstairs and Rendel together.

'Right, me sons. Aconite: all Lombard Street to a China orange, in fact, that he had been poisoned. It is your pigeon, of course, Carstairs; but I gather that, if old Kallu slipped off the hooks, Bahadur Singh and his scallywag sons would become the sole proprietors of Daulatpore?'

'That is so.'

'Well, I sized it up that way, and did some pretty quick thinking. Kallu, as you know, is just a great putrescent bag of rottenness, kept from immediate dissolution by being constantly soaked in country liquor. He told me himself that even whiskey had lost its bite for him; opium just sent him to sleep, without his getting any kick out of it;

and *charas* was n't much use anyway. Nice lad, Kallu! As you know, professional honor requires us doctors to do our own killing. I did n't like it at all. I'd clearly been brought out when they knew it was no damned use — I was merely respectability, which was to cover them as a garment. I had to stand between them and the gallows. What I resented most of all — most offensive, I call it — was that they quite obviously thought I was a bloody fool. And there I was, in that cursed great warren of masonry, with every man within a mile Bahadur Singh's man, to the marrow of his bones, and with his life hanging on Bahadur Singh's word.'

Silence fell again, and the fireflies wove in and out of the great tamarind tree, while the cigar tips glowed and dimmed.

'Might I have another drink?' said Rendel. More apologies; more cautious watching. Another three-finger peg for Rendel; soda again for the other two.

'Well,' the doctor went on when the light had disappeared, 'I told them to call in all Kallu's men. There were bags of them, of course; but we made room. Then I asked them what Kallu was doing. They told me, quite accurately. I picked out some of the more important, and asked them, one by one. All quite good at their lesson. Then I cut loose, once I had got that fact well rubbed into them all. I told them Kallu had been poisoned; I doubted if he'd live, whatever I did; but I was quite certain he'd die, and quickly at that, if what I told them to do was *not* done. I said the Deputy Commissioner would be *most* interested in hearing all about it; and I was going off now to tell him. If Kallu died, somebody would certainly be hanged — perhaps quite a lot of somebodies. Then I got busy, and did what I could for him. He is as rotten as punk. When I left, he was probably all right — bar accidents. One can't dogmatize about a decaying dung heap like that; but I think he'll pull through, this time. I left them working hard, regular little busy bees, to save their precious necks. They fair twittered with eagerness. *Ziyada haddiadab.*' (To say more would be to exceed the bounds of decorum and due respect.)

Rendel's feet swung down from the chair arms, and came to the grass with a vicious stamp. 'And why the hell did Durga Singh not come to me about all this?' Durga Singh was the thanadar, or chief police officer, at Daulatpore. 'I'd like to wring his blasted neck. He's getting much too slack — and uppish. Does he think he's there because he's beautiful, the lousy beast?'

'Oh, ease off, Rendel. Turner is just back; Durga Singh rode with him to the ferry; and he knew you would have the story to-night. There was no earthly reason why he should have come in that I can see. He'll be far more useful at Daulatpore.'

Turner added, 'Yes. Rode with me to the ferry; and that roaring piebald stallion of his tried to eat my leg all the way, more by token. I told him I'd tell you all about it. Nice boy, Durga Singh; he can ride, too, that lad — though I don't admire his taste in horseflesh. Great fiddle-headed brute.'

But Rendel was not to be placated. He cursed away stoutly, working himself into a passion, his words rumbling out, now fast, now slow, with curious little halts and mispronunciations.

'By the way, Captain Sahib,' Carstairs broke in firmly, 'when are you taking that second spot of casual leave you wanted?'

'Leave? How the devil can I take leave when we're running two dacoities, or something like it, a week?'

'Well, that can't last long. The rains are overdue already; and this perfectly damnable heat must work up to something, and soon. We can't go on like this. What is it now, Doctor?'

'It's been one hundred and twenty for three days; and touched one hundred and twenty-three to-day. Something bound to break soon.'

'It's we who'll break,' said Rendel, and his voice flickered. 'Anyhow, rains or no rains, and whether the bloody thermometer bursts or boils, here I stay till this dacoity game ends. I'm seeing it through, I am. You can run away if you like,' he added, throwing his voice toward Carstairs.

The silence shut down again; the fireflies wove in and out of the branches of the tamarind tree; from far off came the 'third call' of a pack of jackals; peafowl in the trees near by stirred uneasily in their sleep at that ghoulish sound staining the silence of the night; and the heavy sweet scent of the lilies came in thick gusts of perfume.

'One,' rapped out the doctor. 'I'm for bed. The flea bag, or Indian couch, for this one. May I call my man, Carstairs?'

'Have a drink before you go.'

The three men all took whiskey and soda — Rendel's peg was again a three-finger one — and sat on the long arms of their chairs, while three servants, each with his hurricane lantern, waited silently close by. As Turner rose to go, Carstairs spoke.

'Do you mind having just a word about that Mullanpore dispensary, Doctor, before you go? Night-night, Rendel. And don't worry too much about these dacoits. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, for they shall soon be cut down like the grass." Ever read your Bible? The dacoits are lots of things, but they are certainly not damned fools; and they won't wait, in between the rivers, for us to step in as soon as the rains come, and pick them up like peaches off a plate. I bet you ten to one, in rupees, that we've had our last dacoity for the season.'

'Maybe. I think *not*, however; and I know my dacoit as well as anybody else. Anyhow, Doctor, you'll have a pleasant morning. Two p.m.'s! Sent 'em on to-day. Both women; both tortured to death; and both,' he added viciously, 'rather impatient at being kept waiting for three days in this heat.' He swung off, balancing himself carefully. When the 'clip-clop' of his orderly's wooden shoes had ceased to sound on the metaled path, Carstairs spoke.

'I'm worried about Rendel, Doctor. You saw what he took? And he has never been a drinking man. His temper has gone to shreds; and the official stuff that comes to me from him recently is just plain, plumb foolish. He's been out night and day for a month, Muhamdi way, and in the forests toward Sitapore, after these blasted dacoits. I don't suppose he's had three hours' sleep a day for the last week; and he was run down to start with. What do you think about him? And is there anything to be done?'

'It is n't the drink,' replied the doctor. 'Rendel could drink barrels without it bothering him much. He starts from scratch, as it were. But he seems to me devilish near a breakdown. I don't like the way he talks. Too much staccato altogether about that movement. I noticed he seemed to find some difficulty in lighting his cheroot, too. And he has n't the kind of neck that goes well with this kind of weather. But he'll take no advice; trying to do anything for him would just rile him; and there's nothing for it but wait and see. Night-night,' and he went off slowly.

II

Rendel was exasperated with things. His bearer was asleep, curled up on the stone flags of the verandah, instead of being ready to receive him as he arrived. He wakened him by stirring him up, none too gently, with the toe of his boot. The heavy, used-up, stuffy, thrice-heated air inside the bungalow irritated him still further. He sent his bearer for another peg, sat listlessly waiting for it on the side of his bed, drank it off in great gulps, and then began to undress. His shirt, soaked with perspiration, did not come off easily; furious, he rent the thin silk in shreds, and threw the sodden mass in the bearer's face. His clothes — thin silk also — he flung here and there as he removed them. Dressed in light woolen pyjamas, he followed the servant out of the stifling room on to the lawn.

His bed was there, on a large cotton rug or dhurrie. Beside it stood a wicker table with glasses, a whiskey decanter, candle, and matches — for it was unsafe to move anywhere at night without a light. Below was a small ice box with bottles of soda. Alongside the bed lay a wooden trough, about four feet long and a foot deep, three quarters full of water. The bed itself had no sheets, merely a thin woven mat (a 'smallpox mat,' of fine reeds, the coolest thing to lie on) placed directly over the interlaced tapes of its wooden frame. Over the bed a wooden framework had been fixed, with a punkah slung to it; and attached to the punkah frill by safety pins was a bath towel so arranged that, when in movement, it just cleared the body and face.

Rendel twitched the mat straight, placed his handkerchief on the table, and rolled into the bath. He emerged, dripping, and lay down on the bed. The coolie — some yards off, at the end of the long punkah rope — started pulling at once.

The bearer, standing just clear of the swinging beam, asked, 'Has the Presence need of anything else?'

There was no reply.

'At what hour does the Presence desire to be wakened?'

'Go to hell — and quick!' was the answer.

Rendel, despite the temporary coolness which his unorthodox method provided, found difficulty in getting to sleep. He lay open-eyed, watching the stars slowly wheeling round the pole; the distant barking of a fox annoyed him; he went over and over in his mind the central problem that had worried him for weeks: How was he to catch the dacoits who harried his district? Had all his guards at the river ferries been alive and active? Was it possible that the dacoits could have slipped through his cordon toward Teripore way? Could he scrape up some more mounted men for a big drive?

They must be getting supplies from Beharipore: and his local information must be defective. He'd skin Mahmud Khan if that were so. And so on, and so on; his mind wove in and out, like the fireflies, round the one central problem. Eventually, dog-weary in mind and body, he dropped off to sleep.

He awoke, some time later, with an extraordinary sense of well-being. It was — he glanced at the stars — perhaps about half-past two. He felt cool and comfortable, and at peace with all the world; it was delightful to lie there, watching the stars, breathing in the scented air, and feeling that all was well with him, and with his work. Ah, yes: his work! Now he had got the clue to it all. Somehow, woven into the fabric of his dreams and carried out of sleep into the present waking hour, he had acquired a tremendous conviction that the whole problem had been solved.

Just as, in a fevered dream, where threads cross and recross, tie and knot themselves, move, and slip, and worry the racing brain into an agony in its efforts to trace from the beginning to the end the one thread it wants, sometimes peace suddenly comes, and one sees — with a crystal clarity of vision that admits of no doubt, and that soothes like balm on a wound — the one master thread that controls the maddening complex, so he saw, clearly, with a calm certainty that excluded all doubt, his master thread. His dacoits were but little people after all; he had never thought of that. They were merely on the fringe of a great conspiracy — necessary, essential incidents of that vast conspiracy, but microscopic, all the same, in their importance. They would come in — helplessly, unresistingly — when he pulled on the master thread; and he now held that master thread in his hand!

He sat up on the edge of the bed, clear of the punkah: the coolie had long since dropped asleep. He stroked the shiny surface of the sleeping mat; he enjoyed its hard polished coolness; and he allowed himself to revel, for a time, in the thought that he, Rendel, had been chosen to frustrate that plot of diabolical wickedness and infernal cunning. The possibility of failure did not cross his mind. The thing would work out, successful to the last detail, just as surely as the sun would rise to-morrow.

He lit the candle, and, watching the ground closely, passed on into the bungalow. Its stifling, heavy heat did not cause the usual wave of irritation and resentment; his mind was on other things. He did not wake the sleeping coolie as he passed. He slipped off his pyjamas; then slowly, methodically, with neat precision, he took from the shelf where they always stood his jack boots with the spurs already fixed, and pulled them on. He unhooked his Sam Browne belt from an adjoining peg; fitted it snugly into the small of his back with the customary automatic wriggles and pulls; slipped his sword, brown-leather-sheathed and brass-mounted, into place; and, unlocking a drawer, took out his heavy service revolver, jerked it open, and loaded it carefully with six cartridges. He placed it in the holster by his side, put on his helmet, slipped its chain over the point of his chin, and, extinguishing the candle, walked out quietly — mother-naked, except for his belt and boots — into the silent night.

No fear of snakes, with riding boots on. He made his way, confident despite the darkness, to the stables, woke his sleeping syce by prodding him gently with the toe of his boot, and ordered him to saddle Sultan at once, putting on the 'Government' saddle.

A minute or two later he swung into the saddle, picked his way deftly through the trees in the compound, and, with the syce walking behind, took the road to the station. The hoof beats were muffled by the soft dust that coated the road, inches deep. The countryside was silent — not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard. Every now and then, as he passed under a mango tree, the 'mango flies' rose in an angry buzz, then spattered — exactly like the sound of rain — against the leaves.

Rendel liked drifting like that, silently, through the night; and his heart was light, for the key to the great conspiracy lay in his hand. An hour perhaps, more or less, and the thing would be done! India would be safe; his dacoits would soon be under lock and key; the district would have the peace it so sorely needed; he would take that long-deferred leave in the hills. He thought with pleasure of the tonga ride, past trees covered with moss and fern, up through the foothills to the cool heights above; thought of the delightful sound of rushing streams, of the joy of driving for hours through greenery, of the never-to-be-forgotten smell of the Himalayas, made up of damp moss and rotting fern, wood smoke, and hot sunshine on lush forest.

There was the station. He swung his right leg over his horse's head and slipped to the ground, handing the reins to his syce. The girths loosened, he told his syce to remain there, close to the entrance, and stalked into the station, through lines of sleeping forms, each with its head completely covered by a blanket or sheet. One can take no risks with the evil eye, whatever the temperature may be.

III

The long platform was lit by two guttering oil lamps only. The Indian station master is economical. Inside the long, buff-colored walls, the heat was intense; and there was the usual smell, common to all stations in India, of smouldering waste, coal smoke, and reeking humanity. Rendel paced up and down, intent on his own thoughts. The sweetmeat vendor, crouching beside his brass tray of indescribable horrors, eyed him curiously; it was not every day one saw a sahib, mother-naked, red in the face as a harvest moon, white as milk in the body, striding up and down the platform, his spurs ringing on the stone flags.

In the mysterious way that things happen in India, without a word apparently said, without a sign given, the platform began to fill with people. They looked intently at the white man pacing up and down, and were unusually silent as they squatted, immobile. The station master emerged from the dark reeking hole that was his office and made his way toward Rendel.

'Good evening, sare,' he said.

'Good evening, Babu Sahib. Is the train on time?'

'The mail is forty-two minutes late, sare. There has been detention owing buckling of rails by excessive temperature. It is very heavy mail, to-night. Government gentlemen are emigrating Calcutta, owing to anticipated breaking of rains. Many most high personages are on mail to-night.'

Rendel was glad to hear that; it fitted in with his scheme of things.

'Well, you have a lot to do, Babu Sahib. Don't let me keep you' — and he continued to pace the platform. About an hour later the train rushed into the station. All the lamps had then been lit; and Rendel could see the white and gold coaches, shuttered up against the flying dust, that told of high dignitaries on their unwilling way to Calcutta. With a roar of grinding brakes, the train drew up. Rendel walked quickly to the engine, fingering his revolver as he went. The engine driver and fireman — white men, both — were just about to descend to water the engine. That was the only reason why the Kalka-Calcutta mail stopped at that God-forgotten spot.

'I am the district superintendent of police. I arrest you both,' he said.

They gaped at him in astonishment, and then burst into helpless laughter. They were naked to the waist themselves, but this! This, with never a stitch to cover it, all tricked out in polished brass and pipe-clayed helmet; this, with jack boots and jingling spurs; this apparition that came out of the night and talked of arresting them!

Rendel was not annoyed, but his voice took an edge that there was no mistaking. Both the men were old soldiers, and they knew what that tone meant.

'Get off that footplate, and walk together, arms linked, in front of me. If you try to escape, or make a suspicious movement, I shall shoot. And I do not often miss. Get down.' They got down. 'Link arms.' They linked arms. 'Is the engine safe?' he asked. 'It's safe enough,' the driver replied. 'Then march to the entrance. No talking, to anyone.'

Rendel, his revolver drawn, followed them closely, two or three paces behind. The people on the platform divided automatically to make way for them, regarded them curiously, but did not speak. Rendel stopped his men outside the station master's office.

'Babu Sahib, get me some rope, please.'

'Sare, I do not comprehend fully. What rope does your honor want?'

'Take that rope off the punkah, please.' The tone was authoritative. It was done.

'Now tie these two men together, wrist to wrist, forearm to forearm.' It was done, wonderingly but quickly; it did not seem good to argue. Rendel saw to it that the job was done properly. 'Get another rope, and tie it to the first, by the elbow.' That too was done.

Rendel took the end of the eight-foot rope in his left hand, and, revolver in his right, marched his men out of the station to the waiting syce. He mounted, and keeping the men on his left, with the weapon still handy in his right hand, started back along the road to his bungalow.

'Listen,' he said. 'I send no white man, on a night like this, to the lock-up. If you behave decently, you will spend the night at my bungalow; if you try to escape — and you know you could not escape now, even if you were free and I were not here — I shall shoot, at once.'

'What are we arrested for, guv'nor?' asked the driver.

'Sedition, high treason, conspiracy to wage war against the King, and dacoity,' replied Rendel. There was no venom behind this surprising declaration; it was an objective statement of fact. 'God Almighty!' was the only, and sufficient, comment of the engine driver.

IV

Carstairs dealt adequately with the unusual situation when he heard of it at six o'clock that morning. Rendel eventually found himself in the hills; his wandering wits came back to him, reasonably quickly, and without undue inconvenience to himself or to anyone else. The trainload of dignitaries, apoplectic with rage and stewing slowly in the grilling heat, was, after many hours of delay, dispatched to its appointed destination.

Still, there were bound to be unpleasant repercussions; you cannot hold up many of the mightiest for hours, in a place like Puranpore, on a night like that, without something happening.

The Government of India regarded the whole thing with weary, delicate disgust. Rendel had been drinking; the man had smelt like a shebeen; he had walked about naked; his conduct had been deplorable and inexcusable. They were not interested in temperatures, or in the fact that he had been chasing dacoits night and day for a month. They were coldly objective. But they could not possibly retain Rendel in their service. Nor did they.

Rendel is now growing vegetables for the Sydney market, and is making quite a good thing of it.

THE SEVEN SEAS

I NEVER sailed the Seven Seas, but I have seen
Seas, seven and more,
Bring wonder, recurrent and new, to the English shore.

From a sea where the light spread like oil, golden and bland,
I have seen the sun rise; and three cormorants flying
Trailed their thin, wavering shadows over the dun sand
And troubled the dawn with their crying.

As mild as a bowl of milk and scarcely deeper
Was the sea at morning — but the sea that swallowed
The sun's red globe in its amethystine waters
Plunged to the roots of the mountains and hollowed
The rocky bases of earth, and her fragile columns
Trembled beneath the onslaught of the waters.

Seas under rain, pock-marked and heaving slow
Beneath the purple fringes of the sky —
Those plumy heads laid low
That tossed their creamy ribbons high
When the curled breakers made
An emerald arcade
And in the falling foam there hung the iridian bow —
Seas under rain: I have seen them, subdued and mild,
With tentative fingers groping along the beach,
As if they sought to reach
A refuge from the steely arrow, the flung lance;

And earth's old strife with sea was reconciled
Before the menace of the stealthy skies' advance.

But those sad, tractable seas have changed, have spread
To a wan horizon, infinitely far,
Impassable as space dividing star from star.
I have watched a ship, forlorn, and dim,
Sinking slowly over the world's rim,
And known the living more remote and lonelier than the dead.

Green seas and purple, white and blue,
I have seen them, all the year through,
Heard their changing symphonies, and known
The under and the over tone.
I have seen faërie seas beneath the moon,
And a silver sea on Christmas afternoon
Suddenly spread before us, as we came
Along the frost-bound road where the poplars stood
Like sentinels; a sea of silver flame
Enkindled from the heavenly mood
That filled the winter air with psaltery, and lent
The Magian star to light the firmament.

FREDA C. BOND

THEY WANT THEIR MONEY BACK

BY HELEN PEFFER AND JUNA NEWTON

I

In the May *Atlantic* an exasperated shopper asks, 'Who Wants My Money?' and concludes that department stores do not, since they seem to make it difficult for her to buy the things she needs. If she found salespeople incompetent and department managers negligent, hers is a legitimate grievance and she does the inefficient stores a real service when she calls attention to it. Just the same, she has not painted the whole picture by any means. After reading her article, I feel impelled to tell another side of the story — the story of those countless customers who demand their money back on every conceivable pretext and make a racket of returning the things they buy.

The present extent of this evil is astounding. During 1930 between 16 and 17 per cent of the net sales made in department stores throughout the country were returned, and in New York City the figures were higher still. Two thirds of these returned articles came back by truck at the purchaser's request. In other words (the harried pedestrian will not be soothed by this thought the next time he has to leap for his life while crossing a street of congested traffic), hundreds of trucks are kept needlessly busy cruising about our larger cities picking up crêpe slips and service plates that customers have bought and ceased to want. The figures show that the returning racket is almost entirely a feminine sport; men almost never return anything without good and sufficient reasons.

Nowadays most department stores operate under the policy, 'The customer is always right.' No doubt the stores were well advised in adopting this policy, but as more and more of them have fallen in line and made it a general rule, it has given rise to grave abuses. Chief of these is the steadily mounting flood of returned goods, and the principal offender is the well-to-do customer. Women of limited means do less shopping just for the fun of it, — most of them are too busy, — and they are less likely to demand the last inch of 'service' from the store.

Among the items that appear most frequently as chronic returns are duplicate wedding presents, Christmas gifts which people do not like, and lamp shades that do not harmonize with rugs or drapes. Women also send back books that have been read and torn, and bags without their coin purses, as well as bags which contain small change, showing that they have been used. They purchase seven neckties and return six. They telephone or write asking that drivers call and pick up tooth paste, cigarettes, toilet paper, or two rolls of dental floss. This season there has been a vast outgo and prompt return of evening pyjamas that have been worn once and pressed.

The traffic in returned goods shows a marked seasonal trend. Galoshes and woolen stockings come back in large numbers in March, and of course Christmas gifts swamp the stores in

January and even continue to come in as late as June. The spring and fall outbursts of redecorating are accompanied by flurries of returned merchandise. Silk lamp shades come back in the spring and parchment shades in the fall. When a customer vows that these things have never been used, the policy of most stores is to take her word for it, even though the condition of the articles may show plainly that she is lying. The habitual return-for-credit customer apparently conducts her business by the calendar, for returns are always much heavier the last few days of the month just before the itemized statements are issued.

The proportion of returns on charge sales is considerably larger than that on cash sales or C. O. D.'s, which means, of course, that the store's expenses are thereby increased. The extra time spent in making out charge sales slips, the expense of recording the charges on the customer's account, the necessarily complicated routine of crediting a return — all this involves much more work for the store than a return on a straight cash sale. Each year millions of dollars' worth of goods are sent back to department stores throughout the country. The cost of handling these returns and the losses caused by damaged merchandise run into hundreds of thousands more, which in turn must be reflected in increased prices. In a typical large New York store, thirty-nine different employees (telephone operators, salespeople, bookkeepers, credit clerks, packers, and drivers) must make some move in connection with every article that is called for and returned. In direct expense the average cost of each return is about forty cents, and this is quite apart from the other losses caused by depleted stocks, lost sales, damaged goods, and markdowns.

Store managers are well aware of these conditions, but as yet they have registered no open complaint; with business in its present state they would hardly dare to do so. Still, when a customer can buy and return twenty-nine dresses in one month, as one customer recently did, the system calls for reform. Indeed, the evidence shows that the habitual returner will stop at nothing, however ridiculous. One woman recently wrote in: 'Please call for one package of needles [35 cents] which I wish to return and one rubber dog bone, for which I have a duplicate.' Obediently the store took them back; its managers might well use the dog bone as an aid to rumination.

II

If the letter just quoted seems too absurd for belief, let us give you a look into the files of the Returns Department of a large midtown store in New York City. The excuses offered are varied and often ingenious. Illness is a favorite plea for excessive delay, or the purchaser has just returned from a long trip and discovered this article and that which she had completely forgotten, or she has been cleaning out a closet and run across a package which has never been opened. There are many communicative ladies who write in and tell the stores all about it. They have plenty of time to shop and plenty more for lengthy correspondence about their returns; they go thoroughly into every detail of the business. One woman asks to have a driver sent around to pick up a package of dog food, explaining that little Fifi does n't like that particular brand. Another calls upon the store to take back purchases charged by her daughter without mother's consent. Under the prevailing system the stores are compelled to grant all these requests.

For sanitary reasons most stores make it a rule not to exchange hats, so one woman writes: 'I have not tried on this hat, of course, but it *looked* as if it would be too small, and my husband could tell at a glance that he would n't like it.' Another excuses herself in this fashion: 'I bought this hat at the end of a busy, tiresome day of shopping. I was extremely tired, and just in the mood to be susceptible to the saleswoman's talk. The minute I looked at the hat at home I realized that I had simply been a victim, and that your store was wholly at fault.' It is no longer necessary to make the best of a bad bargain; indeed, it just is n't being done. The thrifty buyer's idea of how long a garment should wear is often astonishing, to put it mildly. In a small New Jersey town there actually lives a woman who bought her husband a suit of underwear in October 1929, and asked to return it in November 1930. She said it was n't 'wearing well.'

The price war between New York department stores has produced another type of returner: the thrifty woman who buys a dollar lipstick at Black's, learns a week later that the same lipstick is selling for 63 cents at White's, and promptly sends back her purchase, usually with a broad hint that Black's has tried to swindle her. These careful shoppers make small savings in every possible way, even using for their correspondence the business reply postcards sent out by mail-order houses and charitable organizations. One enterprising woman lately asked a department store for a supply of its own envelopes; her correspondence about returns had assumed such proportions that the overhead for stationery had to be considered! The request was granted — the store was too undone to refuse it.

Only once in a great while does a customer confess that she has used poor judgment and bought foolishly. These instances are so rare that the return department complies with the customer's requests with more than usual grace. How, for example, could one remain indifferent to a letter as engaging as this? 'Thursday last I came into your store to buy a slip and saw the lovely pastel linen dresses which you are selling at $4.95. They were so reasonable and so lovely that I forgot my age and ordered four for this summer. To-day I have tried them on, and must admit that they look too much like sweet sixteen to be becoming to my years. Will you be kind enough to call for these dresses and credit them to my account? I will then come in and select something more suitable to my age and avoirdupois.'

To understand the motives behind this perpetual buying and returning, one must take into account the many varying degrees of honesty and dishonesty in the human animal. It is probably true of most returners that they buy things which they neither need nor want, simply from an inherent love of shopping. They think of shopping as a diversion rather than as a serious business — and this in spite of the fact that women do 80 per cent of all the buying for the home and for members of their families. It is too much bother to consider real needs in advance. A vast number of returns can be accounted for on this score alone; many women simply do not know their own minds. They buy in the grand manner, go into a huddle with themselves on the way home, and often send back their purchases without even opening the package. Still others shop to impress their friends. On the way to a matinée, they see something new, handsome, and expensive, and order it charged and sent solely because it seems elegant to do so. Such magnificent gestures involve no real expense — except to the store which has to maintain its machinery to effect returns.

Some women have no scruples about

buying and returning to suit their well-laid plans. Evening wraps come back regularly with theatre programmes in the pockets. Glassware and china go out week after week to be used for a special party and then returned the day after. Frequently only ten cocktail glasses are returned out of a dozen sent; a note always explains that the other two were broken when they arrived. To protect themselves from unnecessary losses, the stores now find it advantageous to send packers when china is to be returned; this adds to the overhead, but it is not so expensive as the breakage caused by careless packing.

Other buy-and-return shoppers make a genuine racket of it, reaping their reward in dollars and cents. Perfume bought abroad is sent in for credit at the much higher American selling price; the customer pockets several dollars' difference in duty and profits. Even when it is known for an absolute fact that this is the nature of the transaction, the customer will insist stoutly that she has lost the sales check and the store will feel obliged to accept her word for it. Racketeers who operate on a smaller scale will buy twelve hairnets for 79 cents and then return them one or two at a time, having them credited at 10 cents each. The total profit to the customer is 41 cents; the loss to the store in operating charges alone is $4.80.

There is, of course, a small percentage of returns which are entirely legitimate: the store has sent out imperfect articles or a duplicate order, or has filled the original order incorrectly. Another justifiable excuse for returning goods is that garments do not fit. The stores are trying to overcome this difficulty by training salespeople to insist on more careful fitting at the time the sale is made. With the increased vogue for separate blouses it has been discovered that few women know their own sizes, and it has long been an established fact that the wearer of a size-twenty dress prefers to think that an eighteen fits her to perfection. Most women do not know the correct sizes of their children's garments, and since they can't conveniently take the children on long shopping trips, the result is a continuous outgo and return of children's clothing. This is one of the reasons why several of the New York stores have lately set up branches in suburban towns.

III

Recent years have witnessed an increase in department-store expenses, together with a drop in the volume of sales and a decline in profits. It is obvious that one reason for the decline in profits is that the policy in regard to returns has been too easy. Managers are agreed that the only way out, assuming that reform is possible, lies in a revision of their policies through concerted action of all the stores. Even if that could be done, however, it is still something of an open question whether such a move would help business or hinder it. It would cut expenses, certainly, but it might also reduce the volume of business and the final total of sales that stick. With business conditions so demoralized during the last year and a half, the stores have not dared to attempt any innovations in this direction. If anything, they have become more cordial toward all kinds of buyers and have made the returning of goods even easier than before.

Department stores investigate each other and compare data on leniency of terms. Impressive charts are prepared to show the results and they indicate that all of the larger New York stores are invariably easy — they try above everything else to please the customer. The same is true in other cities. A thorough survey made by department stores in Boston revealed that more than seven and a half million dollars' worth of goods is returned annually. These operations cost more than two million dollars, which is eventually paid by the patrons of these stores in the increased prices of all merchandise.

One of the oldest stores in New York has a rule that all returns must be made within seven days. It is a good rule, but, like many another, it is not enforced. In a few cities the stores have been somewhat more strict. Those in Pittsburgh, Detroit, and, to a smaller degree, Chicago, have tried to agree on a common practice and have had some success in educating their customers to be more responsible in their buying. Not long ago the stores in Oakland, California, conducted a campaign urging that all goods be returned within four days with a satisfactory explanation to cover each instance. The number of returns has been reduced appreciably since this programme went into effect, and the time that merchandise is kept out of the store has been cut about 40 per cent.

In New York, however, there seems to be little hope for reform. Frankly, the stores are afraid to alter their present liberal policy; in general they agree to call for anything they deliver. A typical delivery chart includes 483 towns within a radius of 43 miles of New York. For the time being, then, women in Ossining and Passaic and Stamford, as well as the hordes within the city itself, will continue to descend upon the stores buying indiscriminately whatever their fancy lights upon, will go back home and look the things over, will decide that they have made bad selections, and will telephone or write to the stores with flimsy excuses and definite instructions to send for the merchandise and haul it back again. Meanwhile, a lot of skillful truck drivers will be assured of jobs.

THE DIRECT PRIMARY — A FAILURE AND A THREAT

BY OLIVER McKEE, JR.

I

To win the Republican senatorial nomination from Illinois, Ruth Hanna McCormick spent in her 1930 primary campaign over $250,000, most of it her own money. The prize was a $10,000-a-year job. In the 1926 primaries in Pennsylvania, the Vare-Beidleman ticket expended $785,000. Large as they are, such expenditures are by no means unusual; money has been poured out with a lavish hand in many another primary contest. In 1922 the Senate condemned the expenditure of $195,000 in behalf of former Senator Truman H. Newberry of Michigan as contrary 'to sound public policy, harmful to the honor and dignity of the Senate, and dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government.'

If condemnation rests on an arithmetical yardstick, Ruth Hanna McCormick and Bill Vare were a much greater threat to our free institutions than Mr. Newberry, whose outlay brought so solemn a warning from the Senate. Yet these candidates do not belong in the class of 'malefactors of great wealth.' They were merely victims of as stupid a nominating system as has ever taken root under the camouflaged exterior of popular government. The system is so vicious, the money power has come into politics so brazenly, to so great a degree has it undermined the institutions of representative government, that the direct primary has recently come under fire from two men so fundamentally different in their political philosophy as Alfred E. Smith, product of East Side New York, and Will R. Wood, of the little town of Lafayette, Indiana, chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House. Former Governor Smith came out squarely for its abolition. And Mr. Wood said specifically, 'The evils and failure of the popular primary system . . . are the most important subject confronting the American people.'

Not only has the direct primary failed to accomplish the reforms which its backers so blithely predicted for it, but it has contributed on its own score to the debasement of American politics. The establishment of the direct primary system was in part a response to the demand of the voter for a more direct hand in public affairs, a reflection of the growing individualism of the times. In part it grew out of a widespread discontent with political conditions, notably the convention system, with its boss control, the trading of delegates, and the too frequent betrayal of public trust, if not actual corruption. It was to correct these evils, and to give the electorate a more direct voice in government, that the popular primary, endorsed in their day by Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt among others, was adopted by state after state. Through it, for twenty years, most states have made their nominations for public office.

The bill of indictment against the direct primary contains many counts. It has not given the people any greater control over their affairs. It has increased the cost of candidacy; it has tended to promote the demagogic type of office seeker, has swelled the tribe of politicians living off the public purse, has undermined party responsibility; and at a time when self-government has been compassed about as never before with difficulties, because of the increasing complexities of our economic and social structure, it has injected into the body politic a new form of mass action which has added materially to the embarrassments already existing.

The present system has greatly increased the cost of candidacy. A candidate who enters the primary in one of the larger states with his eye on a seat in the Senate must use the methods of big business. He must hire organizers to get out the vote, buy newspaper advertising liberally, publish campaign literature, and foot the postage bills to send it out to thousands of prospective voters. He must rent halls, arrange for time on the air, often one of the most expensive of the items, and must find the money, too, to pay many a pretty bill for the traveling expenses of his workers.

So practical a politician as Ruth McCormick reflected the specializing spirit of the age by setting up a foreign-language bureau, a woman's bureau, a bureau for colored voters, a labor bureau, and so on. Small wonder that it cost her more than a quarter of a million dollars to win the Republican primary nomination in Illinois, or that many another sizable fortune has gone into a single primary campaign. The financial burden does not fall upon the candidate alone. The Nye Investigating Committee went into Tennessee a few months ago. There it was told that the 1930 Tennessee primaries cost the state $115,000, wholly apart from the expenditures of the various candidates for public office. Other states would tell much the same story.

To advertise a safety razor, a new kind of soap, or a motor car costs money. It may cost as much or more to advertise a candidate. His running mates in Pennsylvania, where over $600,000 was spent last year on the Brown-Davis ticket, rather enviously commented on the fact that James J. Davis, now Senator, needed little advertising. Other aspirants may not be so fortunate. Either they must be prepared to reach far down into their own pockets, or else they must tie up with big interests willing to finance their campaigns. Ruth McCormick frankly described the two alternatives in her testimony before the Nye Committee: 'A candidate may either pay campaign expenses out of his own pocket, or he may collect money from individuals, or groups, or organizations for campaign purposes. In the latter case, he places himself under obligations which may hinder his freedom of action in the public service in the event of his election.' The man without money, or without influential backers, knocks at the door in vain. Plutocracy rules, not democracy.

II

It is an old maxim of American politics that the office should seek the man, not the man the office. The direct primary tends to bring about just the opposite result. It has planted the seeds of ambition in those who have absolutely no qualification for positions of public trust. By making the road so easy, it has encouraged the office seeker. Nebraska has recently offered a case in point, the Nye Committee bringing out the facts. Conservative Republicans of that state, who have never cherished any excess love for George W. Norris, persuaded a Broken Bow grocer of the same name to leave a $4200 position and enter the primaries against the independent Senator. Though the plot came to naught and the Broken Bow man was later forced to withdraw, the moral is none the less plain. A person with no qualifications at all can enter the field under the direct primary. A batch of signatures for nearly every document can be had for the asking, and, if fate smiles upon him, it is within the cards for the tyro to run off with the nomination.

Insincerity and political claptrap go hand in hand with the direct primary. The system favors the demagogue, the vote snatcher, and the coiner of pretty phrases. Men of the breed of J. Thomas Heflin have fattened for years off the direct primary, with their appeals to the religious, racial, and sectional prejudices of their constituents. The demagogue has always been with us, but never have conditions been so favorable to the practice of his trade as they are to-day.

No larger public interest in politics has followed in the wake of the direct primary. Here again there has been no fulfillment of earlier promises. The votes of but 3 or 4 per cent of the electorate of a district have often been enough to nominate a candidate. Where a live issue is before the people, as it was in Massachusetts last year, with prohibition the central issue between the Republican senatorial candidates, a fair-sized vote may be rolled up. Yet this is far from being the rule; quite as often the turnout at the polls is surprisingly small. Unless there is some issue to prick into action his natural inertia and indifference, the voter is often content enough to let the professional politicians settle the matter. The total vote cast in the Pennsylvania primaries in 1930, when a battle of giants was under way, was only 1,630,870. Compare this with the total vote of over 3,100,000 cast in the 1928 national election and it will be seen that about half the voters took no part in the decision at all.

Even if the voter does go to the polls in the primary, a real difficulty may face him there. Carrying as it does many names, candidates for both administrative and policy-making offices, the jungle ballot makes it difficult, if not impossible, for the voter to make an intelligent choice. On the merits of two or three of the candidates he may be able to come to some sort of judgment; about the qualifications of the others he must often be wholly in the dark. Professor Karl F. Geiser of Oberlin reminds us that in the 1922 primary the Republican voters of Cleveland were asked to choose candidates for 43 offices from a list of some 175 names. Caprice, fancy, and guesswork, under such conditions, rather than an informed knowledge, inevitably characterize the voter's judgment.

By saddling the country with a double dose of political activity, the direct primary again has made confusion worse confounded. In November, every other year, the voters must choose one third of the Senate and all the membership of the House, together with a vast army of state, city, and local officials. The primaries precede the elections from one or two to six or eight months. After he takes the oath of office, a member of the House has hardly donned his harness before he must gird himself for the next primary contest. In states like Illinois, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and often in the smaller states as well, a primary may be as bitterly contested, and involve factional warfare on as large a scale, as the election itself, even if the actual vote may be considerably less. Not only has the volume of political agitation been greatly increased, but there has been a corresponding extension in the span of its duration. Whether or not any issues exist to demand the attention of the electorate, politics can never be adjourned. The direct primary has doubled our dose of politics — yet nothing has been done to enlarge the digestive capacity of the patient.

Upon no group does the burden fall more heavily than upon members of Congress. If a Congressman is efficiently to represent his district at Washington, and if his stewardship of its interests is to be a vigilant one, his job has never been more exacting in its requirements than it is to-day. Congress handles vastly greater sums of money than ever before, and the Federal Government never touched the people at so many points. The relentless pressure of the primary nevertheless makes it difficult for a Congressman to forget the dangers of the home sector; behind every bush there may be a plot in the hatching. To concentrate for long on the business of national legislation is seldom easy, for possible primary opponents demand much of his time and thought.

A Northeastern Congressman last year decided to enter the senatorial primary from his state. He knew that he had a fight on his hands, and that to win he must put his best foot forward. Early in the year, when Congress still had four or five months of the long session to go, the legislator remarked to the writer that he was going home to organize his campaign, and that, if no important developments occurred in the Capital, he did not intend to return except for an occasional day or so. The primary contest was henceforth to absorb his efforts, not his duties as a Federal legislator.

Parallel cases would not be hard to find. Soon after the Christmas holidays every other year, in the middle of the long session, with the approach of the primary season the fever strikes Capitol Hill. Congressmen run home by the score to instruct their lieutenants and to direct personally the disposition of their troops. The absentees may be away a few days, or many weeks. Public business goes by the board, just as Wall and State streets forget about the stock market the day of the Yale-Harvard football game. Congressional leaders have more than once been hard put to it to muster a quorum for the passage of an important bill. Quorum calls weigh lightly in the scales when there are political fences to be mended at home.

III

With all its faults, and there were many, the convention system held a disciplinary whip over those whom it selected to carry the party standards on the field of battle. The conventions were made up of practical politicians, men whose business it was to win votes for the ticket and thus keep the party in power. As a vote-getting instrumentality, they set great store on the platform. Once the platform was adopted, the convention expected the candidates to stick pretty closely to the policies laid down in that document. If they rode forth on independent missions of their own, espousing strange causes, riding roughshod over the platform and its planks, the sharp rod of discipline was often invoked. To secure renomination a candidate had to go before the convention. There his record was carefully scrutinized by men to whom party responsibility was a solemn thing. If the record revealed that the candidate had wandered too far and too often from the party reservation, renomination might be refused, and the toga might go to someone else.

Under the direct primary the platform has become as often as not a meaningless set of platitudes. The candidate chooses his own issues in the primary, snapping his fingers, if he so pleases, at the pledges and commitments of the party. The bond of discipline has been broken, for the voters in their mass and collective capacity have neither the power nor the inclination to impose disciplinary measures.

Would not William E. Borah have strayed still further from the path of party regularity these past years had not Idaho in 1924 returned to the convention system in selecting its senatorial candidates? The question is a pertinent one. Borah came up for renomination in 1924; to secure this he needed the endorsement of a convention made up largely of regular Republicans. Campaigning zealously for Calvin Coolidge, even though the elder La Follette was making a third-party fight on issues that might be expected to appeal to Borah's liberalism, Borah in 1924 wore the clothes of a regular Republican. Once reëlected and back in the Senate for six years more, he quickly resumed his irregular habits, and was a pretty consistent thorn in the side of the Republican administration. In 1930, Borah was again to come up for renomination, and again he needed the endorsement of the convention of Idaho Republicans. This may explain why, in 1928, he supported the Republican nominee, Mr. Hoover, though for several years before that it was the toss of a coin whether or not Borah, on any given administration measure, would not be found in the camp of its foes. Signs of a greater regularity were noted, and the convention again renominated him as the Republican candidate for the Senate.

Idaho this year has gone back to the primary system; Borah is free from his chains, and hereafter he will not have to go before the convention as a suppliant for the nomination. Hardly had Idaho voted to return to the primary when its senior Senator appeared before the radical legislative conference in Washington as one of the headliners in its programme. Borah is so well known, his personality carries so great an appeal to the voters of his state, that no matter how many lances he hurls at the Republican President and his legislative policies, he is virtually certain to win the Republican nomination in the primaries of Idaho as long as he wants to stay in public life. There are those who believe that hereafter, now that he has been freed from convention control, he will steer a course even more sharply divergent from the policies of the party whose label he wears when he seeks public office.

What is true of Borah holds for other members of the insurgent group in House and Senate, who, though elected as Republicans, regard campaign promises and party platforms as having no greater validity than the articles of an outworn creed. Thanks to the direct primary, they are free agents. They write their own platforms, choose their own issues, pitch their tents on ground of their own selection. Knights-errant of politics, as long as they can corral the necessary votes they are rulers of a kingdom of their own.

IV

Instead of giving power back to the people, the direct primary has turned it over to special groups and cliques. Through the liberal expenditure of money, and an aptitude for political organization that would have done credit to her father, Mark Hanna, Ruth McCormick built for herself a smooth-working machine that took the measure of the rival Deneen organization. In Pennsylvania the Vare and the anti-Vare organizations contend for mastery in the primaries; in New Jersey we have the Democratic machine that acknowledges as its tsar and master Frank Hague, vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee; in California the Johnson and anti-Johnson factions have waged many a merry battle; in Wisconsin the La Follette and anti-La Follette groups struggle for control; in Chicago the Thompson and anti-Thompson machines, and so on.

Rival machines come to grips in many a primary contest; behind the shouting and the speech making lie the spoils of victory, the rackets, patronage, graft, and other prerequisites which go to the winning faction. While we have politics we shall have professional politicians, and the professional applies himself just as scientifically to win a primary victory as he does to win any other election. Election day always finds the politicians and their crews on the job, even if the intelligentsia are on the golf links. The bootlegging and other rackets of our generation offer to its Al Capones no smaller prizes than came to the professional politicians of pre-primary days as the spoils of victory. Staged as they are between those who profess allegiance to the same party, these primary contests with their factional wrangling, their personal abuse and invectives, leave behind them a heritage of bitterness that extends over into the election period, thus contributing still further to the breakdown of party spirit and loyalty, and undermining still further party responsibility. A faction with an eye upon the spoils of office and the patronage of power can easily enough find a candidate to carry its banner in the primary. If boss control of conventions was bad, the scrambling of power among half-a-dozen snarling factions certainly is no better.

Clique control does not end with the

political machine. Organized minorities share in the plunder by resorting to the methods of political coercion. These groups thrive mightily off the direct primary; lobbies have entrenched themselves under the shadow of the Capitol dome by the scores, most of them digging in since the advent of the popular system of nominations. The Anti-Saloon League has stood out among these groups. When the tumult and shouting over prohibition dies down, — and some day there may be a definitive decision, — the future historian may well find that the encouragement which the success of the Anti-Saloon League has given to other organized minorities to wield the club of political coercion over the heads of our lawmakers is the biggest item on the debit side of the ledger of the 'great and noble experiment,' national prohibition.

Ohio, cradle of the Anti-Saloon League, offers also one of the best illustrations of the methods through which it fastened its political tentacles on the American people. When the late Myron T. Herrick was governor of that state, he emasculated a local-option bill supported by the Ohio branch of the League, then directed by Wayne B. Wheeler. It was in Ohio that Wheeler built up his reputation as the smartest politician ever developed in the ranks of the Drys. By Wheeler's own estimate, there were only 400,000 Dry votes among the 1,250,000 voters of Ohio. His support was rated as being worth 20,000 votes to any candidate for office. Drawing upon this bloc of votes, he entered each district where the Wet then in office showed any signs of political weakness, knocking off the Wets one by one, until he had won a majority in the legislature — though the Drys in the state as a whole were, by his own admission, only a minority. Though Herrick had the backing of the Republican organization, Wheeler was able in the same way to retire him to private life as a punishment for refusing to do the bidding of the Anti-Saloon League. Wheeler and his machine used the same methods later in imposing their will upon the national Congress, a power resting not so much on the large number of votes controlled as on the skillful, ruthless use of an organized group in each district to defeat legislator after legislator who refused to vote for the programme of the League.

Other organized minorities have followed the example of the Anti-Saloon League. With aggressive leadership, a clearly defined programme, and a disciplined but not necessarily large body of followers, many an organization has succeeded in beating a state legislature or Congress into submission. In a close primary election, such a group often wields the balance of power, and the tide of victory will often go to that candidate who has promised to do its bidding. In the words of John R. Coen, chairman of the Republican State Committee of Colorado, in his testimony before the Nye Committee: —

> The primary is absolutely destroying our political system in this state — the cure for the evil is worse than the evil itself; we are building up a system where every candidate is subject to attack and in danger of retaliation from all sorts of groups, large and small. We now have a system where we are corrupting the entire electorate of the state.

V

As it has operated during the past two decades, the primary has tended to subvert and destroy our representative system of government. Under the theory of the founding fathers, ours was to be a representative government. We have now replaced it with the mass action of the voters, mass action that is uninformed, emotional in its motivation, often directed by caprice and prejudice. The direct primary has broken down the spirit of Congress, has undermined its independence of thought, and injected into its proceedings the paralyzing element of fear. Under the whip and spur of the organized minorities now afield, rare is the legislator who can call his soul his own. Embracing a programme that may be contrary to the interests of the people as a whole, but that represents the price which an organized minority asks for its support, many a newcomer has taken the seat of a tried and experienced legislator, riding into power through the direct primary. You will often hear a Congressman admit in private conversation that he never votes against a bill which any group among his constituents strongly support, for he knows by experience that to do so inevitably lays him open to attack by opponents who are quick to capitalize the opposition of the offended elements.

Thus fear rules Congress as never before. It was fear of the soldiers' vote that caused so many members of Congress to vote for the loan bill over the veto of the President, and over the protests of many a veteran. It was fear that drove so many members to vote for the debenture and other forms of farm relief, knowing that if they failed to follow the orders of the lobbyists of the farm organizations they would face a candidate endorsed by the farm lobby at the next primary. It was fear again that caused so many legislators to do the bidding of the Anti-Saloon League, knowing that if they did not do so the next primary would probably be their Waterloo.

Whether or not the direct primary has brought about any dilution in the calibre of our public men is one of those questions for which a scientific and exact answer can hardly be given. Much depends on the yardstick and definition used. To the Anti-Saloon League every legislator that carried out its orders was a statesman of the first order. Even a boss-ruled convention has selected many an able man as its party's candidate for the Senate, and, by the same token, 'bad' as well as 'good' candidates have fought their way to victory under the direct system of nominations. One thing, however, is plain enough. Since the direct primary there has been a weakening in the moral tone and fibre of Congress. Thanks to the political coercion of the organized minorities, there is a conspicuous lack of courage and backbone. Congress legislates far too much in the interest of special groups. Political expediency, rather than principles of broad public policy, determines far too many of its decisions, and will continue to do so as long as members must win votes in the primaries.

The blight has fallen with special severity upon the Senate. The founding fathers meant the upper chamber to be one of the pivotal elements in the admirable system of checks and balances of the Constitution. By providing that members of the House should be elected popularly every two years, they obviously intended that the lower chamber should reflect pretty closely the ebb and flow of public opinion through the country. The Senate, on the other hand, was to be a safety valve against sudden gusts of popular emotion, a check on the excesses of a democracy gone wild. This was to be brought about in two ways: first, by giving a Senator a six-year term, thus clothing him with a little greater protection against the sudden whims of the electorate; secondly, by giving the legislature of each state the duty of electing its Senators, rather than providing for direct election by the people, thus placing a further safeguard against mobocracy around the Senate. A Senator's term of office still remains six years, but the system of popular elections and the direct primary have now exposed the upper chamber just as directly to popular pressure and to dictation by organized minorities as the House.

The safeguards have vanished, and the Senate has been cut loose from its ancient moorings. The dignity and distinction of the upper chamber have departed. It has merely become a smaller House; and because a Senator is one member in a body of 96, instead of one in 435, with a vote that carries a correspondingly greater weight, the organized minorities now turn their heaviest guns against the Senate, rather than against the more 'popular' chamber.

VI

Finally, — and perhaps the most damning count in the bill of indictment, — the direct primary has broken down party responsibility. A strong two-party system is indispensable to the successful operation of a representative government, whose efficiency is ordinarily in proportion to that of the two-party system. In those states where one party has dominated politics, without the salutary check of a strong opposition, graft, corruption, and maladministration are more likely to exist. The best guarantee of efficient government yet devised is a strong, active, intelligently led minority party, ready to come into office if the ruling party fails in its stewardship. Party responsibility rests foursquare on the two-party system, which assigns to the party certain extralegal activities, such as the nomination of candidates for public office, the conduct of the campaign, the formulation of political issues, and the bringing about of harmony between the various branches of the government. By taking these important functions out of the hands of the parties and turning them over to the people, and by shifting public attention from parties to factions and individuals, the direct primary has broken down party responsibility. Candidates can now select their own issues, make their own platforms, defy their state and national conventions, and, if successful in getting the necessary votes, can come to Washington to continue their independent rôles. To men like Borah, Brookhart, Norris, La Follette, and many others, party responsibility means nothing.

If President Hoover is renominated next year, he will go before the country on a platform written by the convention which elects him as the Republican nominee. His Democratic opponent will make his campaign on the platform written by the Democratic convention. Yet neither, short of a miracle, will be able after election to translate that platform in terms of legislation, for under the direct primary a large group in Congress who theoretically belong to the party given power will feel free to vote for or against any bill formulated by the administration in fulfilling the pledges with which it came into office.

These are the conditions which imperil the two-party system; in its place we are moving toward a government by blocs and combinations, the domination of politics by special groups, the piling up of appropriations like Pelion on Ossa, and a weakening of party discipline. The failure of the direct primary to perform what had been promised for it is bad enough, but even more serious are the evils which it has brought with it, evils which threaten the institutions of government upon which the greatness of the Republic has been built.

SCIENCE GOES TO PRISON

BY RALPH P. HOLBEN

> WHICH of us does not admire what Lycurgus the Spartan did? A young citizen had put out his eye, and been handed over to him by the people to be punished at his own discretion. Lycurgus abstained from all vengeance; but on the contrary instructed and made a good man of him. Producing him in public in the theatre, he said to the astonished Spartans: 'I received this young man at your hands full of violence and wanton insolence; I restore him to you in his right mind and fit to serve his country.'
>
> —EPICTETUS

I

THE frequent riots that have occurred in various American prisons within the past few years have created in the public mind a conviction that something is vitally wrong with our prison system. Criminals, after all, are human beings, and we are beginning to realize that nothing short of an unbearable affront to human nature could drive men to such desperate revolts. It may be, then, that the time is ripe to reconsider the fundamental objectives of our prison system.

The typical state prison, which most of us have seen only from the outside, is a monumental structure of steel, concrete, and granite, grim and forbidding — a fortress symbolizing to the average citizen his protection against the enemies of society. Just how great is this protection? So long as the criminals who are now in prison remain there, society is safeguarded against these particular offenders; but it is only a temporary protection. Prison doors swing both ways; sooner or later 90 or 95 per cent of these convicts will return to society. If these men go free merely to continue their former mode of life, then society has not been protected in any fundamental way and the public's faith in its prison system is sheer delusion. A prison system which isolates criminals for a few years without reforming them fails utterly to achieve true social security. In a very real sense, therefore, society has a large stake in the genuine welfare of its prisoners.

Few people realize that our present system of imprisoning wrongdoers to punish them for their crimes is an innovation of comparatively recent origin. Until the close of the eighteenth century the almost universal way of dealing with offenders was to apply some form of drastic, painful, corporal punishment. It was not until about the time of the American Revolution that Western civilization began to abandon the stocks and pillories, the floggings, mutilations, brandings, ducking stools, and other cruel and brutal punishments which had been the common lot of criminals for ages past. By the middle of the nineteenth century imprisonment had become the conventional method of dealing with criminals in Europe and America. This marked a significant advance toward a more humane solution of the criminal problem, although the advance was not as real as many people suppose. The prison system was introduced by Quaker reformers with the hope that it would put an end to the bloody and revolting forms of corporal punishment which then prevailed, but their hopes were destined to be frustrated. As the new prison system developed, it made use of almost all the old methods of torture as aids in enforcing discipline.

It is not generally known that stupid and cruel punishments are the rule rather than the exception in American prisons to-day, yet it is so. That such conditions can be tolerated in the twentieth century is not surprising when one recalls how little the public hears of what goes on behind prison walls. When frightful riots occur and the newspapers chronicle the slaughter in glaring headlines, the average citizen becomes panic-stricken. Without pausing to look beyond the surface facts, he immediately suspects that the prisoners have been given an inch and taken the proverbial ell, so he becomes the champion of still harsher measures. Thus thousands of good citizens still repeat that hoary injunction, 'Make prisons terrible.' In this the public is turning its face to the past, placing confidence in a system which has been tried and found wanting. In England, at a time when more than two hundred crimes were punishable by death, crime flourished to an exceptional degree. Again and again the impartial verdict of history has proved conclusively that unduly severe punishment is not a deterrent to crime.

The trouble, of course, lies with the unthinking public. The erroneous belief is commonly held that the criminal is a person apart, that he belongs to a distinctly separate class of humanity. By his criminal behavior he is thought to have forfeited all claim to the consideration of decent people. Once he is put safely behind the bars, the public would rather forget about him. It is not strange, therefore, that prisons have never been adapted to the reformation of men.

The ordinary prison is a place for punishment, not for reform. Actually, it turns convicts loose upon society more dangerous, more anti-social, than they were when they entered. 'I left prison,' writes a typical ex-convict in his autobiography, *In the Clutch of Circumstance*, 'with a feeling of bitterness and of hatred in my heart. . . . Almost every man with whom I came in contact while in prison expressed the same feeling. . . . He was "going to get even" and "make somebody pay" for his punishment and suffering.' By such tangible evidence our present prison system stands indicted. Each year out of those heavily barred gates come social outcasts by the thousand, some of them hardened repeaters, but by far the larger number of them young men whose prison experiences occurred at that time of their lives when impressionable characters were receiving their permanent set. These men are not reformed — quite the contrary; within the prison walls they have actually been schooled, at the state's expense, in the higher learning of crime.

II

The fact is obvious that our handling of criminals in the past has been dictated almost entirely by fear. In an age of science we continue to deal with this problem on the basis of the archaic knowledge and the outworn methods of the pre-scientific age. We are just beginning to realize that crime is essentially a socio-medical problem; modern penology is on the right track when it views the criminal much as the doctor regards his patient. Recent developments in psychology, psychiatry, and sociology have provided us with a new understanding of the criminal mind and how to deal with it. Instead of punishing the wrongdoer, the new idea is to try to cure him; instead of making the punishment fit the crime, the new procedure is to make the treatment fit the criminal. It follows that the term of a prisoner's incarceration cannot be too arbitrarily set in advance; treatment must continue until a cure has been effected. If a criminal cannot be cured of his anti-social tendencies, he will have to be regarded as irreformable and permanently isolated from society as the victim of a dangerous and incurable disease.

Radical changes in our penal institutions will have to follow upon the adoption of these modern methods. The prison buildings of the past — grim symbols of punishment — will have to be abolished. In their stead we shall have to build a new type of prison plant, adapted in design and arrangement to the variety of problems with which it must deal. It must make provision for various classes of men with their different needs. It must be so constructed that each group can be classified and treated without danger of contamination from the other groups. The Bastille, which seems to have been the model for most of our existing prisons, has become an anachronism in this age of scientific penology.

Of course, the introduction of any new idea always arouses skepticism and suspicion, and it was not surprising that the new programme should have encountered strong opposition, particularly in its first stages. This was well exemplified in Massachusetts, a state which has always followed proud traditions of leadership in social policy and education. The state prison at Charlestown has long been a public disgrace and as far back as 1874 a movement was set in motion to abolish it. In 1876 it was actually abandoned and for six years was used as a warehouse, only to be restored to service again when, after fruitless efforts, no appropriations for building a new state prison could be obtained from the legislature. Despite this setback, the agitation continued, with Bishop Lawrence crying from the pulpit, 'When will that dungeon, fit only for the Middle Ages, the State Prison, be razed?' In 1922, Mr. Lewis Parkhurst, then state senator, speaking in defense of the first of the bills he introduced into the legislature to abolish the disgraceful, antiquated structure, said: —

> I can do no more on Beacon Hill. Public sentiment must be aroused to change these unwholesome and expensive conditions. I appeal to all men and women who believe that even the most unfortunate have some rights which must be respected. I appeal to all those who believe that the supreme aim of prison discipline is the reformation of prisoners. . . . Whatever of strength or time or income I can possibly spare for public service will be devoted hereafter to this cause until this disgrace now attached to our Commonwealth is removed.

To make clear what an anomaly the old type of penitentiary is in this modern world, let me give a brief description of the appalling conditions encountered upon a recent tour of the Charlestown Prison. The building itself is an antiquated fire trap placed in a crowded urban section adjoining smoky railroad yards. The prisoners are confined — or, rather, entombed — sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and twenty hours on Sundays, in cubical cells of solid granite, arranged in tiers one above the other. Each of these tiny vaults serves as a combined bedroom, dining room, and toilet, for the building is not equipped with plumbing and it is the only prison in the country which has no mess hall. At noon one witnesses the curious spectacle of long lines of men being served their dinner through holes in the kitchen wall; then they must march with their plates of food back to their cells to eat it. It is impossible to provide proper ventilation in these stone vaults; the only air and light that the prisoners receive come through the partly grated door, and the air is always filled with smoke and coal gas from the railroad yards.

In February 1931, 962 men were crowded into this prison which has a cell capacity for only 750. To take care of the overflow, two and sometimes three men had to be confined in cells which were intended for only one. Cots lined the corridors; the schoolroom had long since been turned into a dormitory. There is only a small recreation space and the hospital facilities are quite inadequate. Within the walled enclosure there are various prison shops where industrial work is carried on, but these shops, for the most part, are badly lighted and poorly ventilated, and are so constructed that they would be quick prey to flames. The prison has a punishment block — a row of dark cells containing no beds or any other equipment. Those prisoners who are found guilty of serious violations of the prison rules are sentenced to the 'Blue Room,' which is in effect a sweat box, for the heat is turned on to steam the 'life' out of the offender. The prisoner's only resting place in this torture chamber is a small heap of sawdust in one corner, where, stripped of his outer clothing, he can only lie huddled to await his release. In all the punishment cells the food is limited to bread and water. It is only fair to add, however, that the prison authorities have a reputation for treating the inmates with justice and consideration.

Recently a case-work programme has been begun at Charlestown with the financial backing of the Rockefeller Foundation and the enthusiastic support of Warden Hogsett. Obviously, however, it is quite out of the question to institute any scientific system for the individual treatment of prisoners under conditions now prevailing. Indeed this prison, like hundreds of others, is totally unsuited for the purposes and objectives of an enlightened prison system.

At Charlestown no effort is made to train the convicts in the duties of citizenship. The intolerable conditions tend to store up in the inmates a feeling of degradation, sullenness, and hatred. No wonder that this prison has been characterized as 'a sink hole of despair.' Revolt was threatened in 1928 and 1929, and the authorities have been in fear of an outbreak even more recently. One newspaper commentator epitomized the whole matter when he said, 'No reforming influence, however humane and generous, would long survive in the atmosphere of such a place.'

The time is at hand — indeed, it is long overdue — for the public to realize that the old-line prison, established solely for the punishment of offenders, stands discredited and condemned as a costly failure. Sooner or later we shall have to come round to this view, not only for the sake of the prisoners themselves, but also for the sake of real social protection. In Massachusetts, as a result of agitation which has continued for more than half a century, it now begins to look as if Charlestown might soon be abandoned forever. A new state prison has at last been authorized, and work upon it was actually begun on June 1, 1927, at Norfolk, twenty-five miles southwest of Boston.

III

For a study in contrasts let us journey down to Norfolk, where the new penal colony is already beginning to take form. The first thing a visitor notices is that Norfolk is entirely lacking in prison atmosphere. The buildings will be scattered over forty acres out in the open country, surrounded by a thousand-acre tract of woods and farm land. The project is being constructed almost entirely by prison labor, and as the programme progresses a large farm will be developed in connection with the prison. Here at Norfolk there is growing up a community which provides the convicts with constructive work to do, affords them opportunities to discover individual interests and aptitudes, and sets before each man a definite goal to be achieved. The basic idea is not to coddle the prisoners, but to treat them like men.

To this end the institution itself — its physical plant, its equipment, its programme — is being adapted to further the individual needs of the inmates. A style of architecture has been chosen which, while adequate for security, is also admirably suited to the new educational and therapeutic purposes. As Superintendent Gill says: —

> We have developed a social, medical, psychological, and educational technique in addition to the industrial and the religious, when trying to solve adult social problems. To attempt to apply these techniques in a prison of the Pennsylvania or the Auburn type would be like asking a modern surgeon to operate on the kitchen table. It *can* be done if necessary, but the best results undoubtedly can be obtained where the facilities and the equipment match the methods employed.

Norfolk, although a walled prison, will have little in common with the penitentiaries of the past. The inmates will be divided into three groups: first, the high-grade 'trusties' who can be absolutely depended upon for coöperation as members of the prison community; second, the average 'trusties' who observe the honor system reasonably well; and third, the men who are harmless but weak. There will be eight buildings, each divided into three units adapted to the needs of the different classes of prisoners. It is even planned to divide the Disciplinary Building and the Receiving Building (the jail) into similar sections for classification. Eventually the prison will be able to take care of 1200 inmates.

The first building to be completed is now occupied by 150 Grade A men. Architecturally, it resembles a college dormitory, for the doors and windows are not barred, nor is it equipped with any other special devices for security. Each unit, of which there are three, contains twenty-five single outside rooms, three seven-bed rooms, one four-bed room, two officers' rooms with bath, a toilet and shower bath on each floor, a common room, a dining room, a barber shop, a locker room, and a basement workroom. The hospital will be modern in every respect, with separate departments, laboratories, and special equipment for psychiatric work. The school will be carefully designed for adult education. Various shops will provide many different kinds of industrial work. There will also be a building for religious, recreational, and social work. These, together with the usual administrative and service buildings, will comprise the group inside the walls. Outside the walls an athletic field and the prison farm will be a sort of honor camp for the most trusted prisoners, as well as for the sick and infirm whom it will be safe to allow outside the enclosure.

The organization of the prison provides for a sharp cleavage in function between the line officers and the staff officers. The sole duty of the line officers is to man the walls, which are guarded day and night with all the known devices for preventing escapes. Outside the walls a guardhouse is the headquarters for police reserves. These line officers do not come into any contact whatsoever with the prisoners except in emergencies. The daily work of the prison is supervised entirely by the staff officers, who specialize in a variety of functions. Small groups of not more than fifty men each are housed and fed separately under the direction of a house officer and an assistant. Each personnel officer stays on duty with his men fourteen days, engages in case work with his men for seven days, and is then off duty to live with his own family for seven days. Superintendent Gill testifies to the efficacy of this plan: 'The greater ease in understanding and handling inmates and their problems in small groups has been amply demonstrated, and the plan of having house officers live with the men has had a most desirable effect.'

According to Dr. A. Warren Stearns, Commissioner of Correction of Massachusetts, the staff of a prison should be like the staff of a hospital and should include a generous number of physicians, psychiatrists, and social workers to study and diagnose each prisoner's case individually. Dr. Stearns hopes to establish a central clearing house where the records of all felons can be studied, their case histories carefully analyzed, and each prisoner assigned to the institution that is best suited to his needs. The hardened, habitual criminals would then be regarded as 'custodial cases' and would be permanently segregated. Special institutions already exist for defective delinquents and for the treatment of other groups such as the psychopathic criminals and the alcoholic and drug addicts. The new prison at Norfolk is designed solely to concentrate upon the tractable, promising type of criminal who can eventually be restored to good citizenship by the proper therapeutic treatment.

Thus at an institution like Norfolk petty discipline gives way to careful treatment of each individual convict. The old, costly, and futile methods of dealing with all criminals in the mass are entirely abandoned. How great is the improvement of the new system over the old is made at once apparent when we read this letter written in 1919 by an inmate of the Missouri Penitentiary: 'We have dements, morons, high-grade imbeciles, sex perverts, syphilitics, consumptives and epileptics, and God knows what, but law and religion lump them all together, label them sinners and criminals, and prescribe punishment as a cure for the job lot.'

A recent gift of $55,000 from the Bureau of Social Hygiene, a Rockefeller foundation, will finance the development of a case-work programme at Norfolk over a five-year period. This will enable an expert sociologist to make a study of the individual history of each inmate and then chart a programme covering each prisoner's needs as to health, education, vocation, avocation, recreation, and future plans. These charts are then turned over to the house officers to be put into operation during the term of each man's incarceration. By the time these prisoners are released it is hoped that all of them will have received enough help and direction to restore them to useful life. 'The entire programme of the institution,' says Superintendent Gill, 'in all its activities has been given an impetus and a vitality not otherwise possible. Coöperation and constructive service instead of opposition and destructive enmity, on the part of both inmates and officers, continually break through the traditional prejudice of keeper and convict. And it is through such rifts in the old armor that one glimpses the normal, human, living body, the restoration of which is the aim of our whole endeavor.'

IV

Work is probably the principal means by which to effect a prisoner's restoration, yet, strangely enough, most prisons are bedeviled with the problem of idleness. Austin H. MacCormick, Assistant Director of the United States Bureau of Prisons, is authority for the statement that no prison in the country has a programme of vocational education worthy of the name. This condition of things, which has held true for years, is nothing short of criminal negligence on the part of the states. It is obvious that every convict ought to be taught a useful trade so that he will be able to provide for himself when he is returned to society. If adequate training were available, most prisoners would then, for the first time in their lives, be fitted to find a place for themselves in the industrial world. For this reason the passage of the Prison Industries Bill by the Seventy-first Congress marked an epoch in American prison history. This bill provided for a system of diversified industry in all Federal prisons and sanctioned the payment of wages to convicts for their work. In this the Federal Government has set an example which is bound to be imitated sooner or later in the various state prisons.

At Norfolk this important matter has already received the attention which it so urgently demands. While the new construction work is under way the men are obtaining excellent training and experience in the different building trades. Some of these men, after being released, have already been placed in well-paying jobs. To supplement the practical experience which the prisoners have thus secured, ten weeks' courses have been offered them in carpentry, masonry, plumbing and steamfitting, electrical engineering, and automobile mechanics. The convicts have also been encouraged to develop interests of their own, such as gardening and poultry raising.

Through these various means Norfolk is giving its inmates eight hours' work a day, fostering in the men habits of industry and regularity; and it is safe to say that many of these convicts have, under this system, learned for the first time what a genuine sense of satisfaction comes to a man from work well done. By such methods Norfolk Prison is transforming social liabilities into social assets, and salvaging human material which would otherwise be irretrievably lost.

V

To achieve similar results elsewhere will be equally possible, given these same new objectives, a properly trained staff, and modern prison buildings equipped to employ scientific methods. Indeed, the same general trend is already beginning to manifest itself in a few chosen areas. In New York, for instance, under the leadership of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, money is being liberally spent on new penal institutions designed to serve the purposes of segregation, classification, and individual treatment. Governor Roosevelt's programme looks toward the eventual abolishment of the old walled prisons except as places of detention for the hardened criminals who have proved themselves to be hopeless incurables. Sing Sing, Dannemora, and Auburn will remain for this purpose and will also be kept in use as temporary quarters for first offenders while they are being studied, segregated, and charted for treatment. Then these new men will be distributed about among the new prisons, each criminal being sent to the institution which is best equipped to deal with his particular case. Some of these new penal colonies will have no walls at all, but will resemble army cantonments; these will naturally be reserved for those prisoners who have demonstrated that they can be trusted to the greatest degree. Only last winter the Lewisohn Commission made a report to the New York legislature in which it put itself on record as favoring such a system of constant personal study and individual treatment of prisoners.

New Jersey is also tending in the direction of the newer methods. In this state political influence has recently been eliminated from the management of the prisons and their administration has been placed in the hands of capable experts. The state prison at Trenton has a classification board consisting of a psychiatrist, an educational director, the prison physician, and the head keeper, who discuss the case of each convict and, by pooling their observations, try to determine which industry in the prison is likely to be the best for him. It is true that these efforts are partially thwarted by a lack of variety in the industries available at the prison, but the plan is praiseworthy and marks a significant step toward scientific analysis and individual treatment.

There is nothing more certain about prisons than that the old methods, based solely upon punishment and social revenge, have proved futile. If Norfolk Prison and the ideas of Governor Roosevelt are symptomatic of the future, then offenders will hereafter be sent to prison not to be punished (except, of course, that loss of freedom is no small punishment in itself) but rather for the good of everyone concerned — that of society at large and of the delinquent himself. It is likely that all future criminals will receive genuinely indeterminate sentences. Prisoners will be discharged only when they have demonstrated their capacity to adjust themselves to society, and not before. The offender's term of imprisonment will depend upon his growth in character.

The wardenship of a great prison will, in future, cease to be the reward of a politician. This work of rebuilding men will require administrative heads whose character, training, and qualities of leadership are equal to the demands of so difficult a task. Already we can see tangible evidence of a definite trend toward this new penology. It is actually in process of evolving from our present penal system, slowly in some respects, more rapidly in others. All in all, the day seems to be at hand for a more rational approach toward the whole problem of crime and for a genuinely scientific attempt to reclaim a large part of the human wreckage which drifts each year through our courtrooms into our prisons.

SPORTSMANSHIP IN THE ROUGH

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

I

LET us imagine that until this moment no one has ever thought of racing one yacht against another. Struck with a sudden inspiration, I say to my friend Topsill: 'I'm fed up with work. Let's take our two boats this afternoon and race them to the lighthouse and back.'

'A bully idea!' says he. 'Why has no one ever thought of that before?'

We go down to our boats, make sail, cast off moorings, tack about a bit (I avoid the unpleasant connotations of the verb 'jockey'), and start racing. Out we go and back we come, enjoying wind, water, and the relaxation from professional cares, each of us eager to get the best out of his boat. We finish, and agree that in yacht racing we have established a sport of the first order. It is spontaneous, and we cannot conceive of its being otherwise.

Quite incidentally I ask Topsill who won the race, and he replies: 'Well, I got a lucky break just after the start and beat you to the lighthouse. But you caught that slant near Hoppers Bluff and beat me home by a few feet.'

'Good!' say I. 'A stand-off. And by the way, I'm sorry I bumped you when I was overtaking. I did n't mean it.'

'Perfectly all right,' replies my sporting friend. 'It did n't slow me down, and a brushful of varnish will repair the damage.'

Naturally we are elated with our new-found sport and tell our friends about it. Blivens joins us with his boat the next time we have an afternoon off, and reasonably observes that since there are three boats racing it will be difficult to line us all up for an impromptu start. He asks us to establish a starting line, which we do, and at a wave of the hand we make for the line. Blivens crosses on the starboard tack, and since Topsill and I happen to be on the port tack we are forced about, Blivens gaining a lead which neither of us is able to make up. He arrives home and, instead of apologizing for heading us off, expresses delight in what he calls his victory. He points out that it is a universal rule that starboard tack has right of way and suggests that to avoid argument and recrimination we adopt that rule for our new sport of yacht racing. We adopt it.

Next time Dubbins joins us. He is something less than expert in handling his yacht, and runs into Blivens, ruining the latter's chance of a second victory. Blivens protests that in the event of a repetition of such careless seamanship (he will not call it intentional) Dubbins should be disqualified from the race. We see the justice of his contention and formulate a rule governing fouling.

Little by little the new sport of yacht racing gains such popularity that not three or four, but a dozen yachts come out for an afternoon's contest. On one occasion Blivens, who seems to have a mania for winning, brings for crew a local fisherman whose knowledge of tidal eddies and air currents is phenomenal. Blivens wins again, while Dubbins, who has smarted under what he considered unjust discrimination, protests the mingling of professionals with amateurs. 'After all,' says Dubbins, asking the question that will one day become immortal, 'is this sport or is it business?'

To protect ourselves against unfair competition we organize a club and confine our racing to Corinthians — that is to say, to lovers of the sport. At this stage, protests against this and that infraction of the spirit of the sport begin to pile up, and we not only appoint a committee on protests, but formulate a complete set of ironclad rules. A cup is offered in competition, — a handsome trophy symbolizing sportsmanship, — and no one notices the sardonic jest of the goldsmith in portraying the spirit of victory clinging to and hobbling the knees of sportsmanship. The cup, solid gold with a melting value of five hundred dollars, achieves such importance that Blivens sells his old boat and builds a new one with which to win it. He succeeds, and the club has to formulate rules governing the measurements of boats which may compete for subsequent trophies. Blivens then hires a clever naval architect to design him still another boat, well within the rules, but faster than all existing craft. And so the contest rages.

II

It may now be pertinent to ask at what stage in the development of yacht racing Topsill dropped out and went back to single-handed cruising. And how did I forfeit my amateur standing by writing for pecuniary gain articles critical of the sport? And at what point did the spirit of true sport leave the corpse?

If sportsmanship — the genuine amateur spirit — is a virtue which all do not share in equal degree, it is evident that rules must be framed to bolster up the ideal and protect the sportsman from his inferiors. It is this process of standardization which smothers all spontaneity. Topsill and I are no longer privileged to accord each other the common courtesies. If he crosses my bow when I have the right of way, I must ram him. We find, too, that our harbor is preëmpted for the benefit of the majority whenever they want to race. If we barge into a scheduled event, we feel as *de trop* as a lone golfer with a foursome coming up behind him.

In a democracy we learn, of course, that the rights of the majority are paramount, but I am not convinced that democracy is compatible with sportsmanship. A given sport attracts, first, those people who are animated by the spirit of the amateur; they are the aristocracy. Next it attracts Tom, Dick, and Harry, who represent the democracy. Of these three inseparables one will surely have a genius for organization, and he and his carbon copies will constitute themselves the autocracy, the arbiters. After that the aristocrats withdraw to go fishing and the democrats become pawns in the game.

To paint the perils of organization let me cite the history of a club which was formed some years back for the promotion of a certain sport. We may as well call it horseshoe pitching, since that was not the sport in question. A few hardy souls who had pitched horseshoes in all weathers came informally together, drew up a haphazard constitution, informed a few others that they had been elected to membership, and launched the club. I was thus elected. Because I admired those I knew among the charter members, and the high principles of horseshoe pitching for which they stood, I was proud to join. The club progressed in a leisurely way, everyone who could attending periodic meetings for the conviviality to be found there and voting 'aye' in a perfunctory manner on all resolutions pertaining to horseshoe pitching and the revision of our constitution. During this middle period, perhaps, too many men were admitted to membership merely because they owned horseshoes and without adequate scrutiny of their pitching prowess. Nevertheless, the club jogged comfortably along.

Insensibly those who were attracted by organization assumed control, and the club underwent a mutation. One candidate for membership was rejected because he was interested in rolling horseshoes instead of pitching them. All applicants were required to describe carefully their past experience and list all other qualifications for eligibility. Later the word 'gentleman' slipped into the constitutional clause, so that now we may not propose a friend unless he is a gentleman as well as an amateur. However, we waited until recently for the club to attain thorough organization. Then it was that a new questionnaire was propounded in which the aspirant was obliged to name his college, his parents, his country-club affiliations, and his favorite brand of perfume. I am not quite sure of the perfume, but I am sure that the original banding together of hard-bitten horseshoe pitchers has faded from the picture and we have now become a social organization, of which there are already far too many.

This short and predominantly truthful history is typical of how organizers and standardizers defeat the original purpose of those sportsmen who are first attracted to one another by a common love of their sport. Little by little all spontaneity vanishes, and it becomes increasingly difficult to restrict the sport to the participation of sportsmen. The man who concentrates his entire effort upon winning may rank as a superb technician, but he lacks both spontaneity and the sporting spirit.

Look, for example, at golf. This royal and ancient game consists fundamentally in driving a ball over a varied terrain and walking around after it, the object being to exercise, while holing the ball a number of times in the fewest possible strokes. This is simple and direct, and, with bogey as an imaginary opponent, the game may be enjoyably played by one man. But a subdivision of the very first rule of the official regulations states: 'A single player has no standing, and shall always give way to a match of any kind.' Behind that rule we can hear such a man as my imaginary friend Blivens, the enemy of spontaneity, protesting: 'Here's somebody who plays golf just for the fun of whacking the ball, not even bothering to find an opponent. He must n't be allowed to block the course when a formal match comes along. Toss him aside.'

Rule II: 'A match begins by each side playing a ball from the first teeing ground.' Nothing could be more logical, yet note the official interpretation which accompanies it: 'In stroke competition if a competitor play his first stroke from outside the limits of the teeing ground, he shall count that stroke, tee a ball, and play his second stroke from within these limits. The penalty for a breach of this rule shall be disqualification.' I can conceive of a lazy golfer playing his first stroke from outside the limits of the teeing ground, — say, from the clubhouse verandah, — but if the game is designed for sportsmen, I can imagine no reason for threatening disqualification after the violation has been pointed out.

Rule IV, 2: 'A player is entitled at any time during the play of a hole to ascertain from his opponent the number of strokes the latter has played; if the opponent give wrong information as to the number of strokes he has played, he shall lose the hole unless he correct his mistake before the player has played another stroke.' It is charitably assumed by the lawmakers that incorrect information can only be given by mistake; but behind this euphemism we discern the intention to guard against willful misinformation which might render the player either apprehensive or overconfident. I have reason to suspect that Blivens, the opponent, has been found guilty of setting up mental hazards to better his chance of winning.

Although a majority of the rules of golf have doubtless arisen out of the effort to develop a procedure which will be equitable to all players, many besides those quoted can only have been dictated by unsportsmanlike behavior. No less than twenty-seven of the thirty-six rules carry penalties for infraction. By the enactment of these regulations and a strict enforcement of the penalties, the game is such that one may play against all comers without detriment to one's chance of success. It seems almost too much trouble.

III

When spontaneity gives way to organization, the fun of a game tends to be crowded out by the will to win. In fact, it is this will to win at any cost that gives rise to so many rules. Behind each regulation one can see the plain intent to set certain limits upon the price of victory, yet even the most rigid code seems impotent to check an unbridled urge to win. In citing the following unsavory examples, I have no intent to besmirch the reputation of yacht racing, which is as clean a sport as any. Disillusioned devotees of other sports tell me that similar instances can be found on every hand.

The Star class of small racing yachts was organized some years ago to promote an interest in racing among men and boys who could not afford a large outlay of money for the sport. As originally intended, a Star could be built, rigged, and canvased for less than five hundred dollars. To keep down the cost in a certain section of the class the price of a replacement suit of sails is fixed and must not be exceeded. What happens? Some contestants who put winning above other considerations have their sails made by an ordinary sailmaker and then taken to an expensive and superlative sailmaker to be altered. When altered, the sails are, to all intents and purposes, the product of the master sailmaker, though they still bear the stenciled name of the ordinary maker who provides the sails for the less affluent members of the class. I have heard it argued that this is not conclusive evidence that the will to win prostitutes sportsmanship; as first cut, the sails did fit like bags, and it is true that nothing in the rules limits the cost or extent of alterations. Still, what about the man who cannot afford expensive alterations — the man for whom this class of yachts was organized?

In one-design class racing there are rules governing the length of time a boat may remain out of water for any one period during the season. The object is to make certain that all will absorb moisture equally and none remain lighter than the others through protracted periods of drying out. The uninitiated may be surprised at the necessity for such a technicality, but he may be sure that there was 'dirty work at the crossroads' before the rule was formulated. There is still dirty work, despite the rule. While an honest sportsman will take his turn at a boat yard, hauling out one day, painting and polishing, and launching within twenty-four hours (if that is the time limit), the clever sport will arrange to haul out Saturday and launch Monday — thereby gaining an extra twenty-four hours for evaporation. If the yard happens to be one which remains closed on Saturday as well as Sunday, so much the cleverer — he hauls out Friday and, despite his pious wish to abide by the rules, his boat is obliged by conditions beyond his control to dry out for seventy-two hours.

There is even the classic example of an ardent racing man who provided himself with a private set of hauling ways and kept his boat out of water twenty-three hours of every day, floating her for one hour daily. The rule stipulated that his boat should not be out of water at any one time for more than twenty-four hours. He scrupulously observed the rule, kept his boat from becoming water-logged, and enjoyed an eminently successful racing record.

Although organization, with its multiplicity of rules, is a major ill of sportsmanship, it is difficult to escape it as long as the public longs for stereotyped sport. While amateur tennis was amateurish in the dictionary sense of 'feeble, crude,' the public left it alone. When the game succumbed to organization, admiring crowds flocked to the courts. In tennis, more than in any other sport, the rules emphasize the cleavage between amateur and professional. Amateurs cannot play in formal competition against such superlative professionals as Tilden and Kozeluh without jettisoning their amateur status. Tilden, before he became a professional, was permitted to write about tennis except when he was a competitor. Distinctions without differences, mountains out of molehills. When a man devotes more time to a sport than he does to his business or his education he is a professional. And that is entirely apart from the weighty point of whether his expenses are paid as he journeys from one tournament to another.

A recent report of the amateur rule committee of the Tennis Association cited the case of an unnamed 'amateur' who in nine months participated in twenty-two tournaments. He criss-crossed the country from Toronto to Nassau and from New York to the West Coast, and, to quote the report, 'In practically every tournament (except the National Singles) he received free board and lodging, and in many cases his traveling expenses were paid.' At the conclusion of this tour he embarked on a two-month round of tournaments in South America. Doubtless the new president of the Association had this in mind when he said: —

> During the past few years there has been a growing resentment against the abuse of the practice of paying players' traveling and living expenses at tournaments. The practice has had the approval of this association and hardly needs defense. But even casual observers have commented upon its abuse, and I am clearly of the opinion that we must bring this home to the clubs and players, through the media available to the national association and the sectional associations, to dissuade them from paying such expenses except in cases which are deemed truly meritorious under all the circumstances.

Would it be truly meritorious if I, as a crack horseshoe pitcher, were given traveling expenses to go to Hawaii in the tourist season to attract the turnstile-tilting public to a tournament? I should dearly love to receive the money, but I should appropriate ten cents of it to check my amateur status in the parcel room of the Grand Central Station before going west. And I'd tear up the parcel check. If the manager of the tournament slipped a bonus into my horseshoe satchel when I was n't looking, I should n't begrudge the ten cents.

IV

This question of ethics in sports is a very delicate matter. Indeed, different sports exhibit such widely varying ethics that even a philosopher would find it impossible, by examining their separate rules and practices, to set up a universal law defining the point at which fair play ceases and foul play begins. Look, for example, at this rule in golf: 'On the day of the competition, before starting, no competitor shall play on, or on to, any of the putting greens, nor shall he intentionally play at any hole of the stipulated round which is within his reach, under penalty of disqualification.' The punishment is rigorous, but everyone will agree that the intent is excellent. The rule is framed to prevent a player from gaining even an accidental prior advantage over his competitor.

There is no similar rule in tennis. Some years ago a player went carefully over an exhibition court on the eve of an important match, feeling it out with his hands for irregularities. In the match he played whenever he could to make the ball strike the soft spots and won by the narrow margin that his foreknowledge of the court had given him. The sportsman who related this incident to me confessed that at the time it occurred he considered it good generalship, although he is now inclined to deem it sharp practice. Whatever one may think of it as a sporting proposition, it was clearly within the rules; the opponent had the same opportunity to acquaint himself with the court, though it did not occur to him to do so.

In yacht racing a competitor is not only privileged to feel out the course before a match, but would be considered lacking in those very qualities of seamanship which racing fosters if he did not do so. We find, then, this strange anomaly: what is interdicted in golf and is thought questionable in tennis is encouraged in yachting. And this is not to imply that the ethics of yachting are less exacting than those of other sports.

Another comparison, not so neatly trimmed, but more dramatic, may be worth citing. In championship tennis it has become the fashion among certain 'top-liners' to 'throw' a point following one that has been wrongly decided in their favor. This practice is contrary to the rules and must jar the susceptibilities of linesmen who have mistakenly but honestly decided the disputed point, but it is considered sporting by the players and makes a great appeal to the gallery. You can hear the murmur of admiration: 'What a good sport Blank is! He knew he should n't have been given that point, so he purposely lammed the next ball into the net. Cheers!'

Without passing judgment on this practice, just try to imagine a parallel case on the gridiron. Blink, an excellent sportsman, learns that the opposing team has been penalized a certain number of yards for being offside. In consternation he recalls that he was himself offside at the opening of the play. He brings his lapse to the attention of the referee and requests that his own team be penalized a like amount. Do his team mates go into a huddle and emerge to give Blink three rousing cheers for his sportsmanship? They are more likely to order him to the infirmary to have his head examined, for he has cost the team the precious inches which may spell defeat.

This brings us to a fault that is inherent in almost every group game and indeed any other that is too highly organized — the element of divided loyalties. When a man has only himself to consider he will concede a doubtful point without hesitation, as is done a thousand times daily on tennis courts all over the world. But let a man feel that he is playing not for himself but for the honor of his club, or his Alma Mater, or his country, and the issue ceases to be clear-cut. Left to myself, let us say, and recognizing defeat as almost inevitable, I would rather play to my limit and end the contest. But if I have the unblemished record of my club to consider, shall I rush like a maddened bull on to the sword of my executioner? Is n't it my duty (and where duty lies, can I waver?) to slow up the game a little, stall between changes of court, or otherwise reënergize myself so that I may make a successful bid for victory? If I know that my opponent is adversely affected by noise, is n't it good generalship for me to play to the gallery, even giving him a debatable point in exchange for a roar of applause? In such fashion does divided loyalty support the will to win, while the essence of sportsmanship is forced into the background.

Sportsmanship also suffers — and frequently, one suspects — in group games whenever the excellence of one player makes him dangerous to the opposing team. He is singled out as the object of attack and, by fair means or foul, is eliminated from play. Again, animosity between individuals on two teams may convert a sporting contest into a pitched battle. On such occasions football simply adapts itself to the ethics of another sport — pugilism — and incandescent loyalty to each team's colors tarnishes the spirit of fair play.

A friend who entertains and observes the most exalted ideals of sportsmanship has provided me with an interesting side light into his earlier precepts. As a young man he played hockey on his varsity team, and in a certain game against their traditional rival he and his team mates found themselves rushed almost off their skates. To gain a necessary breathing spell and avoid crushing defeat a diversion was necessary. In this moment of need my friend had an inspiration. All winter he had played on a tried and trusted pair of skates. From one of them two sets of screws were missing at the toe. The skate was held inseparably by copper rivets, but the toe of the shoe could be flopped up from the skate, creating the impression that the two were about to part company. In the extremity in which the team found itself my friend showed his foot to the referee and asked time out for repairs. He told no lie, letting the loose toe of his shoe lie for itself. He was granted the postponement and went to the locker room, where he found a roll of surgeon's tape which he bound firmly around the skate and shoe. When, after several minutes' respite, he returned and exhibited the repair to the referee, he and his team mates were sufficiently rested to go on with the play. The result of the game is of no importance to the story, but my friend tells me that he cannot think of his offense against sportsmanship without blushing. At the time he was praised by his fellows and by all of his college companions who learned of his foxy strategy. He had struck a blow for his Alma Mater.

Another friend who has refereed water polo for a quarter of a century, and speaks of it affectionately as 'a good, clean game,' tells me that he lectures each team before the opening of play. He informs the mermen that the game will be played according to the rules and that there will be no dirty work above water or below. Instead of resenting his imputation of their sportsmanship, the players take his lecture with a grin. With the same grin they feel him out, and if his eyes are quick they play a clean game. Criticism of water polo, says my friend, should be directed against the referee; if he does

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not know his job, the game will be dirty. I gather that something else rests with the referee — namely, the sportsmanship of the players. Yet, as individuals, they are doubtless actuated by the highest sporting spirit.

Even in the game of bridge one can observe the virus of divided loyalty. The rules require that dummy shall say nothing if he observes his partner playing from the wrong hand. A sportsman, inadvertently playing from the wrong hand (and the wish is often father to the involuntary selection of a card), would want his partner to correct him and spare him the embarrassment of being reprimanded by the opposing side. But if the situation is reversed and the sportsman happens to be dummy, he will soon discover that he is required to be dumb. Supported by the etiquette of the game, he must force himself to acquiesce in what seems to him a breach of sportsmanship. I do not charge that this rule is designed to foster cheating; I refer to it merely as an instance showing how duty to a team mate may sap the sporting spirit.

V

What can we do about all this? In post-collegiate contests, which are as highly organized in their way as professional baseball, we can stop quibbling and call a spade a spade. It will improve the standards of amateurism if we regard as professional all sports and athletics which draw the public in large numbers past the box-office window. This will involve mental readjustment and a rebalancing of the implications of amateur and professional, but we have precedent to help us in establishing the new values. Does the public pay good money to watch amateur theatricals when the proficiency of the professional stage is at its disposal? Do people flock to hear amateur orchestras when professional musicians assemble before the batons of Koussevitzky or Toscanini? Do we think any the less of these professionals because they are good?

Let the amateur Thespians and musicians play for the love of their art. So let us swim or run or play tennis or football, and let us call ourselves amateurs because we love our sport and strive, sportsmanlike, to excel in it. But when our excellence puts us among the first twenty or thirty and it becomes worth the while of Organization to exploit us before the public, then let us call ourselves professionals and be proud of our new designation.

Examples have been cited to show that it is a common weakness to subordinate fair play to the pursuit of victory. Those who do so are the worst offenders against sportsmanship, even if, happily, they are not the most numerous. Their number might, perhaps, diminish if we could come to a clearer understanding of what sportsmanship is. In this the dictionary cannot help us, but everyone will probably agree that it is a rare combination of such attributes as gentleness, generosity, spontaneity, and dogged determination. These qualities, which act as a check upon a too intense partisanship, can doubtless be fostered through education — the kind of education which looks to an enhancement of the individual ideal.

As for those offenses which spring from the complicated, rule-cluttering tendency of our master organizers, there seems little prospect of improvement. We Americans are famous for our organizing genius and often we seem to indulge our natural bent for the sheer joy we get out of it. I can offer no panacea to cure us of the habit. Some men are born that way and others achieve the aptitude through the force of circumstances. I have known excellent sportsmen to develop unsuspected signs of genius in this direction when, in recognition of their sporting principles, they have been elevated to membership on some committee or elected to hold office in their club. Unless one is well aware of the dangers, an excess of zeal may be easily diverted away from the promotion of sport for its own sake to the perfection of an organization which, like a political party, exists for only one purpose — to win victories.

Turn, for example, to *American Lawn Tennis* and read the address of the new president, who was recently elected to head the Tennis Association. I am not acquainted with the gentleman and for all I know he may be one of the finest sportsmen in America, but it is amusing to notice some of the things he felt called upon to say when he was elevated to office. 'Our great task,' he proclaimed, 'is, *first*, to extend and increase the interest in the game throughout this broad land of ours, and, *second*, to improve the conditions under which it is played and the standards of play.' Is n't it significant that he ranked politics first and the inculcation of sportsmanship last in his conception of the programme confronting the new administration? Is this not what one would naturally expect from the organization which, in 1929, recalled Tilden from limbo and then bounced him out again after the national emergency had passed?

The new president went on to say: 'When we enter Davis Cup and Wightman Cup events our object should be to *win the cup*, and, *within reason*, we should do everything necessary to accomplish that result.' The italics are, of course, mine. The quotation continues: 'We cannot be the guardians of our players. We should not unduly tempt them or urge them to take part, but the decisions must be left to them and their natural guardians. Nor should the educational value of our foreign trips to our younger players be overlooked.' Thus speaks the voice of Organization.

I am not an organization man myself, but one can never tell what may happen. If I am ever elected to the presidency of my horseshoe-pitching society, I shall probably make a speech somewhat as follows: 'Gentlemen and charter members, the monumental task confronting us is to extend national interest in horseshoe pitching so widely that we shall be on the front pages of the newspapers every day. We must have stadiums for the comfortable accommodation of spectators and adequate means for collecting the admissions as they pass in. . . . When we contest for the Golden Horseshoe Cup, our sole object will be to WIN THE CUP. To this end we shall do everything in our power — and I don't mean within reason. Our players must give up their businesses to train for the tournament. They must practise night and day until they are so far superior to professional horseshoe pitchers that the term "amateur" shall cease to be a reproach. We cannot be the guardians of our players, for we are not an eleemosynary institution; it therefore devolves upon them to find angels who will pay their expenses and make it financially worth their while to compete for the cup. The educational value of our foreign trips will probably be overlooked in the scramble for fame and riches. . . . Finally, we must not let sportsmanship within our society die a natural death. We must resolutely extirpate it. Gentlemen, I thank you. Charter members, your resignations will be accepted.'

THE LIGHT IS SWEET

BY OGDEN W. HEATH

I

She sat very close to me on the edge of the little white bed, her face toward the open window.

'I must go soon or I'll be missing my train,' she murmured. But I knew from the way she said it that she had no intention of going.

The late afternoon sun streamed in across my useless legs. It was reflected dazzlingly from the white counterpane, making me narrow my eyes, long unaccustomed to the brighter glare of outdoors, as I studied her expression for some clue to her thoughts. Afraid of disturbing her mood, I lay perfectly still. It is not hard to lie perfectly still when you can't do anything else. The only sound was the buzzing of the locusts or the occasional whir of some passing automobile.

Presently my eye was caught by the pale gleam of a small yellow butterfly which came fluttering down toward the bed of pink petunias just outside my window. Suddenly another butterfly, just like the first, came sliding down toward the other. They circled round each other several times, then were borne swiftly aloft together on a rising current of air. The breeze was singing wistfully of half-remembered tales from the Vienna woods, while the trees danced, transparently gay in their silver spangles. The swaying of the branches tempted me with fascinating glimpses of lovely, ever-changing vistas and hinted of strange, delightful mysteries hidden far back among the dark green shadows which live near the heart of a tree. But I could not keep my eyes from her face.

In breathless awe I gazed at her. Her face was all aglow with a warm, clear radiance as if lighted from within by blazing torches. I had always thought of her hair as being quite black, but now I saw that it was really a rich reddish-brown. It looked actually alive. All at once the years fell away and I recognized that same youthfully naïve, eager expression she had worn that first day at the seashore. Suddenly I found myself laughing aloud.

'Why are you laughing?' she said, staring at me with the solemn, mildly puzzled look of a cat disturbed in its dozing.

'Because you look so nice and shiny.' And I laughed all the louder.

Then she smiled too, and stared into my eyes a long time before turning back to the window. I was not much surprised when in a little while she said, 'I wish we were on the beach together right now. Don't you love it this time of day after everyone else has gone home? Do you remember how we used to lie in our bathing suits on the hot sand staring out at the water with our chins on our hands?'

'Yes. We never talked much, — just a lazy word or a grunt now and then, — but all the time the sun was beating down on us and somehow I used to feel that we were very close to each other.'

She gave me an odd look then which I did not understand. 'We were,' she said simply, and, after a moment, 'We had such a little time before you —' She stopped abruptly and we both stared out of the window. I knew she too was thinking of what might have been. A bee was hovering over the petunias now. As I watched it dart in lightly with glittering wings to each flower in turn, I thought of the tiny seeds waiting so patiently down inside for the pollen that would give them life.

'That was longer ago than I care to think about,' I said absently, my mind still full of the dream.

Then I looked at her and saw that her eyes were misty. Instantly my dream slipped away and I went all tight inside. I laid my fingers on her arm. 'You must not feel sorry for me,' I said.

She shook her head vigorously. 'I'm *not* sorry for you.' But her eyes still glistened and her upper lip was trembling. I began to talk very fast.

'I mean it.' I laughed, arrogantly. 'In lots of ways I get more fun out of life now than I did in the old days when I was able to go places and do things. Have n't I got you here now? And are n't we closer to-day than we ever were then? And I have those other memories of you besides. I'm really better off now than I was then. Do you remember how some days you did n't come to the beach? Well, I used to wait around for you till I saw you were n't coming, and then, for want of something better to do, I used to take a long run up the beach as far as that lonely shack where the fishermen kept their nets. As I jogged along close to the water's edge, at times splashing through a wave that came up a little farther than the rest, my thoughts were all of you. In fact, I scarcely noticed where I was. Yet I must have absorbed a good deal of my surroundings just the same, because now I can see every detail of that scene as vividly as if I were actually there.

'On one side the bare yellow dunes, with here and there a clump of long grass; on the other the broad blue ocean, throbbing and sparkling in the sun. I can see the blue waves rolling in, with their curling white tops and rainbows flashing in the spray above them, and trailing their wide white ribbons of foam behind, with a fish hawk or perhaps several gulls soaring and swooping up above. I can hear the soft rustle of the water sliding over the sand and pebbles. I can feel the hard wet cold sand on the soles of my feet and feel the cool water splashing round my ankles. I can see the forlorn fringes of stranded driftwood, dried seaweed, and broken bits of shells and pebbles that marked high tide. I can see the brown nets spread out to dry on the dunes and can even smell that pungent smell of salt and tar and fish which always clings to that part of the beach. But you know how desolate it is along there. At the time I felt bored and — I can still feel it now just as I did then — faintly unhappy. Thoroughly commonplace emotions in thoroughly commonplace surroundings. Yet somehow memory transforms that moment and gives it an entirely new meaning. Now, whenever I recall that moment, it brings me a strange feeling of peace. It makes me very happy. So,' and again I laughed in my exultation, 'you must not feel sorry for me, because, don't you see, I'm not at all sorry for myself.'

II

The sun cut its way swiftly through a sea of drifting ice to drown itself at last in a low-lying gray cloud bank. When it burst free of the clouds a few minutes later it seemed to drop toward the horizon at an even dizzier pace than before.

'Don't let me miss this next train,' she said. 'I told them not to expect me

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for dinner, but I must be home early. I have n't even begun to pack yet. . . . When the sun sets I'll have to go.'

But I did n't believe her. I could n't believe the moment of parting had come so soon. I refused even to think of the possibility of her going. She was very close to me — that was all that mattered. I watched her in a lazy glow of almost miraculous well-being and contentment, fascinated by the iridescent flashes from the diamond on her finger while she concentrated on the endless figure eight which she was tracing on the counterpane. I said to myself, 'This is a rare moment. I must try to remember her as she is now, with the sun on her face and hair and dancing in her eyes, so that in the long and lonely days to come I may have the memory of this moment to comfort me.'

I lay very still, but every nerve was tingling in a singing ecstasy of wonder. And I strained all my senses, which were somehow marvelously alert, in an effort to absorb into my being, to fix indelibly in my mind, every detail of her appearance: the color of her hair, so rich and living, and her cheeks glowing like torches in the sun. But the only effect of the intense concentration was to make my sight grow blurred.

Over her shoulder then I became aware of a shadow on the opposite wall. I watched it grow slowly taller, stretching up and up grotesquely toward the ceiling. But before it could reach the ceiling it had faded away, almost imperceptibly. Still she made no move to go. Neither of us spoke. We had long ago said all there was to say. The lower edge of the cloud bank was now a mass of flickering flames. As the flames soared higher and higher, I fancied I could hear the Magic Fire Music a long way off roaring upward with them. At that moment two birds, flying low and close together, passed unscathed through the wall of fire and sped unswervingly across my tiny patch of sky. Then almost before I realized it the flames had burnt themselves out. Now the shadows began to creep down boldly out of the corners of the room.

Presently she sighed and turned to me. 'By this time to-morrow,' she said, 'I'll be many miles from here. . . . I wish you were going too.'

Suddenly, for one fleeting instant, a door flew open and I caught a glimpse of the vast black emptiness of her absence. I shuddered inwardly and stared straight ahead at nothing.

'I wish I could,' I murmured slowly.

Quickly she placed her hand on mine. 'Oh, I'm sorry. I did n't mean to say that . . . '

'But why not?' I laughed, proudly. 'Because, after all, I *will* be going with you — in my mind. Do you know, I think in many ways I get more fun out of life than you people who take your ability to go places and do things so much for granted. Really, you must not feel sorry for me.'

A bright golden glow still lingered close to the horizon. Above, a mass of dark clouds obscured all the sky. The breeze had dropped, so all the trees stood still in a hush of expectancy, the only movement a slow, almost imperceptible rise and fall of the boughs. I thought of Brünnehilde asleep on her mountain top, waiting, waiting. . . .

'Look over there,' I said. 'Do you see that roof and chimney just showing above that group of trees? See how clearly they stand out against the sky. See that tall pine in front and that other large tree off a little to one side, like black lace on cloth of gold. And over there a little farther, do you see that row of poplars? Now imagine you are on some ranch in Wyoming or at a camp in Maine or at your favorite resort in Normandy or Brittany. Is there anything in what you can see —

or, in fact, so far as any of your senses can tell — to show that you're *not* there? But, you say, in my mind I know I'm not in any of those places. That's just the point. How do you know? How can you prove it? It's all in your mind. Life is just a series of mental pictures painted by the five senses. We see only what we are capable of seeing. When I look at that house and those trees silhouetted against the sky like that, I can imagine myself wherever I want to be, and immediately I *am* there. And, what's more, probably having a better time than I should if I were actually there in the flesh. I have all the enjoyment of traveling with none of the discomfort. And every night, if I like, I can go to a different place. Every five minutes, I should say.

'Last night, for instance, the clouds were just right. You know how sometimes they look like a distant mountain range with the snow-capped peaks touched by the setting sun? I don't expect you will believe me, but it took a real mental effort to make myself feel I was not in Darjeeling, or in the Vale of Chamonix, or on the shores of Lake Titicaca. But in a little while the sun was gone from the peaks. Then they were changed before my eyes into a painting by Rockwell Kent of some bleak coast in Alaska or Tierra del Fuego. Later still I was transported to some fantastic landscape which existed nowhere but in my imagination, unless perhaps on some other planet — a landscape of distant black peaks, of gray ghostly valleys and vast plains over which weird red lights flickered ominously.

'What more could I want? Within the frame of my window I can see more great pictures in a few minutes than you could see at any art gallery in several hours, and without budging an inch. But think of all the people you know who are scattered all over the world on their vacations. What are they doing at this very minute? Probably rushing frantically somewhere or other in search of pleasures which somehow give no pleasure when they find them. No, I don't envy them. So,' and again I laughed, feeling very well pleased with myself, 'you must not feel sorry for me, because, don't you see, I'm not at all sorry for myself.'

III

She stood up suddenly. The clouds had melted away as if by magic, leaving the sky that deep blue which, if you are lucky, you may see on certain clear evenings just before the final shutting down of night.

'I've missed two trains, but I really can't be missing this next one,' she said. 'I'll have to go right away.' But she stood still, staring across me toward the window. I could only look at her.

'There's the evening star,' she said at last.

'It seems brighter than usual tonight,' I said, unable to take my eyes from her face.

Presently she turned to me and, with a little impulsive movement, reached down and took my hand. Her eyes were smiling wistfully, but she did not speak. I stared back at her and suddenly my mind was full of many things I wanted to tell her. I tightened my grip on her hand, for it seemed to me that my entire future happiness depended on my prolonging that moment, on my holding her there beside me until I could find the words to say what was in my mind. And I was certain I could read in her eyes signs of a similar struggle. I longed for some magic word which would break the spell that was on our tongues and roll away the barrier that was between us. But even as the thought came to me I remembered that it is the fate of all of us here on earth to walk alone, and I knew that we were as close at that moment as it was possible for us ever to get in this world.

She turned at length without a word and went slowly to the bureau, in front of which she began adjusting her hat — the little blue hat I liked so much. Our eyes met again in the mirror. 'Hello,' said her lips, though I could hear no sound. But all at once, where her face had been, I saw a fleshless, grinning skull. I was glad when she came and stood close to me again, even though I could not make her eyes meet mine.

'It will be a long time — ' she began, and stopped. Then, 'I *hate* to go,' she pouted, and gave my arm a little push with her fingers.

I took hold of those fingers. 'I wish you did n't have to.' The words sounded terribly inadequate. 'But, after all, it won't be forever, will it?' I felt a kind of shiver run through her then which made me go all empty inside. 'Please! Don't!' I begged. 'Be a good girl. Remember,' and I laughed exultantly, suddenly feeling very secure in her nearness, 'you must not feel sorry for me.'

She shook her head once, slowly, but made no answer. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a swift glimmer of light. Was it a falling star or just a firefly flitting among the shrubs in the yard? She continued to stare across me at the window with an indecisive air as if debating something in her mind. Oh, I thought, if I only could, even though for just one second, see what was going on inside her head! But when she looked at me at last I saw that her eyes were glistening. I heard her draw a quick little breath. Then, with a startlingly abrupt movement, she bent toward me. I felt her cool fingers touch my cheek ever so lightly. Her lips melted into mine and I breathed deeply the fragrance of her hair. Then all at once she was halfway to the door.

'Good-bye,' I called, but my voice sounded very strange. She did not look back, but at the door she paused a moment and half turned to me. She lifted her free hand swiftly and made a little gesture in my direction with her fingers. Then she was gone.

As I stared at the empty door frame, hoping against hope that some miracle would bring her back, I strained for one mad instant against the dead weight of my legs. Then reason returned, and I lay back gasping on my pillow. Presently I began to follow her in my mind as I had promised to do.

It's just a short walk to the station. She must be almost there by now. There's the whistle of the train. Will she get there in time? I half hoped she would miss it, until I realized that that would not bring her back to me. I listened while the train drew to a stop and after a minute moved on again, gaining speed rapidly. I strained to hold its sound in my ears as long as I could, feeling that somehow she was not entirely lost to me so long as I could hear it, but soon it faded away into the distance.

Now she is sitting at the window staring at her reflection, but seeing nothing. The corners of her mouth curl upward now and then in that special little way which, from the first day I saw her, has always been one of my secret delights. I hugged the memory close, smiling inwardly. Perhaps, too, she dabs at her eyes occasionally with her handkerchief.

Forgetful of the speeding minutes, I let myself drift unresistingly on the current of my thoughts until suddenly I was jerked back to earth by the shrill laughter of a girl in a car which went whizzing by my window. I looked at my watch.

Now she has reached the city and is

mingling with the hurrying crowds in the station. Unconsciously she begins to appraise the hats and dresses of the other women as she moves through the throng. Now she is in her taxi. She is caught up and engulfed in the surging waves of traffic. Her pulse quickens as she begins to look about her at the blinking, multicolored lights, at the hurrying, jostling crowds, at the brilliant shop windows. She feels the mysterious, irresistible pull of the city with its eternal movement, glitter, and noise, its towering, twinkling beauty, and its sprawling vastness. New thoughts creep in to take my place in her mind — thoughts of her little girl, of her husband, of her journey on the morrow. Now she has passed over completely into that other world which she loves and which loves her, that world into which I cannot ever hope to follow her.

I looked for the star, our star. But it was no longer visible. 'I am less to her now than the stranger who is steering her homeward.' I flung the words into the darkness. There was an intolerable ache in my throat. I clenched my fists and laughed, but silently, as I thought of the brave, proud words I had spoken such a short time before: 'You must not feel sorry for me, because, don't you see, I'm not at all sorry for myself.'

LAW AND SELF-CONTROL

BY FRANCIS G. PEABODY

I

THE inconclusive and interminable debate between Wets and Drys reached a fitting summary in the equally inconclusive, and almost equally interminable, Report of the Wickersham Commission. Eleven very competent investigators made eleven different statements, and only one presented anything that can be called a new plan of procedure. That is about where any other eleven persons, however uninstructed they might be, would be likely to arrive at the end of a discussion. The situation has, in fact, become a deadlock. The prohibitory programme has been found disappointing in its effects, but no practicable substitute has been generally approved. The result is a condition of helplessness and hesitancy. Great numbers of people are reluctant to abandon the high hopes with which the prohibitory plan was undertaken, but are disheartened by the obstructions and evasions which have thwarted its success. The confession which forces itself upon many serious-minded citizens, even if it be not openly expressed, is that something else must be done; but what the next step should be is as yet undetermined.

If this is a fair statement of a prevailing state of mind, it may be timely to consider whether the whole subject should not be approached from a different point of view, and a fresh start made along a more hopeful course of procedure. As one examines the prohibitory programme its aim is seen to be strictly limited. It deals with nothing further than the manufacture and distribution of alcoholic drink. The Eighteenth Amendment prohibits transportation and sale; the Volstead Act reënforces this intention by an attempted definition of intoxicating drink. The enemy of society against which both are directed is the drink traffic, which had become strongly entrenched as a huge wholesale business and was operating through a vast number of saloons.

One of the most influential advocates of prohibition has lately acknowledged with candor this limitation. 'Prohibition,' the *Christian Century* of Chicago has announced in an editorial (January 14, 1931), 'has nothing to do with the personal liberty to drink or not to drink. . . . Being a Dry has to do not with drinking but with the traffic in drink. It is the selling of liquor which the Eighteenth Amendment forbids; not the drinking of it. . . . There is not a word in the entire body of antiliquor legislation that forbids drinking. The drinker does not violate the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Law. Modern American liquor legislation has always dealt with liquor as a business, not with liquor as a habit. It has not challenged the right to drink; it has challenged the right to sell. . . . Its attack has not been directed at the thirst motive of the drinker, but at the profit motive of the seller. . . . A Dry is not a moralist; he is an economist.'

This authoritative statement of the Dry position indicates precisely the inadequacy of its programme and the chief reason for its disappointing results. A campaign against the liquor traffic has much to justify it. The saloon has become generally recognized as an unmixed evil; everybody is glad to have it disappear. Nor is there anything fundamentally discreditable in a prohibitory law. Many protests are heard about its invasion of rights and its unjustified restraint of personal liberty, as though prohibition of the liquor traffic had introduced a new principle of social control. The fact is, however, that civilized society is beset by all manner of prohibitions which invade without hesitation the liberty of the individual. Not to speak of unquestioned social dangers, like narcotics, poisons, and inflammables, against which human life must be guarded, the prohibitory principle is applied and accepted in the most incidental and familiar experiences of modern life. The traffic officer at the street corner holds up his hand and prohibits with his gesture the passing of my car. The customs official ransacks the baggage of a returning tourist and prohibits an uncensored landing. The policeman rings my doorbell and prohibits the blocking of my sidewalk by merchandise or snow. We live under a system of prohibitions; and if it be legally determined that the same principle should be applied to alcoholic drink nothing unprecedented is proposed.

The position of those who defy a prohibitory law as an invasion of their freedom is not unlike the defiance of the customs laws because they restrict freedom of importation. 'Why should I,' a traveler asks, 'conform to what seems to me unjustifiable scrutiny? Is not smuggling in reality a defense of my own rights? Am I not justified in evading a bad law?' Traffic with bootleggers defends itself by the same argument; it is in effect a reversion to anarchy. The only escape from the acceptance of prohibition as a general principle is to abandon civilized society and to seek what a famous philosopher called the desolate freedom of the wild ass.

Why is it, then, that the prohibition of liquor traffic in the United States has met with such serious and increasing opposition? It is, of course, in large part because so many people care more for their rights than for the conditions which govern civilized society, and defy or evade any law which restricts their own desires. 'No one,' they say, 'shall tell us what we may eat or drink. Our commerce with bootleggers is a gesture of liberty. Alcoholic drink in reasonable quantity is a pleasurable resource of recreation, and should no more be denied to self-respecting citizens than indulgence in coffee or candy or tobacco.' To this determined and defiant state of mind any suggestion of reënforcing restriction can have no weight. The only end of the controversy must be the abolition of all restriction. The next step in such legislation should be a step backward. The issue between law-keepers and law-breakers becomes undisguised and irreconcilable, and need not be further considered here.

On the other hand, there is much room for further reflection by those who earnestly desire — as I do — that the policy of restriction may be maintained, but recognize that it is obstructed by dissent and threatened with failure. What is the fundamental defect in a scheme which was undertaken with such high intention? The obvious answer to this question is reached when one considers the end which such legislation has in view. The Dry campaign is wholly justified in attacking the traffic; but why does the traffic exist and flourish? It is because so many people want to drink, and their desire is so imperative that no legal restriction, however drastic, can successfully prohibit it. Behind the drink traffic lies the drink habit; and the weakness in the prohibitory scheme is in anticipating that the repression of a traffic will accomplish the suppression of a thirst. It mistakes the means for the end, prohibition for temperance, and a problem of morals for a problem of law. Thus it not only sets the cart before the horse, but expects the cart to be the agent of propulsion.

This exaggerated anticipation was stimulated by the special circumstances which promoted prohibition. In the critical years of the World War no means seemed too drastic to protect the soldiers from temptation, and the country accepted prohibition among other forms of self-restraint. The belief was, however, sedulously fostered that the country had found at last a complete solution of a world-old problem, and that a nation of more than a hundred million people would soon become, as a valiant advocate expressed it, as dry as the Great Sahara. As a consequence of this complete dependence on the redemptive effect of law, a form of regulation which might be logically defended as a contributory or palliative measure was pushed to conclusions which many well-wishers for prohibition find it difficult to accept. The habits of a vast population of the most diverse types and traditions were subjected to one sweeping regulation, which took no account of diversity in character or conviction; an Amendment was procured which was wholly foreign to the purpose of the Constitution, and an enforcing Act added which was manifestly fictitious in its definition of intoxicating drink. Legality supplanted morality, and restriction of a traffic undertook the conversion of a habit. The curious result has ensued that a nation-wide campaign for a great moral reform has omitted the consideration of the real source of evil. It has anticipated that if the supply was checked the demand would disappear, while in fact it is the demand which creates the supply; and responsibility for evasion of the law thus rests, not solely on the bootlegger who supplies the demand, but no less on the patrons who demand the supply.

II

It is most chastening, therefore, to observe that the movement for personal abstinence, which had attained during the last thirty years such headway, has almost disappeared from public notice. What has become of the total abstinence societies and the temperance associations of both Catholics and Protestants, and the pledges which have rescued millions from the drink habit? What is heard to-day of the great discovery made by economists and employing corporations that modern industry must be fortified by temperance among the workers, which has led employers in hundreds of occupations to demand abstinence as a condition of employment? The increasing complexity of industrial machinery had called for a new alertness and self-control in the workers which were simply inconsistent with even the moderate use of intoxicating drink. All these movements toward sobriety have become little more than memories through the complete dependence on law as the sufficient instrument of redemption. Restriction has supplanted education, and the zeal for prohibition has silenced the teaching of temperance, until the very language of self-control has become practically extinct amid the clamorous debates of Wets and Drys.

Several members of the Wickersham Commission have observed this extraordinary transition. 'The traffic,' says Judge Kenyon, 'never can be entirely eliminated, so long as the appetite for drink remains.' 'Americans,' writes Dean Pound, 'have had a perennial faith in political mechanisms . . . but there is no reason to suppose that machinery and organization and equipment will change public opinion among the classes of the country where public opinion has proved an obstacle, nor that they will succeed in the teeth of public opinion any more than they have in the past.' That sagacious and witty jurist Mr. Justice Deasy, of the Supreme Court of Maine, once illustrated the function of prohibitory law, as of all legislation, by comparing it with a maritime practice which was familiar to his seacoast neighbors. 'When a schooner is beating up the coast,' he said, 'and meets an opposing slant of wind, the captain summons his crew aft to trim the mainsheet. All hands, with one exception, tail on the rope and pull; but one man is set, not to pull, but to make fast the slack of the sheet as it is hauled in, or, as sailors say, "to hold the turn."' That, Judge Deasy said, is the place of law in modern society. It does not supplant popular sentiment, or trim the sails of social progress. It confirms that which public opinion sanctions. It makes fast the pull. It holds the turn. 'A law,' Mr. Brand Whitlock remarked in the August 1930 issue of the *Atlantic*, 'must derive its force and sanction from the public conscience. That is what a law is in a democracy — a statute that the people will back up. When statutes run counter to custom, they are impotent. The trouble with the reformers is that they are always getting the cart before the horse. They imagine that they can change the custom by changing the statute, but they can't. They must change the custom first.'

When the Apostle was enumerating the virtues of the Christian character he counseled his friends to add to their knowledge temperance, or, as the phrase is more correctly translated, 'to furnish intelligence with self-control.' What evidence is there to-day that increase in intelligent self-control has been attained in the matter of the drink habit? On the contrary, one sees among intelligent and privileged people, both old and young, a conspicuous disregard of intelligent thought concerning alcoholic drink, and a widespread abandonment of self-control. The revolt against legal restriction has brought with it an alarming loss of self-restraint and an unblushing laxity of conduct. Exclusive concern for abolition of the traffic may thus defeat its own intention, and the drink habit be stimulated by resistance to the law.

Prohibition, in other words, is, as President Hoover has justly said, a noble experiment; or, as Mr. Justice Holmes has said of the Constitution itself, 'It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment.' An experiment, however, by its very nature invites revision and readjustment as circumstances dictate. Local concurrence becomes a prerequisite of legal efficiency. A prevailing public sentiment can secure the successful administration of a drastic law, but it cannot be successfully forced upon an unconsenting community by pressure from without or from above.

These reflections, therefore, do not seem to encourage the movement to repeal the existing law; for this retreat would not only be a surrender of much that has been gained, but would be politically impracticable. On the other hand, it would seem to be not impracticable to procure such amplification of the Amendment as would make it more applicable and flexible. If effective law must be derived from the consent of the governed, then it must take account of varied traditions and habits, and meet communities where they are, not where others want them to be. What might appear reasonable in one region might seem elsewhere a mere flourish or threat, inviting evasion or contempt. The area of successful administration might be reconsidered, the terms of the existing amendment made applicable to the varied conditions and different communities, and the Volstead Act brought into some contact with reality. The Dry position would be greatly fortified if it could be thus made less intemperate and more impregnable.

III

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to urge modifications of law, but, on the contrary, to turn from this thorny subject to a less obstructed, though less traveled, path. The heated controversy concerning legislation should not disguise from those who wish to stabilize prohibition the antecedent condition of their success. Beneath and behind the agitation for suppression of the drink traffic lies the more fundamental need of education concerning the drink habit. The consent of the governed must become an intelligent and instructed consent. The maintenance of drastic restriction will depend, not on political pressure, but on an awakened and chastened social conscience. The first question which a conscientious citizen should ask himself is not: 'Shall the law concerning the drink traffic be enforced or repealed?' but: 'How shall I conduct myself, in the presence of a grave social peril, so as to contribute most to the public good?' To define a Dry as an economist is to ignore the antecedent fact that he is primarily called to self-discipline. Thus considered, he is a Dry because he abstains from the use of alcohol as a beverage. His first concern is with the breaking of a habit, not with the breaking of a law.

In short, those who hope, as I do, that a restrictive law can be rescued from its present perils are now called to apply themselves to a new movement for moral education and personal sobriety. What can be expected in a situation where great numbers of people satisfy their consciences by voting Dry and drinking Wet, or decline to make any personal sacrifice for the public good? How can a law be expected to administer itself, or be accepted as desirable for wage earners or Negroes but inappropriate for prosperous homes, or college boys, or the festivities of the privileged? The future of the prohibitory programme in the United States depends, not on multiplying restrictions, or on punishing offenders, but on educating the social conscience. So long as people are determined to live for themselves alone, no law, however drastic, can be successful in its operation.

Mrs. Browning, in commenting on the Utopian programmes of her time, wrote in convincing verse, —

> Ah, your Fouriers failed
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within.

That is the truth which the Drys now need to hear. They are tempted to anticipate that a moral reform may be accomplished by a legislative regulation, forgetting that human character develops from within. Legislation may go far to reënforce character, or may by ill-considered schemes go equally far to undermine character; but legislation cannot create character. A golden age, Herbert Spencer said, cannot be made by leaden people. The best that the law can do to reënforce a moral reform is to 'hold the turn.'

We are brought, then, to the rather surprising conclusion that the controversy between Wets and Drys, passionate and prolonged as it has been, is in fact concerned with a secondary aspect of the drink problem. It may appear old-fashioned and uninviting at this time to propose a revival of the moral appeal; it may seem much easier to sweep away an ancient abuse by one magnificent gesture of universal prohibition; but the fact is that moral transformation is not to be precipitated on an unconsenting world, and that the slow process of education must endorse forms of law. The zeal of the prohibitionist is like the passionate desire of Theodore Parker for the immediate abolition of slavery, of which he was obliged to say, 'The trouble seems to be that God is not in a hurry, and I am.' In other words, the next step for those who hope, as I do, that restriction of the traffic may succeed is to renew the neglected teaching of self-restraint.

What a simple proposition is thus presented to the controversialists of to-day! It does not deny or depreciate the part of restrictive legislation in checking excess; nor does it encourage a political party to force its views on an unconsenting community, and thereby promote reaction or revolt. It summons conscientious citizens, as their immediate task, to the education of the public conscience in self-discipline and self-control. It counsels them to pause in the heated advocacy of unwelcome law, and to promote a new campaign of temperance. The next step in the repression of the drink traffic is the promotion of intelligent self-control in the drink habit. Suppose that a few thousand self-indulgent people in a community should pledge themselves to abstinence, suppose that the hip flask should become a discredited adjunct of sociability, and the stimulation by cocktails should cease to be regarded as essential to agreeable companionship, what would become of the bootleggers' trade and the open war between coast guards and rum-runners? The supply would simply sink into insignificance for lack of demand, and the social conscience would accomplish what the law cannot hope to achieve.

IV

What considerations might lead to such a moral revival? In some instances it would be the consequence of personal apprehension, lest one should become a victim of the drink habit. One may pledge himself to abstinence as his refuge from ruin. But in most instances this moral determination would proceed from a higher motive, and would represent the willingness to sacrifice something of self-indulgence for the sake of the common good. It would mean that such persons had abandoned the law of Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and had committed themselves to that maxim which is perhaps the highest utterance ever made by human lips, 'For their sakes I sanctify myself.'

In a word, the enforcement of prohibition, and indeed the future of modern society, can be secured by nothing less than a revival of the motives which pledge the untempted to restrain themselves for the sake of the tempted, and to repeat in the face of a modern problem the ancient resolution of the Apostle, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'

Is so Utopian a programme quite beyond realization? It may seem to be for the moment too much to expect. The violence of protest against restriction may seem difficult to convert into any nobler motive. Controversy about legality has for the time supplanted consecration to morality. Many people who claim the blessings of Christian loyalty, and desire the benediction of their Master on their daily lives, have been led to forget or ignore the habit of personal sacrifice which the Christian religion dictates. They are ready to debate with warmth what kind of wine was blessed by Jesus at Cana of Galilee; but they have abandoned his teaching of self-restraint for others' sakes. Yet it remains true that a country must be saved from degeneration, not by schemes, but by saviors, and that the call of the present time is to the conscience of the nation rather than to the controversies of the legalists. Nothing less than this is likely to redeem a nation from its contentions and rebellions. We are, in fact, facing the question whether this can be made a Christian republic.

In the days when the resumption of specie payment was debated it was affirmed, in commonplace but convincing language, that the only way to resume was to resume. To the same effect it may now be affirmed that the only way to stop the drink traffic is to stop drinking. Legal prohibition will always remain imperfectly effective unless reënforced by personal abstinence. Education is the essential prerequisite of legislation. If a new generation — yes, and their parents — could be taught to recognize the excellence of self-restraint, and could turn from self-indulgence for their own sakes to sanctifying themselves for others' sakes, the controversy concerning law would take its legitimate place as concerned with a contributory and secondary aspect of the drink problem, and legal restriction would be welcomed and enforced as the legitimate corollary of intelligent self-control.

OUR MEDIÆVAL MINDS

BY THOMAS T. READ

I

Criticism of society in its present-day manifestations is the leading topic of conversation and literature, since within the term 'literature' I mean to include newspapers as well as all other printed media for the exchange of ideas, while lectures before women's clubs and other organizations may be classed as conversation. Prohibition and the social adventure in Russia ostensibly outrank this topic in current discussion, but those two social experiments are attempts to advance criticism of society beyond the stage of mere talk, and therefore logically fall into place as subtopics of the general theme. The generalization therefore seems as nearly justified as any generalization ever is. It is not my purpose to say anything about either prohibition or Soviet Russia, but to consider the broader topic of the relation of the persistence of the mediæval mind to modern criticism of society.

Most criticism of society has an odor of antiquity, perhaps even of sanctity, about it. For thousands of years people have been intellectually disturbed, and therefore felt warranted in disturbing their fellow men, over the way women dress and comport themselves, how young people fail to comport themselves, how married couples behave, how gangsters and racketeers misbehave (for, though those two nouns are new, the misbehavior is old), and by various other social phenomena. It is not too much to say that a mental wailing wall stretches back through the centuries as far as we have any record of what people thought of the results of their attempts to live together in groups. Nearly three thousand years ago Hesiod, in his *Works and Days*, considered the general state of affairs and concluded that things had been steadily getting worse since his imagined golden age.

It is clearly evident that social criticism has at least one modern phase; indeed, it must inevitably have a modern phase, since no one could criticize a new thing before it had come into existence. Human experience also indicates that when anything new comes into existence abundant criticism of it will immediately be forthcoming. Thomas Jefferson denounced the enervating and demoralizing practice of riding in carriages instead of on horseback, sermons were preached against bathtubs, and in general all changes in our way of living have come about under the influence of a sort of drumfire of vigorous, usually mistaken, opposition.

The outstanding new factor in modern life is the amazing substitution of mechanical energy for human effort in the performance of necessary work. Half the work performed in the entire world is done in the United States, and over 90 per cent of our work is done for us by mechanical means. Without getting into an argument as to whether heat may be considered as truly equivalent to work by anyone except a physicist, most people can agree that about two thirds of our mechanical work is done by coal and one third by petroleum and natural gas, the word 'about' serving to preserve space to squeeze in the one-twentieth part that is done by water power. The mediæval mind regarded work as a curse, therefore any means of escaping it should logically be a boon. But to do work in a mechanical way involves the use of machines, and the word 'machine' is enough to make many critics see red, especially if the persisting streak of mediævalism in their minds is well developed.

Readers of modern literature of social criticism might infer from it that the verb 'to criticize' means to misrepresent and vilify. Actually it originally meant to judge; and to be a good critic it was necessary to be capable of forming a sound judgment. Any sound judgment must arise from the intelligent consideration of good evidence. Someone, undoubtedly a Chicagoan, has said that New York has the best judges money can buy, and modern criticism seems not to be free from the sordid type of practitioner. Human nature being what it is, as exemplified by the million-dollar 'gates' at prize fights (which there is every reason to believe are often merely barefaced fakes), obviously the easiest way to reap a rich harvest from literary output is to 'hippodrome' it — put on a good pummeling of someone or something, whether it be the character of George Washington or the sincere if somewhat ingenuous activities of Rotary clubs. If one starts with a natural liking and aptitude for belligerent literary assault, a pleasurable activity becomes a profitable one, and if the critic can put on a sufficiently good show in walloping small-town society, business men, doctors, and clergymen, he may even get prizes as well as the commercial returns he ostensibly scorns.

It is not the crude love for a fight but a more subtle characteristic that seems to evidence the mediæval mind, if this should be dignified as mind at all. Much later in time came the puzzled mind of the mystic, who, seeing in the world about him many things he could not understand, proceeded to invent explanations for them. Ernest Dimnet says the mediæval mind was free of 'phantasms,' but he uses that word in a special sense, and even after accepting his definition of it I can scarcely accept his conclusion. H. O. Taylor's more than a thousand pages on the mediæval mind characterize it as chiefly concerned with metaphysical construction and spiritual passion, but quite clearly he is interested in the exceptional rather than the average mind of the time.

Max Radin in his brilliant Weinstock Foundation lectures on 'The Lawful Pursuit of Gain' says that 'in Mediæval Europe . . . the position of the Church in the matter [merchandising] was an amalgam of a philosophical contempt for wealth and Christian repugnance to the vanities of a transitory existence.' Throughout his discourse he indicates the view that the mediæval mind fell into much confusion in wrestling with problems of morality and economics. The most marked characteristic of the mediæval mind, to my way of thinking, was that although it had come to know a good deal about the nature of the physical world, it still believed in magic and therefore attributed to physical things qualities and powers we now know they cannot possibly possess. Some of the clearest modern instances of the mediæval way of thinking appear in the flood of current comment on the general topic of the 'brutalizing effect of machines on men.'

Believing that by grasping a magic sword one could be turned into an invincible warrior was a pleasing and harmless bit of self-deception, because no one ever saw or touched the sword, but believing that machines can turn men into brutes is quite another matter, for we see and touch them daily. To a modern mind the fact that machines, by themselves, can do nothing to men is self-evident. The only effect of the machine is that it enables men to do things to themselves. The distinction is all-important, because if there is valid objection to the results of the man-plus-machine combination one should direct attention to the man, not the machine. To do otherwise is to act as irrationally as a dog who bites a stone thrown at it instead of the person who threw it.

A domestic example of this very common current confusion of thought has occurred as I write. My older son delivered a diatribe against the radio, to which I replied that it could not possibly annoy him, since it is so easily turned off. His rejoinder was that his younger brother insists on turning it on to listen to things which the older brother does not want to hear. The existence of the mechanism enabled the younger to create a situation unsatisfactory to the older son (though highly satisfactory to himself), but the mechanism itself is, by its nature, entirely inoffensive, and this is true of all machines. To attack the machine rather than the person necessarily involved is to use the approach of the mediæval mind.

Since no rational person would seriously propose to do away with all machines, to prevent the possibility of people ever doing objectionable things with them, — to do away with knives because little boys sometimes carve the furniture with them, abolish railroads because their whistles and clamor annoy, and scrap all automobiles because they sometimes kill people, — the discussion narrows down to whether some machines sometimes, in the control of some people, are not productive of more that is objectionable than is of benefit. This can only be decided by arguing a specific case, and, like Burke in his defense of the colonies, I am not arguing specific cases, but only pointing out the impossibility of bringing a blanket indictment. Even in the specific case, if proved, the objection is not to the machine, but to the use which is made of it. The practical results of our current attempt to abolish beverage alcohol as a method of preventing the misuse of it have served to convince many of the futility of that way of solving a social problem.

Another manifestation of the workings of the mediæval mind is in attributing to things or processes the quality of the purpose for which they are used. A curious example appears in Dimnet's *Art of Thinking*, where that otherwise modern writer indicates clearly that he regards the thinking which leads to a decision as to whether to buy one painting or another for the living room as lofty and admirable, while that leading one to decide whether to buy lamb or beef for dinner is mean and ignoble. The quality of the process is independent of the quality of the purpose. An airplane identical with the one used by Lindbergh in his historic flight might be used by a racketeer to make his get-away, and neither mechanism would be in the least affected by, or responsible for, its use. The mechanic who tuned up Lindbergh's plane would undoubtedly feel proud of himself, while the one who performed exactly the same operation for the racketeer's plane would perhaps feel rather debased. Their acts were identical, and only through a feeling of participation in the use made of the object on which the acts were performed could any distinction be made;

to borrow the terminology of mathematics, the distinction is an imaginary quantity.

An interesting example of the persistence of mediæval thinking in the consideration of modern problems can be found in Dr. Abraham Flexner's provocative book discussing universities. First defining a university as a place where knowledge and ideas are conserved and developed and young people are trained to carry on in the same way, Dr. Flexner proceeds to consider the activities of various universities, American, British, and German, from that point of view. It seems to me characteristically mediæval to set up such a definition without admitting any possibility that it may be in error.

What is supposed to bridge the gap between a university so conceived and life as it is actually lived, or how knowledge and ideas are to be transmitted into effective action,[1] need not, however, concern us here, for the mediæval approach to the problem is even more evident in the author's discussion of curricular activities.

Dr. Flexner seems quite certain that knowledge and ideas can be divided into classes that are as sharply distinctive as the social distinctions between the workers and the upper classes in Germany, and that universities should only concern themselves with the upper (as he sees them) classes of knowledge and ideas. A three-year study of the sanitary facilities of an ancient Greek house, as revealed by excavations at Herculaneum, would appear to him as a piece of sound scholarship; an equally meticulous study of the sanitary facilities of modern high schools he dismisses as 'nonsense.' This ascribing of qualities to knowledge and ideas is not the less mediæval because it is still widely practised by many who might reasonably be expected to exhibit a higher level of intelligence.

II

A striking quality of the mediæval mind was that when it had come to believe in anything it neither looked for nor was much affected by the visible or ascertainable facts. The schoolmen who watched Galileo drop the weights from the top of the Tower of Pisa, so often described of late that they have become almost familiar figures, exactly illustrate my point, since, although they saw the weights fall at the same rate, they still believed Aristotle was right when he said they would fall at different rates. A present-day instance of this attitude of mind is the constant reiteration of the statement that modern production methods, involving the repetition of operations that can be performed without much attention to them, dull the mind and degrade man. Every biologist knows, on the contrary, that it is through developing such repetitive activities that sentient beings have advanced to where they have developed minds and the ability to use them for something beyond the mere maintaining of an animal existence.

Rhythmic and ceaselessly lashing cilia sweep food into the digestive system of a rotifer; the rhythmic and ceaseless throbbing of our hearts keeps us alive. The basal complex of all human lives is a somewhat monotonous routine — sleep at night, get up in the morning, wash, dress, eat, and so on till at night we sleep again. People of limited intellectual resources often find deciding what clothes to wear or what food to eat a somewhat trying intellectual task and they shrink from attempting anything more important. The usual way of treating a neurasthenic patient is to schedule his activities so that he never has to decide what to do. Anyone who has had charge of a working force knows what a relief it is to the average worker not to have to expend his often slender store of mental energy in coping with situations that can be acceptably met in a standard way. It is not uncommon for a workman, promoted to be foreman, to decide that he would rather have less pay with less responsibility than to essay the larger task.

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[1] What happens when the gap is not bridged is indicated by Garet Garrett's recent summary of what university education has done to the Filipino. 'Instead of taking it to be the means whereby one may rise in the world, he takes a degree to mean that he is already risen. Education becomes an end in itself, a patent of caste; of what he shall do with it afterward he takes almost no thought beforehand. For their own economic conquest of the Philippines the Filipinos needed merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, managers, foremen, elementary technicians, and skilled mechanics; and for all these, to begin with, a sound grammar-school education would serve. But what the Filipino wanted was academic education, with decorative degrees and certificates of professorship at the end of it.' — AUTHOR

A reviewer of the recently published second volume of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* quotes (apparently with approval) the article 'Art' as saying that, with the introduction of the machine, 'craftsmen had to turn from creative work to tending the machine which performed their labor. This divorced the crafts from the fine arts and debased first the skill of the craftsmen and still further public taste.' As with Galileo and the weights, it is easy to ascertain from observation that such a belief has no basis of fact to support it. Craftsmen capable of creative work are not now reduced to tending machines; modern industry eagerly seeks for craftsmanship and rewards it highly when found. The general experience of those in responsible charge of industry is that the people they have to employ to tend machines possess too little rather than too much craftsmanship for their most efficient use, while machines open new fields for craftsmanship of a high order. Not only is there no valid evidence that the machine in industry has 'debased public taste,' but it is doubtful whether those who make the statement have any clear idea of what they mean.

There is also no good evidence that repetitive work injures any man. To be sure, it sometimes permits him to make himself unhappy, because when he does not need to fix his attention on his work his mind sometimes slips into pessimistic reveries; but no one can control the man's mind except himself — least of all the machine. I have often wondered why the Chamber of Commerce of some manufacturing town does not offer a prize of, say, $100,000 for the production of an authentic specimen of a workman who has been degraded and brutalized by the performance of repetitive work. There would be no danger that the prize would ever have to be awarded, and it would be a very effective publicity stunt.

The mediæval mind, when it observed results, was frequently undiscriminating in its attribution of sources. There are still people who believe that thunder sours milk because in periods of frequent thunderstorms the milk is sometimes found to have turned sour. The rather general belief that the increasing complexity of modern life, with its necessary corollary of a considerable degree of order and regularity if chaos is to be avoided, hampers the exercise of creative originality reveals a similar quality of mind.

To prove mathematically how many more combinations can be made with ten things than with five is an easy matter, hence it cannot be the multiplication of diverse things that is objected to, and one finds difficulty in ascertaining what, if any, meaning lies embedded in such a belief. Certainly it cannot be lack of public approval or of financial reward that hampers creative originality, for never before in history have rewards been so munificent, or have facilities existed for such instant and widespread recognition of achievement. Where artists once had to seek a patron, there now exist hundreds of overlords of the drama, literature, and of every other field in which excellence can be exhibited, seeking eagerly for unusual talent that may be exploited.

One clue to what may be meant appears in the word 'regimented,' which, sometimes applied to modern society, carries the implication that just as the soldier must march and not dance, so in modern life we must follow a set pace. So far as this is true, it is no modern condition, but one that has always characterized communal living; less friction now develops within a group than in earlier ages, other things being equal. The pace of the camel caravans of five thousand years ago was even more regimented than the Sunday traffic on the Boston Post Road. To be sure, there were no 'traffic cops' on the desert, but that was because there was no necessity for them; if any need had existed they would have been there, and the penalties for disregard of their authority would have been more severe than they are now. Living among many people rather than among a few introduces difficult problems, but there are still immense areas of the earth's surface where one can live miles from the nearest neighbor, and it is much easier to get to these places now than it used to be. If there is anything except personal unwillingness which restrains from living the simple life those who really prefer that sort of life, where is it to be found?

The real clue seems to be that a rich and complex existence too severely taxes creative individuality. A child with a few simple toys plays happily with them, though another surrounded by a myriad mechanical contrivances soon complains of nothing to do. The reason, of course, is that with a few simple things it is easy to think of pleasing combinations, but to be confronted with many complex things that are better than one can make for one's self is discouraging rather than stimulating. It seems fair to suggest that the real modern problem is not lack of opportunity for creative originality but the difficulty of rising to the level of the demand upon that quality. Certainly this is true of manual skill. There is a general impression that a modern manufacturing plant offers little opportunity for the exercise of manual skill, but every executive knows that, on the contrary, it is difficult to secure a sufficient supply of skilled workers equal to the tasks of modern pattern, jig, and die making. Modern society, instead of being characterized by mediocrity, is a pattern into which mediocrity finds it increasingly difficult to fit.

III

So far we have been concerned with the impact of modern life upon the mediæval mind, but that, after all, is of but little social importance. What is of more vital significance is the effect of the persistence of the mediæval mind upon modern progress. Criticism of modern society may, somewhat tritely, be called the back-seat driving of progressing civilization. Sound criticism is helpful; that which is merely captious faultfinding is annoying, but not otherwise harmful; but that which is unsound is positively detrimental, for if it is heeded it leads to following a wrong course, and to rebut it is a needless drain on mental energy that is fully taxed by the task in hand. Criticism that finds its origin in the mediæval mind must inevitably fall into this last class. Those who find such criticism most trying are the scientists and applied scientists who devote their energies to increasing our knowledge of and control over the physical world. Their objective is first to find the facts and then to face them squarely, while the mediæval mind ignores or evades the facts, especially if they seem to involve relinquishing anything already accepted.

Thus the mediæval mind is still, as it was in the Middle Ages, an obstructing force to rational inquiry, and is therefore to be deplored.

Criticism that confuses mechanisms with the uses made of them retards progress in another way, because it is an unwarranted derogation of those workers who have made noteworthy progress in what they were called upon to do. People have desired quicker and more comfortable transportation, and the engineers have provided smooth concrete roads and swift-moving automobiles at a reasonable cost. People have desired more and cheaper light; the engineer has provided tungsten, copper, and other metals and combined them into an efficient, cheap, and reliable means to that end. People have desired quicker transmission of messages, and the scientists and engineers have provided the telegraph, telephone, and radio.

Now the use to which people put these devices is no concern of the scientist and engineer. They have made it possible for all the people in a circle of fifty miles radius to assemble at one point, if they so desire, but what the people do after they get there is no concern of those who made it possible. The night can be rendered as bright as day, but whether the end served is a helpful one is not the engineer's problem or responsibility. A youth in Portland, Maine, can converse with a maiden in Portland, Oregon, but whether or not what he says to her is worthy of the dignity of the physical achievement cannot logically be imputed to the group of workers who made it possible. Scientists and engineers naturally resent, as irrational and unintelligent, the implication in much current criticism of society that the use of improved facilities for ends that are unworthy or perhaps even harmful is in some vague way their fault. This inference is detrimental in that it annoys workers who have been doing their task well, but it is chiefly harmful in that it deflects attention from the real deficiency, that those who should be finding worthier things for human beings to do have not been equal to their responsibility.

It seems self-evident that an address which can be heard by millions of people over the radio ought to be more worth listening to than one which can be heard by only a few. One does not need to asperse the high quality of many radio addresses to prove that the quality has not been improved in anything like the degree the audibility has increased. Photography and modern reproductive processes make it possible for millions to see a painting with all the artistic values of the original preserved, but are modern paintings any more worth looking at than those painted centuries ago and visible to only a few at a time? The question answers itself, and the assertion may safely be made that the quality of the things done has not improved in proportion to the improvement in the facilities for doing them. The world to-day seems in somewhat the situation of a household in which there is a superb grand piano but hardly anyone capable of utilizing it to evoke anything better than 'blues' and jazz.

Since rhetoric was one of the principal subjects in the mediæval curriculum, it is not surprising to find that the mediæval mind in its modern manifestations is commonly associated with rhetorical facility. Rhetoric has always been more effective than logic in awakening the emotions and directing the activities of human beings, especially the younger generation. There is so much for youth to learn that it is a great pity to have to unlearn anything; moreover, nothing is ever quite unlearned, any more than a rumpled sheet of paper can be made perfectly smooth again. Very few people can completely forget the statement that a black cat crossing your path will bring you bad luck, or can completely disbelieve that there is any element of truth in it. If this is true of a statement so obviously based on a belief in magic, it is not surprising that scores of apparently intelligent people change their names to bring them into harmony with their personality. Thousands of other people believe they can judge a person's character by his appearance or handwriting, and millions listen nightly to astrologers (hired for the purpose by otherwise reputable manufacturers) forecasting the future from the stars. There can be no need to argue that the mediæval mind is still with us, for these grosser evidences of it are plainly visible.[2] The subtler aspects of it that I have discussed should be recognized as well. The statements that machines degrade men and that their use has debased public taste in art should be put in the same category with that regarding the black cat and bad luck.

IV

Having concluded that the persistence of mediæval thinking in a modern world is detrimental to sound progress, we naturally ask what, if anything, should be done about it? This involves, first, raising the question whether anything effective can be done about it, and, if so, what would be the best course to follow. To cover the field with meticulous thoroughness would require too much space, but some suggestive paths of inquiry may be indicated. Of the 120,000,000 people who inhabit the country, half have an intelligence quotient that ranges between zero (an idiot) and 100 as the upper limit of the group. The other half all have an intelligence quotient above 100, but half of them are between 100 and 110, while only one half of one per cent of them exceed 140. So far as we know, nothing can be done to increase an individual's I. Q., as it is so generally called. Since the I. Q. is the best index available of ability to do sound creative thinking, we may as well accept the fact that there will always be a good deal of thinking of mediæval quality to be reckoned with. It is possible to help people, through education, to make a more effective use of as much intelligence as they have, but no way is yet known of endowing them with a larger quotient.

Learning to make the most effective use of intelligence is like any other process of learning — you observe those who can do better than yourself and endeavor to equal or even excel them. Acquiring the ability to act with high intelligence is not an easy matter, because it involves judgments as to the display of intelligence in action that are not easily made. I can readily tell who plays golf better than I, because there are definite and accepted criteria of judgment, but it is quite difficult to decide whether a person is more or less intelligent than I am in his reaction to other situations. Some quotient measurers might claim this to be easy: measure the I. Q. of both of us, and if the other man has a higher I. Q. he would usually act more intelligently than I. Permission to doubt the validity of such a statement must be asked. Human experience and observation seem to indicate that people may be quite intelligent in some fields of activity and markedly deficient in others; even in the same field they seem to exhibit more intelligence at one time than another. Comparative tests are yet impossible in large areas of human life. Who can say how much intelligence John exhibits in his relations with his wife and children? Would James do better under the same circumstances? No one can surely say.

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[2] An editorial in the *New York Herald-Tribune* of February 9 says: 'There are loose in Germany at present, it is reported, more quacks, fortune tellers, astrologers, and other mystery mongers than ever before in human history; doubtless an inevitable result of economic depression and prevalent hopelessness.' — AUTHOR

Lacking positive criteria on which to base judgments, people grasp at whatever offers. Of recent years the ability to write and speak forcefully and entertainingly in a critical way on a subject has been accepted by many as an indication of high intelligence concerning it. Actually this often has what the statisticians call a negative correlation, for it is frequently much easier to be forceful and entertaining when discussing a subject unintelligently than intelligently.

Recognition of criteria by which to measure the exhibition of high intelligence thus appears as one of the fields of human activity in which we have made too little progress. When people forcefully urge, for example, that the State should own and operate power plants, it is hard to be sure whether they are wise counselors whose plans should be adopted or misguided theorists who would create a worse situation that could only be remedied with much difficulty. Is it too much to hope that we can learn to distinguish better between the inept presentation of good evidence and the skillful presentation of unsound and misleading evidence? Unless we can, we may as well be reconciled to the persistence of mediæval thinking.

On this basis all that needs to be done about the persistence of mediæval thinking in a modern world is to recognize it for what it is; above all, to strip away the rhetorical garb in which it so often appears. It would be foolish to expect that a state of perfection in this endeavor can soon be reached; it would be equally foolish to be greatly disturbed because we have not made more progress toward its attainment.

CONSCRIPTED CHILDREN

BY MAUDE DUTTON LYNCH

I

In this age of the child we are justly proud of our ever-increasing laws prohibiting child labor among the poor. One wonders sometimes if, before this era closes, we shall not have to pass similar laws to protect the children of the well-to-do. Affluent parents, naturally enough, are eager to give their sons and daughters all the best opportunities that money can buy, and the excess of their zeal often creates new difficulties. There seems to be some danger that the present system of long hours and accumulated years required in formal schooling may thwart the real mental and spiritual growth of these privileged children just as surely as long days in mines, factories, and sweatshops once thwarted the physical growth of the children of the poor.

As a nation we have become not only education-conscious but education-mad. Consider the disconsolate father who, as he sits before the fire with catalogues of thirty boys' schools piled high before him, regrets that his only son can take advantage of but one of these de luxe opportunities which are offered him. That is the case more or less with all of us anxious parents. And to be sure that no child of ours shall miss any of his chances, we have joined eagerly with educators, psychologists, and other parents to organize and develop a standardized programme of living from which, almost from birth to adulthood, our children have no escape.

And what is this programme that has been so carefully devised by specialists? At fifteen months of age, about the time the average child walks alone, we find this small individual entering school life. Brought at nine or ten in the morning to a pre-school, he is carefully examined for colds and charted for future study. Then, together with a group of children of his own age, he is put out to play with toys which psychological tests have shown to be of the proper size, weight, and interest for his tender muscles and awakening mind. Later he is fed a properly balanced meal, prescribed by an expert dietitian, and then put to bed for a definite period of rest and sleep. At a duly appointed hour he is returned to his waiting nurse or mother to be taken home. As he grows older his toys change to suit his years, his meals become more varied, and his day at the pre-school lengthens. This, in essence, is his life for nine, ten, or possibly twelve months of the year until at last he reaches regulation school age.

When he is six years old he enters the first grade, which is usually a half-day session. The afternoons he spends in the park, under the watchful supervision of a nurse, where limitations of space and lack of suitable materials make normal play practically impossible. By the time he has reached the fourth or fifth grade his school day has been extended into the afternoons, and this is followed by an hour or two of organized play. Saturday — or what is left of it after the barber, the dentist, and the orthopædic surgeon have deducted their dues — is usually unscheduled up to this age, but from then on it falls more and more into the hands of boys' and girls' clubs, Scout organizations, music teachers, and dancing masters. In short, by the time the child has reached his teens he is likely to be carrying an eight- or nine-hour job practically six days a week.

At this point comes the boarding school for nine months of the year, with almost every hour of the week closely scheduled — Sundays as well as Saturdays. Or those who are not sent away to private schools have their lives almost as carefully regimented by the day schools, which have now become all-day institutions with home work prescribed to fill the evenings. The three months of vacation are, for many children, given over to summer camps. After this, college — and one need not set up any classifications here, for it is now a commonplace of American life that every boy and girl whose parents can afford it *must* have a college education. This, in brief, is the system which has been laid out for us by child experts and educators generally, and the well-to-do parents of America have accepted it without question as the normal and natural procedure in the upbringing of their children. Thus, in an era of peace, we are conscripting our children for education just as deliberately as, in time of war, the government conscripted our sons for the army.

II

At this point I can hear the voices of earnest parents raised in a chorus of protest. 'Oh,' they say, 'if we *are* conscripting our children for education, we are doing it for their own good.' Well, perhaps so; but I wonder.

Is it the infant who benefits most from the pre-school, or is it the mother who can use this free time to relax at bridge or a luncheon, to increase the family income by a half-time job, or to prevent herself from growing rusty by following a course at the university? Is the boarding school or the lengthened school day better for the child, or is it better for the parents who, because of it, can live in a city apartment instead of a suburban house and be at hand for the theatres, lectures, concerts, and other social events of the winter season? Is the boy (or girl) sent to camp summer after summer for his own advantage, or is he sent because it is the easiest way for parents to escape having to adjust their vacation to suit his needs? Are our young men and women being herded within the gates of the colleges because they have an insatiable thirst for knowledge, or are they sent because it is a sop to parental pride to be able to say, 'My son? Oh, he's in Yale.'

Behind the mass movement which has brought about this almost Prussian regimentation of our children there are many parents who have been moved solely by a genuine desire to provide the younger generation with every conceivable advantage in their preparation for life. While granting this, however, one must also admit that the movement could hardly have become so universal if thousands of parents had not been all too willing to shed the responsibilities of parenthood.

Whatever the motive or the justification, it would not be amiss if parents would scrutinize more closely this modern programme of education. It might be well to ask ourselves, for example, just what we are doing to our babies when we put them in a nursery school. Let us remember that the first nine months of every human life are spent in complete isolation;

perhaps this is nature's reminder that the young of the species need a long, slow, individual preparation for independent life. If this is so, it becomes very pertinent to ask whether any child under five should be subjected to group living, even though the group *is* being supervised by experts. Naturally, he may learn to eat spinach more easily when he sees other children enduring the same affliction, but, even though all the dietitians may rise up to confound me, I suspect that there are more important things for a two- or three-year-old than learning to eat spinach.

To subject a child of that age to an experiment in group living is to demand of him one of the major adjustments in life — and this at a time when he has hardly outgrown playing with his own toes. It may be many years before we can know what this new environment has done to his nervous system, but of this much we can be sure in advance: it will mean an earlier maturing of the child and a corresponding shortening of babyhood. It may also be that by demanding conformity to a group at such a tender age we shall establish in his mind the patterns of mob thinking, making it forever impossible for him to become a self-reliant, individual appraiser of life. The pre-school is new, and its vogue tremendous. It may, for all I know, have something of definite value to offer us, but of this we cannot be sure until it has stood the acid test of experience. Nevertheless, in characteristic American fashion, we have acclaimed it enthusiastically simply because it is new, or we have complacently accepted it because it has offered the easiest way out of our difficulties.

The other morning I wandered into a pre-school and stood watching a group of city four-year-olds romping, twisting, climbing over and under the bare, straight bars of a jungle gym. 'Are n't they having a happy time?' the teacher smiled at me. 'It's so good for their arms and legs.' I nodded, but my heart smote me. What a substitute for an apple tree in spring, with the hazard of its curved and bending branches, its swaying, its fragrance, its shaded hiding places, its secret robin's nest! Yes, the jungle gym is good for arms and legs, but it stops right there.

I went out thinking of what I heard a well-known college dean say recently when he spoke before an assemblage of so-called progressive parents. He had been reading Professor Thorndike's latest book, in which that veteran thinker says that there are many things being taught in high schools to-day which could be learned much better and more quickly at the age of twenty-five. The dean had also just come from a sociological conference where experts in economics had shown that the working hours and the working days of the average man are being shortened, and his working years as well; in the not far distant future they saw the prospect of vastly more leisure for all classes of society than has ever before been known in the history of mankind. 'Would it not, then, be better,' queried the dean, 'to bestow some of this coming leisure upon the child during his childhood years, and put off to a later date the mastering of those subjects which can be learned then more quickly and easily?' He went on only half seriously: 'Are we not, perhaps, making a mistake to send our children to school at all? Instead of school buildings, should we not provide huge parks, woods, and playgrounds where they could just grow and play and vegetate; and then send them to school when they grow up?'

Although the dean was speaking half

in jest, nevertheless he was toying with an important idea. To a child, time is a golden asset. Each morning a child's natural response to life should be that of Browning's Pippa flinging open her window on her one brief yearly holiday: —

> Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
> A mite of my twelve hours' treasure . . .

It is hard to imagine any child springing with sandaled feet to meet the heavily regimented hours which we adults of to-day have so laboriously worked out for our own children.

In the elementary school which my children attended it was decided a few years ago to set aside a double period one afternoon a week when the school would literally be thrown open to the children. During this period there was the shop with all its fascinating tools and clean white lumber, the studio with fresh-mixed paints and great, inviting sheets of paper stretched on easels; there was clay, moist, waiting; there was the stage, the quiet room where one could write, the kitchen where one could really cook. All these doors stood open and each child could choose which he would enter. Many exciting things have happened to my children in this school, but nothing — not even the visit of Admiral Byrd — brought such a thrill as the granting of this free period for creative work. I was prepared to understand when, a little later, the children came to me and begged, 'Please don't send us to camp this summer. We want some free time.'

III

What do children want to do with free time? In spite of psychologists and gifted teachers, we do not know, but we do know that they want in a thousand ways to try out life. When we first moved from the country to the suburbs in order to put our children in a city school my fourteen-year-old son came home late for dinner every night for a week. When he was questioned about it he was evasive, until at last he confessed, 'I know now where all the subways go. I've tried every last one of them!' This may not have been the healthiest way to study geography, but it was certainly an effective one. This boy was simply doing what every normal boy wants to do — go exploring. A generation ago his father followed up a trout stream to its source; he followed up a subway.

In Harris Hawthorne Wilder's recent biography, *The Early Years of a Biologist*, we can read the prayer of a six-year-old boy as it has been recorded by his mother: 'Our dear Heavenly Father, I want a human skeleton very much.' This was the prayer of a boy who grew up to be one of the greatest teachers of biology in America.

I mention these two illustrations not only to show how little we know, in spite of our experts, about the real wants and needs of children, but also to show how often the child, given the chance, does know — immediately and accurately. And in many instances what he wants to do is just what he ought to do at that particular moment. But he must have time — free time, limitless time, unhurried time for his exploring. Many years ago my father told me about his boyhood on a New England farm and I can remember the tone of deep gratitude with which he said, 'My father was too poor to give me anything toward a college education, and too ignorant of its worth to give me even sympathy; but he was just enough to give me my own time, although he needed it desperately on the farm.' We give our children money, we try to give them sympathy, we give them liberally of education;

but we are not just enough to give them their time.

Those of us who believe that modern parents are commandeering too large a portion of their children's time are particularly worried over the usurpation of the precious years between thirteen and eighteen, for this is the period which, for many boys and girls, is turned into a stultifying lock step of dull routine by the universal acceptance of the slogan, 'College for all.' At this hypersensitive period of their lives when physical growth races ahead and adolescent changes are quickening all their emotions, when, more than at any other time, they need to relax from strenuous living and have leisure to find their balance as individuals, then it is that modern education puts them through the grilling pace of preparation for the college board examinations. Without pausing to ask whether these boys and girls have the intellectual interests that fit them for college, without considering whether their future lives will be made richer by four more years of academic training, the gods of the educational machine grind steadily on. If parents have the money, — or even part of the money, and the boy or girl can earn the rest, — these children must first prepare for college, and then go there.

IV

Fortunately, some of those who bear the burdens of youth upon their hearts are beginning to come to the rescue of these older conscripted children. 'There is something wrong with our preparatory schools,' a headmaster wrote to me lately. 'When three boys run away, as they did from here this fall, we educators have something to look into.' Dr. Drury, dean of headmasters, writes in his annual report of St. Paul's School: —

> Too large a proportion of boarding-school boys go to college. Not over 75 per cent of each graduating class here, for example, can show either the intellectual fibre or the vocational urge to justify higher education. Onward they go, but not upward, often merely to satisfy that parental pride which in turn is engendered by fear of relatives and neighbors. They spend hundreds of days, and thousands of dollars, these bewildered boys, stumbling along what ought to be a widening path of usefulness, but what often proves a morass of disappointments and dissipation.
>
> Who is to blame for this social blunder, this economic loss, this educational maladjustment? Are schools to blame for recommending, or colleges to blame for accepting? Both. But the deeper fault lies in the atmospheric expectation that a boy whose father can afford it should go to college, regardless of profiting thereby. Colleges are full, not because youth loves learning, but because society loves college, and has for the years between 18 and 22 little else to offer.

Has society anything else to offer? In a recent article in the *Atlantic*, Mr. Frederick Winsor, also a veteran headmaster, thinks that there is an alternative to college and he sets forth a constructive programme for what he terms 'the unintellectual boy.' But the problem is not confined to the unintellectual child. What about the boy or girl, unusually gifted along some particular line, who cannot adjust himself or herself to the strict pattern of college work? The parents of such a child, because of his unusual ability, will often make all the greater effort to push him through the college gates. I have before me as I write two newspaper clippings which during the past year caught my eye as signs of healthy rebellion against this standardization of education. The first concerns a Boston youth, son of a distinguished literary family.

> He was attending the Morristown School at Morristown, New Jersey, preparing for

> college, when he decided that he was n't going to attend school any longer. Knowing that his family would frown on his intentions, he left without notifying them. He got himself a job as office boy at the Standard Oil offices and quit a year later to go to the Texas oil fields to see where oil came from. He worked as a laborer there until he tired of it. Then he quit and made a living for himself by singing in Texas cabarets. Convinced that the boy really had a leaning toward the stage, his family told him to come back home and they would pay his tuition in a dramatic school. They entered him at the Sargent School and there he was perfectly content, remaining the necessary two years to graduate.

The second clipping is about a boy who was blessed in having parents too poor to send him to college. For seven years he had been studying a cage of rattlesnakes, spending hours each day observing their every movement and taking copious notes.

> Sitting in his laboratory, a small room allotted to him in the family's four-room apartment on First Avenue above a small restaurant owned by the father, the young scientist spoke modestly of himself. 'Go to college?' he repeated. 'No, I don't think so. I realize that a degree would be valuable, but as I am situated, it would take me six or seven years to get it at night schools. Anyway, I would rather choose my own course of study. Since leaving high school I have taken a course in anthropology at Columbia, heard many lectures, and read many books. Since I have been interested in bugs and reptiles I have filled about 1500 cigar boxes with mounted specimens and caught and classified thousands of others. That is my way of study.'

Such boys as these have shot up the danger signals warning us that all is not well with our compact scheme of standardized schooling.

Again, if we look at those who, obedient to our wishes, have conformed to this scheme and are now going forth into the world, we can see other signs of warning. We complain that the younger generation is restless, desiring to be continually on the go, not content with a theatre party unless it ends with a night club, not satisfied with a dinner event unless it closes with a joy ride. May not all this be a hang-over from the heavily programmed day we have set up for the young as a criterion of correct living? We complain that youth drinks, smokes, speeds, and pets. Should we not rather ask ourselves where our young people learned to depend entirely on artificial stimulation? Possibly such bad habits as they have are intimately connected with the fact that, from earliest childhood, their recreation has always been prescribed for them, has been something brought in to them from the outside, has never been a genuine cultivation of their own natural interests. For we have never helped them develop their own resources, never left them undisturbed long enough for their inner urges to break through the armor of purely external discipline in which we have encased them. We complain that our boys and girls are too sophisticated, forgetting that it was we — their parents — who pushed them prematurely out of babyhood into childhood, out of childhood into youth, out of youth into adulthood.

Someone — I think it was Amy Lowell — has said that no one would ever be a poet who was n't born one, for it is too hard work. It may be that parents are poets of a sort, and that being a parent is too difficult a job for those who are not born to it. So, after all, we need not be too astonished to discover that thousands of fathers and mothers are complacently abdicating their responsibilities and allowing their children to be conscripted into the ranks of standardized schooling which we so ignorantly call education.

BUSINESS LOOKS AT UNEMPLOYMENT

BY JULIUS H. BARNES

I

To find work for the worker has become a universal task. As an international problem it has been taken up by the Economic Committee of the League of Nations. President Hoover's Conference on Unemployment and a special committee of the United States Senate are approaching it as a national problem. Legislative commissions are attacking it as a state problem. Numerous trade organizations are weighing it as the most formidable of the difficulties barring the way to industrial advancement, and as many more civic organizations are considering it as the most portentous of social questions.

At the turn of the year there were approximately 14,000,000 workers in the United States and Europe for whom no work had been found, and efforts to check the rising tide of suffering and distress were world-wide. Great Britain, in 1911, had set the example by establishing its state system of unemployment insurance, which has since become the 'dole,' and the movement spread to Austria, Australia, Bulgaria, Germany, the Irish Free State, Italy, and Poland. Voluntary systems are in force in eight other countries. It has been estimated that 37,500,000 workers, not including Russia's sweating millions, now have thrown about them a protective mantle of one sort or another to shield them against the hardships of economic storm and stress. As this is written, twenty-four bills, all looking to the same end, are pending before sixteen state legislatures in this country.

Of all the palliatives and remedies proposed or applied, it cannot be said that any holds promise of curing the disease. Government has found no way out of the economic dilemma which faces these efforts to allay the fear of unemployment. If the worker is to be sheltered against the privation and distress that follow in the wake of involuntary idleness, productive enterprise must eventually bear the cost at the risk of intensifying the ailment. Paul cannot be paid without the danger of pauperizing Peter. The National Confederation of Employers' Organizations of Great Britain points to the heavy public expenditure for social services — $1,946,600,000 in 1929 — as one of the serious obstacles to national economic recovery. Even Russia, with all its scorn of bourgeois practices and philosophy, has been unable to suspend this inexorable rule. It has injected capitalistic lifeblood into the veins of production by transfusing it from the veins of consumption, paying for the power plants and factories of the Five-Year Plan with enforced labor and meagre rations. Many of the social nostrums proposed for the cure of unemployment would reverse this process by paying for relief with industrial plants.

Unfortunately, ill-assorted and antagonistic as they are, unemployment and business cannot be forcibly divorced. They are at opposite ends of the economic seesaw. When business goes up, unemployment declines, and when unemployment rises, consumption languishes and business sinks to lower levels.

This inescapable relationship was obvious enough when bread-and-butter getting was largely a matter of shepherding flocks and tilling the soil and industry kept close to the domestic hearth. The choice between working and having and not working and doing without was a mere matter of volition. No one cherished the delusion, now not uncommon, that a way could be found by which one could stand idle in the market place and at the same time receive the penny that was the hire of the worker in the vineyard.

So interpreted, the parable still holds good. Getting a job is not so simple a matter as applying to the lord of the vineyard or turning one's hand to one of the many tasks that crowded the days of our fathers before the coming of the machine. Nevertheless business — busy-ness — and unemployment, or idleness, remain antithetical. They cannot be reconciled by a wave of the legislative wand or the invocation of social justice. Sympathy for those who suffer, however keen it may be, cannot be minted into coin to pay for their relief. Neither can a paternalistic state provide them with necessities merely by enacting a law.

Obviously the only cure for unemployment is employment, as the only effective remedy for idleness is work. But this affords small consolation to the worker who makes his futile rounds looking for something to do. Between him and his job modern industrial civilization has interposed a system of producing, financing, storing, transporting, advertising, and distributing so vast that the plight of the man who can find no task to which he may put his hand and the plight of business, which should provide the task, are frequently not associated at all.

Baffled and bewildered, the worker justly demands opportunity to earn a livelihood, and the industrial order which denies him this opportunity cannot escape indictment on the plea that the giving of it does not lie within its control. To him the machine which robs him of his toil is a relentless monster. He cannot understand why the overthrow of a government five thousand miles away, a discovery by a scientist of whom he has never heard, an invention that has revolutionized the making of glass bottles or the shaping of steel, the collapse of an unwise economic policy that has swamped world markets with a deluge of commodities, should deprive him of a chance to work.

Neither can it be gainsaid that business, long after the machine had begun to change the whole aspect of industry, looked upon unemployment as a social misfortune or an act of Providence, the distressing effects of which were to be alleviated by poor laws and almshouses, and not as an economic ailment which would inevitably sap its own strength. It was slow to recognize the consumer in the worker. Many of the early directors of industry were disposed to look upon themselves as beneficent dispensers of employment who stood between the poor and the threat of destitution rather than seekers of the largess that is conferred by the lengthy pay roll. The wage earner was obscured in the lengthening vista of demand.

II

The widening of the breach between the worker and his job is the price paid for productive efficiency. When industry forsook the serenity and security of the domestic fireside and sought out markets in the far corners of the world, it exposed itself to the winds and storms that blow up and down the Seven Seas. It laid itself open to the vicissitudes of political agitation and turmoil. By massing its resources in huge plants and regimenting labor in highly trained armies, it increased its output enormously, but at the same time it sacrificed the flexibility and mobility it possessed when every man was his own master. By enlisting science and invention, it opened the door to the feverish forging of new economic weapons that are constantly widening and altering the character of the conflict in which it is engaged.

Change takes its toll of industry in unemployment and obsolescence. When manufacturing was a household craft, the worker encountered no difficulty in turning from one task to another. If there was no wood to be hewn, there was water to be drawn, wool to be carded and spun, candles to be dipped. No elaborate readjustment of machinery, no shifting and training of labor, no planning of advertising and sales campaigns, were necessary. To adapt modern industry to the changing requirements of consumer demand is quite another thing. When public taste turned from narrow to wide carpets, new looms had to be installed, factories had to be rearranged, and labor had to be trained to the new task. When Henry Ford decided to manufacture a new model of his automobile, an army of workers was affected and millions were spent in designing and installing new equipment. It would be fatuous to attempt to escape these disadvantages, as some suggest, by returning to the older and simpler order of existence. Our fathers avoided them, but they went without broad-loom carpets and automobiles.

For the havoc wrought upon industry and its workers by economic changes and dislocations, the machine bears the heaviest burden of blame. It is the most spectacular of the devices originated to relieve labor of muscular toil—but it is not the only one. Industrial engineering and business management are constantly shortening the steps of production and reducing the waste of time and effort. But the machine is luridly portrayed in its social effects as an economic Juggernaut.

From the first its advance was resisted. Appeals were made to government to stay its march centuries ago when use was first made of the power of flowing water. Labor took more direct measures by resorting to sabotage, smashing the looms which marked the beginning of the end of household industries. At the present time critics are pointing to 'technological unemployment' as the most disconcerting of the evils which follow in its train, another name for the age-old grievance.

More often than not, this is taken to mean that the machine is constantly encroaching upon the right to labor and that the opportunity to earn a livelihood is constantly shrinking. In the narrow perspective of single industries this is true. The continuous mill in steel enables four men, operating gigantic machines housed in a building two and a half blocks long, to do the work formerly done by from thirty to fifty men. The continuous furnace and automatic machine in glass have almost entirely eliminated human labor, and machines of incredible deftness make and box matches and other articles without the touch of a finger. But these changes are probably no greater, relatively, than those ushered in by Stephenson's locomotive, which sounded the knell of the stagecoach and all that went with it, the passing of which is now one of the forgotten episodes of economic history.

The general level of employment is

rising, not falling. Since the beginning of the century the number of workers has increased 20 per cent more rapidly than the total population, and this in a period when the machine was advancing most rapidly. From 1900 to 1930, the population growth was 61.5 per cent. From 1899 to 1929, industrial employment increased by 85.5 per cent.

New industries have more than filled the gaps as the old have fallen from the ranks. Thirty million people, it is estimated, are dependent for their living upon five industries which had not been born or were in their infancy at the dawn of the century which has not yet run a third of its course. Bigger locomotives and better road beds have made it possible for crews to haul longer and heavier trains, and the railroads have been steadily increasing their traffic while reducing their pay rolls — a continuation of the economic change which began when the locomotive supplanted the stagecoach. But new industrial armies have been recruited to build highways, operate motor trucks and buses and airplanes, and man the shops and garages to keep them in repair.

Technological unemployment is an ailment resulting not from the diminution of employment but from the immobility of employment, or its equivalent, industry. It arises not because there is less work to be done but because the worker is not in the right place and the equipment is not at hand to do it. Boiler makers cannot be converted into automobile makers or textile weavers overnight. Mechanics cannot be shifted from a declining to a growing industry by a factory order. Glass blowers cannot turn readily to another pursuit. Manufacture cannot be diverted from the making of commodities of which there is a surplus to the making of commodities of which there is a dearth, or of entirely new commodities which must be fitted into the pattern of existence or adjusted to the fluctuations in demand due to a dozen causes, without a long period of preparation and adjustment.

Left to itself, business sooner or later adapts itself to the conditions which impede its advance. Industry gathers its forces for new effort and masters the difficulties which brought it to a momentary halt. Gradually the maladjustment is righted, new tasks are set, unemployment declines, and the economic balance — the ideal of perfection at which modern economists aim — is restored.

But this is accomplished by the operation of the law of the jungle — the survival of the fittest. Payment is exacted in appalling distress and untold waste, and the grim threat of such a disaster raises it to the stature of a calamity by halting expenditure, stimulating the undue husbanding of resources to meet the anticipated shock, and checking consumption. The lethargic fear spreads to production, the pace of industry begins to lag, and the dreaded downward sweep of the business cycle is on.

The industrial structure cannot be buttressed against the tremors of industrial adjustment and change by the awakening of a sense of social justice or the intervention of a benevolent government. Too often efforts to alleviate the hardships of unemployment have the effect of prolonging it, as Great Britain's experience with the dole has revealed. Government attempts to counteract the oscillations frequently magnify the evil at which they are aimed. Glutted wheat, rubber, sugar, coffee, and other commodity markets bear witness to the futility of political manœuvres to steer industry clear of economic reefs and shoal waters.

The ailment is a business ailment, and the remedy, if one is to be found, must be a business remedy.

III

Business stability is still a nebulous phrase. It cannot without undue stretching be made to fit the American ideal, which is based on growth, development, progress — all of them other names for change. Even in its more restricted sense, the constant balance of production and consumption, it might not be altogether desirable. Only by the arbitrary regulation and control of one or the other would it be practicable — at a cost which the public would probably be reluctant to pay.

The drive of individual enterprise which explores new paths, awakens new desires, and creates new products does not go hand in hand with arbitrary regulation and control. The one, actuated by the spirit of adventure, looks constantly to new horizons and envisions new conquests. The other holds to well-trodden ways. The public must choose between them. It cannot have both.

Production and employment could be kept at a constant level if the balancing were done on the side of consumption, and the public, instead of buying what it wanted, were compelled to take what was given it. Russia is conducting such an experiment on a colossal scale and it is the one country over which the shadow of unemployment has not fallen. Production has been stabilized, but by saying what food the people shall eat, what clothes they shall wear, and drawing the pattern of existence to which their lives shall conform. It is inevitable that any prescribed level of living shall be a lower level than that which would be attained by the exhilarating stimulus of individual striving.

In an industrial democracy, like the United States, production is the servant, not the master, and industrial change may be regarded as a virtue, not a vice. The rôle of business is to meet new wants, to discover new and better ways of satisfying the old, to adapt itself to the vagaries of popular desire. There is no fixed and standardized order of living to which it may adjust itself. There is no definitely prescribed task for it to do. The census reports that there are 202,000 persons employed in the shoe industry. By working 300 days in the year 81,811 workers could produce all of the shoes now made by the 202,000. But to do this it would be necessary to know a year in advance what kinds of shoes the public would demand, what styles would strike its fancy. All of the shoes needed could probably be produced by a smaller number of workers if the public were compelled to take the kind of shoes the manufacturers might choose to make. But shoes have long since ceased to be regarded merely as a protective covering for the feet.

Business might have assumed a greater degree of stability and, by the same token, a greater security of employment, if the public had been bound to continue to use brooms and farm wagons and ride in Concord coaches on the highways. But instead it gave the public carpet sweepers and automobiles and railroads, and thousands of workers were temporarily thrown out of employment and dismantled factories stood as a dismal reminder of the price of economic freedom. Undoubtedly all of the evils of the present industrial system are not to be ascribed to a laudable effort on the part of business to give the public what it wants. Unrestrained production has led to a surplus both of plants and of output in many industries. To devise a system of reasonable direction and control is one of the immediate tasks it faces. But the essence of that direction and control must be voluntary coöperation, based on exact and comprehensive exchange of knowledge and experience between the units of industry.

It is inconceivable that business, by any possible measure of coöperation, can develop the prescience which will enable it to anticipate and prepare for the multitude of changes which are arising daily to impede its progress. Neither will government be any more successful in charting in advance for industry a course that will lie wholly in placid waters. Government is much less sensitive to the signs of approaching economic storm than business itself. Finally, it is to be doubted whether the public will forgo its freedom to purchase the things it wants in order that production may be safeguarded against the fluctuations and whims of consumer demand. Whatever its faults, the economic régime under which it has lived is one under which the United States has grown great. This country is the one important industrial power that has set up no artificial barriers against the evils of unemployment, but, up to the present time, it has been less in need of them than those countries where industry has fallen under the shadow of government.

IV

Because the ultimate goal of perfect flexibility, by which business can immediately adapt itself to changing conditions, is not in sight, it does not follow that the approach to it is hopelessly blocked. Nor is the failure to attain it adequate reason for scrapping the present industrial system and setting up one that might, in practice, prove to be much worse. In prospect there are formidable difficulties — less dangerous because they cannot be immediately overcome than because they might be ignored. In retrospect there is a record of achievement, especially during the past quarter century, which marks a significant advance in the self-regulation and self-control of industry and justifies the hope that eventually a way will be found to reduce substantially the dips and rises marking the oscillations from which most economic evils flow, and to assure a sufficient measure of permanency to provide a basis for insuring employment against the disturbing effects of changes which cannot be fathomed in advance.

Not the least significant aspect of the present depression is the recognition by business management that unemployment is not alone a social problem giving rise to deplorable human distress, but a source of prodigious economic waste. The Committee on Stabilization of Industry for the Prevention of Unemployment of the State of New York said in the opening paragraph of its report: —

> From the viewpoint of business and the community, quite apart from the human suffering involved, unemployment represents waste and a bar to progress. Industrial and business leaders and government officials in this country are recognizing this fact, even as they rally their forces to meet the present need of relief.

Long before the signs of the present depression began to appear in the halting trade and industries of European countries, — preceding by a considerable period the collapse of the bull market in the United States, — business was applying itself to the task of reducing the waste that unemployment entails.

Normal fluctuation in employment, labor turnover, is equivalent to the labor of 1,500,000 to 1,750,000 workers in the manufacturing industries. The

Commissioner of Labor Statistics estimates that 2,700,000 persons, out of a total of 9,000,000 industrial workers, change their jobs during a single year. For this, business pays a direct charge in the cost of replacement and an indirect charge in the reduction of consuming capacity. Management, directing its attention to industrial relations, is constantly trying to reduce this ebb and flow by improving conditions under which employees work and live, by inducing them to identify their interest more closely with the interests of the industry in which they are employed through stock ownership and increasing participation in the direction of its activities. The human has become quite as important as the mechanical side of industry, but one lacks the spectacular and the dramatic elements of the other and is frequently overlooked.

From 375,000 to 400,000 workers are affected by seasonal fluctuations. Substantial progress in overcoming these irregularities has already been made. Every one of the sixteen industrial groups into which industry is divided in the manufacturing census is represented by one or another of more than two hundred individual plants or corporations which have undertaken stabilizing operations. Some keep the stream of production at even flow by adjusting it to the year-to-year rather than the season-to-season demand, making the necessary adjustment in accumulated stocks instead of in the rate of manufacture. Others accomplish the same purpose by the balancing of diversified production, counteracting the seasonal dip in demand for one commodity by the seasonal rise in the demand for another. Still others, such as the fruit packers, attain the necessary flexibility of production by cold storing of primary materials which can be drawn upon as needed. Others, such as dairies, reverse the process by storing butter. Builders have extended seasonal operations by planning work under shelter during the inclement months.

These efforts to counteract the effects of industrial change are confined to the relatively narrow limits of single industries, but signs of a wider measure of coöperation to the same end are appearing on the business horizon. Trade associations are turning their attention to marketing with the general aim of adjusting production more accurately to consumption and avoiding the dislocations which result from excessive production.

Efforts are being made to place reasonable limitations upon the number of sizes and varieties of manufactured commodities and to check the multiplication of styles, the most intangible and elusive of the factors that make for industrial uncertainty, springing in many cases from an overzealousness on the side of production to meet the whims and idiosyncrasies of the few rather than the demands of the many. The shoe industry — including leather manufacturers, shoe manufacturers and distributors — is making such an attempt to keep style changes within reasonable bounds.

Cities, through their chambers and associations of commerce, are abandoning old 'booster' methods of expanding their industries by the indiscriminate acquisition of plants, and are seeking only those which tend to counteract, rather than add to, the seasonal swing of unemployment. The principal industries of Rochester, New York, have evolved a plan of assuring to their workers a minimum period of employment through the year. Philadelphia, Fond du Lac, and other cities are working to similar ends.

These efforts constitute a beginning and are already fruitful of results, but their scope is limited. Many of the broader fluctuations and changes in industry lie beyond the control of individual management except in the case of the larger unit corporations, — such as telephone and telegraph, railroad, steel, public utilities, — in which widespread operations are directed by centralized administrative authority. The same end can be achieved by closer coöperation, by the development of efficient trade associations. To look to the future, it is a fair conclusion that the necessary administrative direction will be established in one way or another — by the establishment of gigantic industrial units each master of its own field, by the voluntary coöperation of smaller units, or, ultimately, by the injurious substitution for private management of rigid government control.

The *laissez faire* policy leads to the first. With every economic storm, smaller and weaker units are swept to destruction, clearing the way for merger and consolidation. The strong and the fit survive and extend their dominion; the weak pay the cost. Congress attempted to stem this tide of change by erecting a barrier of antitrust laws, but it is a serious question whether, in attempting to regulate the effects, it did not prevent the regulation of the cause; whether, in halting the stride of individual corporations toward industrial domination, it did not impede the advance of smaller corporations toward collective management of larger industrial affairs for the conduct of which the public is now demanding that they be held responsible.

If the middle course is to be followed and industry, through voluntary coöperation, is to shoulder the burden of maintaining the uncertain economic balance and keep employment and productive enterprise more nearly on an even keel, the next practical step will be to enable industries to broaden the sphere of collective management in order to counteract the disturbing effects of economic change. Planning by individual industrial establishments to anticipate and prepare for seasonal changes, fluctuations in consumer demand, and technological development, might be broadened to planning by whole industries. Nor is there any economic reason why the process should stop there. As the individual manufacturer achieves stability of operation by making complementary commodities, the seasonal fluctuations of which counterbalance one another, complementary industries might mutually strengthen and support one another. Moves in this direction have already been made. More than sixty industries dealing with one or another phase of construction are attempting to meet on common ground to promote the stability of their operations.

V

At most it is not to be expected, nor is it to be desired, that business shall so manage its affairs that it will reach a state of perfect quiescence and serenity unruffled by change. Many of the disturbing influences lie beyond its control. Political upheavals which upset world markets, tariffs which impede the normal flow of trade currents, shifts in consumption due to changing custom, cannot be anticipated. The shadow of uncertainty cannot be altogether dispelled.

But, although the level of the industrial stream rises and falls, from year to year its flow continues. Business at the present time rides in triumph when it is at flood and stagnates when its currents grow sluggish. But the mean flow determines the rate of progress, and to this mean flow it is beginning to adjust itself. Business has gone further in this direction in the past quarter century than in all the years since the Industrial Revolution swelled the trickling rivulets of commodity production to turgid torrents. It is beginning to limit its operations not by its capacity to make but by its capacity to sell, and the alternate dips and crests due to production outrunning consumption are slowly being smoothed out.

Business management, in the case of individual establishments, has been able to gauge and adjust itself to the mean level of consumer demand and reduce the margin of variation to such an extent that it is assured of a reasonable measure of continuity of operation, and can, by the same token, assure a reasonable measure of continuity of employment throughout the year. The necessary balance, to compensate for unforeseen changes, is attained by the device of insurance. By putting by a reserve from earnings when the tide is at its crest, to be drawn upon when the flow subsides, the necessary adjustments to compensate for changes which cannot be calculated in advance may be made.

Certain of the industries which meet needs that are continuous throughout the year and are not, for that reason, as subject as others to the fluctuations of a volatile or transitory demand, — such as the trades affected by style changes, — might, and probably will, follow the example of individual concerns. Whatever the rapids and narrows and the broad reaches where its currents lag, the stream of production flows on until it eventually meets the sea of consumption. In good times or bad, whether demand soars on the wings of speculative elation or plods slowly under the burden of fear, certain basic wants must be met. Nor are these the elemental wants which might have been recognized as essential a century or less ago. In the United States, at least, there is a level below which the standard of living will not be brought by anything short of a cataclysm. The identification of these wants and the means to supply them, a better knowledge of the permanent as distinguished from the transitory elements of our economic life, of the continuous rather than the impulsive changes, will provide a sufficient measure of certainty to enable business to go forward confidently and to adjust the employment necessary to the performance of this task in such a way that the worker will have the assurance of a stable income.

Whatever the causes, the effects of cyclical unemployment are obvious. It might begin in the collapse of fictitious values created by an outburst of speculation, in the accumulation of undigested surpluses of commodities, in the scarcity of working capital or the freezing of credit — in the piling up of obstacles which block the path of business. But it ends in fear and the loss of economic morale. Capital becomes apprehensive and investment lags. The worker begins to hoard his resources against the approaching rainy day. The buyer begins to curtail his purchases. Consumption hesitates, demand begins to shrink, production declines, and the shadow of unemployment deepens. Frantic attempts to prepare for the disaster often hasten its coming and prolong its stay.

If the fear of the evils that arise in the wake of depression of this magnitude can be allayed, many of them will probably not appear at all. If the worker were assured of a reasonable measure of employment, he would not husband his resources to meet the distress of unemployment, consumption would remain at a more nearly normal level, production would not halt.

The blighting effects of cyclical depression are not due solely to the inability of the unemployed to spend, but also to the disinclination of the employed to buy. In the United States at the beginning of this year there were, according to the Department of Commerce, 6,000,000 unemployed, but the employed numbered probably 39,000,000 or 40,000,000. The saving of the many, rather than the deprivation of the few, had most to do with the hesitancy that was felt throughout the business structure. If the employed or a substantial number of the employed were assured that their work would continue, much of the apprehension would disappear, the business pace would quicken, and the margin of unemployment would probably be substantially reduced.

The social approach to the problem presented by the cyclical depression is to alleviate the distress of the unemployed, an obligation that must be recognized if society is to endure. The business approach is to safeguard the security of the employed as well as to provide work for those who are idle through no fault of their own; to control, as far as may be consistent with the traditional ideal of unregulated consumption, the dislocations and changes which retard the orderly advance of industry, and to develop its flexibility and resiliency so that it may adapt itself to new conditions which are the inevitable accompaniment of growth.

Difficult as the attainment of this ideal may be, it is not altogether visionary. Business has already laid a practical basis for further attempts along this line. If the methods already pursued by individual concerns can be followed by industries and groups of industries, many of the hazards of employment will be avoided and industry will march with surer pace.

For nearly two centuries industry has been building the gigantic productive machine which has lifted from millions of human beings the threat of starvation and want and has set new limits of sustenance for the increasing populations of the world. Beginning by harnessing water, it brought steam under control and is now developing electricity and releasing the forces locked in the chemical balance of the constituents of matter. It has applied this power literally to the moving of mountains as well as to the stitching of gloves and the wrapping of a stick of chewing gum.

It is conceivable that this resourcefulness has developed so rapidly that it has not been applied skillfully to the uses to which it may be put. It is inconceivable that it shall be arbitrarily halted because the most has not been made of it. Already business is occupied with the task of bringing this power under better direction and control. Having built the machine, industry is devising ways of using it to greater advantage. It is turning its attention from the development of production to development of distribution, to making the machine subservient, not hostile, to human needs. Perhaps industry is entering upon its second phase of revolutionary development, which is the logical sequence of the first industrial revolution which marked the rise of the present economic system.

Of necessity this second phase must, for a time, be a record of experiment and trial. The habits and customs which characterize the world of business cannot be brought into conformity with a social ideal overnight. But neither can they be recast in a new mould by arbitrary decree. It does not lie with government any more than with any of its citizens to flout economic law, and only injury and misdirection and delay would result from political interference with the working out of these natural forces.

PHARAOH DREAMS AGAIN

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

> **AND, behold, there came up out of the river seven well favored kine and fatfleshed [Coolidge prosperity]. . . . And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill favored and leanfleshed [Hoover adversity]. . . . And the ill favored and leanfleshed kine did eat up the seven well favored and fat kine.**

I

THE depression of 1930 has been described by Sir Charles Addis, Vice Governor of the Bank for International Settlements, as the worst in one hundred years. Perhaps this is an exaggeration as far as the United States is concerned, but the depression will at least go down as among the most severe in our history. Nevertheless, the dividend disbursements of American corporations during 1930 set a new high record. According to the *Monthly Survey of Business*, they were $355,000,000 above 1929, which in turn was $1,150,000,000 above 1928. This represents an increase of 65 per cent in two years. How did the wage earners fare? The wage payments of manufacturing corporations in 1930, according to the estimates of the Federal Reserve Board, were $2,146,000,000 below 1929 — a drop of about 19 per cent. This brought them below any year since 1922, although the dividend payments of the manufacturing companies in 1930 were more than *double* those of 1923. The wage bill of the railroads in 1930 was 17 per cent below 1929, and in the building trades the drop was even greater. Only in the public-utility industry did wage payments hold about even with 1929. Is it anything short of a national scandal for business enterprises, in a year when they throw several millions of men on the streets and reduce pay rolls by several billions, to advance dividend disbursements to a record-breaking high?

The story of previous depressions is essentially the same. In the severe depression of 1921, for example, dividend payments, according to the estimates of the National Bureau of Economic Research, were only 5 per cent below the boom year of 1920, but wage disbursements were more than 20 per cent below. The dividend payments of American industry have shown almost unbroken growth; wage payments have fluctuated violently. Inevitably the question arises: 'Is it not possible to give the wage-disbursement curve the same stability that is now possessed by the dividend-disbursement curve? Cannot the deep troughs in the wage curve be eliminated just as they have been largely eliminated from the dividend curve?'

II

Why were business enterprises able to pay record-breaking dividends in a year of pronounced depression? Profits in 1930 were approximately 40 per cent below 1929, and yet dividend disbursements increased. In 1921, the total profits of business corporations, according to the estimates of the National Bureau of Economic Research, were about $458,000,000, but dividend disbursements were $2,958,000,000 — nearly seven times profits. In the case of corporations engaged in manufacturing, there was a net loss in 1921 of about $101,000,000, and yet dividends of $1,549,000,000 were disbursed — only 8 per cent below the boom year of 1920. Obviously business enterprises are able to maintain dividends during periods of depression only because they build up reserves for the purpose during periods of prosperity. This is now accepted as merely conservative business practice. The best estimates indicate that, during the period 1909 to 1926, corporations in the United States saved, on the average, 40 per cent of their profits.

If industry can stabilize the dividend curve by building up reserves, why can it not stabilize the wage-disbursement curve by the same method? Cannot the principle of building up reserves in prosperity to maintain incomes during depression be applied to labor as well as to capital?

It must be confessed that it is more difficult to reduce the fluctuations in wage disbursements than to reduce the fluctuations in dividend disbursements, for the simple reason that the wage bill of industry is several times as large as dividend payments. In manufacturing, for example, the wage bill is about five times dividend disbursements. Nevertheless a beginning in applying the reserve principle to the stabilization of labor incomes has already been made by about two dozen concerns, among them the Dennison Manufacturing Company, the Leeds and Northrup Company, the General Electric Company, and, most recently, fourteen firms in Rochester, headed by the Eastman Kodak Company. The General Electric plan, for example, applies only to employees who have been in continuous service for one year or more. The reserves are created by payments equal to 2 per cent of the employee's weekly or monthly earnings. Half of the payment is contributed by the company and half by the employee. In addition, the plan provides for a doubling of the contributions whenever the disbursements from the reserves exceed the contributions. Employees who are temporarily unemployed receive, after a waiting period of two weeks, a benefit of 50 per cent of their full-time earnings, except that the benefit shall not exceed twenty dollars a week. The benefits are limited to ten weeks within a twelve-month period. Provision is also made for the payment of benefits to workers who, because of part-time work, are receiving less than half of their regular earnings.

III

If business enterprises were jointly controlled by wage earners and stockholders and if managers were directly responsible to both, the creation of reserves could be left to the discretion of each individual concern. Under the existing organization of industry, however, the managements, being selected solely by the stockholders and being responsible solely to them, do not have the interest in stabilizing the incomes of wage earners that they have in stabilizing dividends. Consequently the establishment of unemployment reserves is not likely to go beyond a few hundred of the more progressive and more prosperous enterprises unless it is made compulsory by law. The hope of stabilizing labor income by the creation of reserves seems to depend, therefore, upon making the establishment of such reserves a legal obligation.

But the unemployed want work, not relief. Instead of giving them an unemployment wage, why not give them jobs? No doubt this is desirable as far as it can be done. But how far can it be done? It would be folly for most business enterprises, in the face of a weak market, to provide more work by building up large inventories of unsold goods. That would unsettle prices and make the depression go from bad to worse. The counties, cities, states, and Federal Government can give some employment by properly timing their public works. But it is impossible for the government on short notice to start construction projects that would absorb three million, four million, or five million men. Even the indirect repercussions of government projects would not absorb such large numbers. Furthermore, the proposal to provide for displaced wage earners solely by government work ignores the nature of our industrial system. Our unparalleled productivity is based upon minute specialization and subdivision of labor. It is not feasible suddenly to convert unemployed musicians, boot and shoe workers, photo-engravers, printers, garment workers, clerks, stenographers, and a vast variety of factory workers (many of them women) into construction workers. Employment on public works is excellent so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

But why impose upon employers the obligation of stabilizing labor incomes? Why should not each workman provide for himself by saving? The answer is that the loss caused by unemployment falls so heavily upon those who are dismissed that savings are not an adequate protection. It is just as foolish to rely upon savings to protect against unemployment as it would be to rely upon savings, instead of fire insurance, to meet the losses caused by fire. But if unemployment is the kind of risk that should be met by insurance, why should not individual workmen buy their own unemployment insurance, just as they now buy their own fire insurance? For the simple reason that a workman could not purchase unemployment insurance if he tried. It is not on sale. Indeed, it is difficult to see how unemployment insurance could be sold except on a group basis, because otherwise the insurance companies would, in the main, obtain the poor risks, and the cost of the policies would be prohibitive.

If enterprises were obliged to pay an unemployment wage when they laid off men, would they not refuse to hire temporary workers and would this not handicap some men in obtaining employment? The answer depends largely upon how long a man must work for an enterprise in order to qualify for an unemployment wage. If the period were six months or a year, the hiring of temporary workers would be little affected. Nevertheless (as will be explained presently) the establishment of an unemployment wage would give business managers an incentive to flatten the waves in the employment curve. To this extent a few men in the twilight zone between employable and unemployable, who are now able to obtain work only during peak periods, would have difficulty in finding even intermittent employment. In other words, the arrangement would sharpen the distinction between the 'employables' and the 'unemployables' which is now blurred by the very violence of the fluctuations in the demand for labor. *The same result would follow, be it noted, from all progress in controlling the business cycle.* On the other hand, flattening the employment curve would protect many men, particularly older men, who are now thrown into the streets when employment shrinks and who, for various reasons, have great trouble in again obtaining steady work.

But would it not demoralize the unemployed to pay them an unemployment wage, would it not undermine their self-respect and self-reliance and make them prefer idleness to work? This objection is so frequently made that it should be examined with care. Let us admit without delay that a certain amount of demoralization must inevitably go with unemployment. There is no use in blinking that fact. Everyone who has the slightest appreciation of what unemployed men must undergo knows that in a high proportion of cases unemployment produces demoralization in the extreme. But the unemployed must be supported. The problem is, how can this be done with the least demoralization? When the several alternatives are examined, the conclusion becomes plain, I believe, that an unemployment wage would decrease rather than increase the demoralization inevitable with unemployment.

How are the unemployed supported now? First, they exhaust their savings. This in itself is demoralizing. For what better way is there to destroy the will to save than to compel men to use up in the space of a few months the money they have been putting away over a period of years for the purchase of a house, for provision against old age, or for the education of their children? And why should a man be compelled to sacrifice the hope of owning a home or of educating his children because of the accident that *he*, rather than some other member of the force, was selected for dismissal? An unemployment wage would reduce demoralization because it would protect savings and would prevent unemployment from shattering cherished hopes and ambitions that depend upon savings.

After his savings are gone, the unemployed man may borrow on his insurance, if he has any. This does not help for long. Next he may pawn a few valuables. But eventually, if he fails to find work, he must resort to begging in various forms — he entreats his relatives for a loan, he pleads with the grocer for more credit, he implores the landlord to wait a little longer for the rent. As a last step, when the children are crying for food, when the gas and electricity are about to be cut off, when the landlord is threatening eviction, the idle man nerves himself to apply for public or private relief. Again we are confronted with the question of alternatives. Which is more demoralizing, to compel the unemployed to engage in these various forms of begging or to give them, as a matter of right and without their asking, an unemployment wage sufficient to cover bare necessities?

One reason why unemployment weakens morale is because the idle man feels that he is an industrial outcast. He feels that he is no longer a part of industry, that industry does not need him and has no place for him. An unemployment wage would help preserve his morale because it would help him to feel that he still is connected with industry and has a claim upon it which industry itself recognizes. Nor would the effect of an unemployment wage be confined to the unemployed. On the contrary, the wage would reduce demoralization *throughout the community*. No one will deny that during the last year America has been a fear-ridden community. The employed have not dared spend what they have lest they be walking the streets next month. Business men have not dared make commitments for fear the market would not be there. The basis for this paralyzing fear has been the insecurity which characterizes the incomes of the great masses of the population. In the degree that we introduce security into those incomes, we raise the morale of the entire community and dissipate the fear which is itself a potent cause of unemployment.

IV

But the principal reason for insisting that industry establish unemployment reserves and pay an unemployment wage is not that such a wage would be less demoralizing than the present methods of relief or that it would avoid the cruel delay and the unfair penalization of thrift which are inherent in these methods. The principal reason for insisting that industry establish unemployment reserves is that the expense of maintaining idle laborers is one of the costs of production — just as is the cost of maintaining idle machines. Industry requires a reserve of labor because it needs more men at some times than at others. If any agency, public or private, undertakes to bear the cost of maintaining this labor reserve for industry, it invites industry to pursue policies which produce unemployment. *It is in effect subsidizing the creation of unemployment.* This is precisely what we are doing. We say to industry, 'Here is a cost that we will pay for you. Don't worry how much it is. Lay off men whenever you desire. The cost of maintaining them will not fall upon you. We will assume it for you.'

Is this not inordinate folly? When we thus invite and encourage industry to lay off men, is it surprising that we have an unemployment problem? Suppose that the community were to offer to bear some other cost for industry — the cost of fuel, for example. Suppose we said to business men, 'Don't worry about your fuel bill. It will not fall upon you. The community, through public and private charitable agencies, will pay for your coal.' If the proposal were put into effect, would not the fuel bill of industry soar? Surely no sensible man would suggest that the community assume the cost of industry's fuel bill. And yet we do relieve industry of the cost of maintaining its labor reserve. Naturally we shall continue to have an unemployment problem as long as we subsidize unemployment. Under present circumstances, why should any manager concern himself, in substantial degree, with how much unemployment his policies produce? The costs are not assessed against his enterprise. How can he justify to his board of directors the inclusion in his budget of a substantial expenditure for stabilizing work, as long as the community bears the cost of instability?

The first and most important step in solving the problem of unemployment is to withdraw our subsidy and say to industry, 'Pursue any policies that you see fit to follow; produce as much unemployment as you desire. But henceforth the community will not relieve you of the cost of maintaining your labor reserve. From now on, a legal obligation to pay an unemployment wage will fall upon you.' Only then will the best minds of industry apply themselves to the problems of stabilizing employment with the same intensity and insistence that they now display in striving to produce more automobiles and more yards of cloth. Modern business is marvelously efficient in supplying us with every good which can be sold for a profit. It is far less efficient in supplying us with certain other goods, such as security of employment, because there has been little profit in providing them. When we require industry to bear the costs of insecurity instead of letting them fall upon the unemployed themselves, upon their relatives, and upon innumerable grocers, butchers, landlords, and public and private charitable agencies, then industry will become as efficient in finding how to keep men at work as it now is in discovering how to displace them.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Mountains of the moon

A formation of fighting planes, all of the same type and model, cannot be counted on to manœuvre together at the rated speed and ceiling of one alone. Motors and pilots, machinery and mind — both have their daily indispositions and elations. The collective best is never as good as the individual best. But the collective best can be tested, averaged, and gauged almost as definitely as the powers of a single plane; and it was for such a test that our flight of three two-seaters taxied out on the field to find the greatest height at which all were still handy and supple to the controls.

We do not want to fly this February afternoon in this weather, but time is short and each day must show its data sheet. The cold rain of the morning that soaked down the snow banks on each side of the hangar doors has drawn itself up and congealed to a granite-gray cloud ceiling at three thousand feet. As we take off and the land falls away, wet streets of the town below and gray reaches of river throw up weak gleams of light, and across the bay the wharves, buildings, and shipping of the farther shore loom sootily out of the murk. Westward, inland toward the hills, snow clouds are banking up, lead-blue. We climb noisily, aimlessly, in wide circles, looking for a hole in the hard gray sky.

Now, on the edge of the ominous western bank, about halfway up the horizon, the sky is pulled apart. A wisp of color shows — apple-green, tinged with gold. And as we race for it, full throttle, another curtain lifts and the opening turns to blue, like bright sea showing in the far mouth of a cave. The gray cloud roof, steepening its curve down to the horizon, has become also a wall, and as we close with it we sense thickness, and our rift becomes a tunnel to the blue. But the tunnel we enter has no palpable sides; only echelons of weaving, foggy curtains, one behind the other like side drops on a stage, each opening, as we pass, a flanking, indefinite vista of blank fog.

Suddenly one of these swaying curtains drifts in front of our plane, veiling our leader from us. At the same moment Number 3 on our left is lost and the cold stream of cloud breath flows over our faces. The duplicate stick in front of me jerks back toward the padded mass that represents my right knee. We climb and bank steeply outward. No thought of keeping formation now; the whole idea is to get as far as possible from the others in our blindness, for one barely perceptible scrape of wings at flying speed will send two planes fluttering and dropping dead, to the bottom of the air. Once we have forsaken the ground it is hard to realize that we normally inhabit Davy Jones's new locker.

The compass still spins, the altimeter is rising, my shoulders press hard against their wooden rest, and the roar of the propeller continues. I have no other means of knowing what we do or that we move at all. Always the wet, cold hands of the blind fog pass over my face. Of course the pilot has his turn-and-bank indicator. But this parting from all criterions is also to die a little. . . .

As when a diver rises toward the surface of the sea the water turns translucent, so now the gray fog turns white with opalescent warmths of light until, with a new, shrill cry in the motor, shredding the last wisps of cloud, our plane leaps up into the sun.

No earthly sun is so golden, so dazzling, as this brightness which at first confuses one sense with another; for even when we cover our eyes, long swords of light vibrate and ring across the sky. The fog, the damp, all that has affinity to water evaporates in the thin, cold drafts of the high air. Arid, clear-thinking, and elated, we gradually unshade our eyes and look down for our companion planes.

We have broken through the crust of a hollow planet. Though our altimeter reads eleven thousand, we are still flying but three thousand above an arctic world without a sea; an infinite, snowy plain, broken by mountains and rimmed by mountains. And yet, unlike our own world, it does not contract as we rise higher, and its horizon remains in place although the gold of its sun and the blue of its sky are paling to silver.

Except for one aspect only, this new land would be like an earthly Antarctica; pure, cloudless sky and shining, markless snow, rising and falling from plain to mountain and down to plain again. But it is that one difference which divides the known from the fabulous. The slopes we know rise from the land concavely, like tents, but these cloud hills, convex and rounded like swelling sails, convey bleak thoughts of mountains on the moon. . . .

My pilot turns and points. On the far fields of snow two black dots are slowly moving. I almost look for their trail in the drifts. They turn, grow, and take color, rising fast with a forty-mile wind on their tail. We fly toward them, laboring into the teeth of it.

They scud by above us, soundless in the roar of our own motor, as birds drive by, half turned on the wind. The horizon drops with a rush, the snow comes up; then snow and sky and horizon spin, slow down, steady — and we are flying in our place again as the right rear point of the V formation. For, as the other two passed, my pilot nosed up and over on our back, reversing our course to theirs, and then rolled over into normal flight.

The altimeter reads fifteen thousand; the controls are slow. Our leader motions us into closer formation, and we circle about, ready to go down, searching for some bottomless abyss in those hollow mountains of the sky. Suddenly a dark rift appears, small as a window and almost below. Our tails kick up and all three planes drop hawklike in a dive. No time to lose. And I strain back, pushing against the forward edge of my cockpit, trusting our window will not close this time: three ships in close formation, blind in a power dive.

But the dark gap widens, and through it, against a coarse mat of slanting rain, as in a cheap newsprint half-tone, I see a grimy vignette of sooty water, ships at a wharf, and gray concrete buildings. The whole drab, familiar scene widens like a movie 'fade-out' reversed. We are through. Our nose comes up. My weight is in the seat again. The slip stream tears at us no longer. And above, the gray stone has rolled back over the blue gate under the mountain.

We lumber along toward the airdrome. You know, when diving into the sea out of the blue and gold sunshine and pausing to stand on the sea bottom, how green and gloomy the light becomes? This murky light is like that, except that it is gray. And the infinite detail of land and water and ships and roads and houses is complicated, needless, tiring — and so dingy.

I think we understand Heaven to be above the sky, because, up there, all things are simple and clear.

COATS OF ARMS AND THAT SORT OF THING

I DO not object to letter crests. Now that we are beginning to 'step out' socially, perhaps we should have one. Nor do I object seriously to employing for this purpose an ancient coat of arms, my wife's suggestion. The main difficulty, in our case, lies in selecting the right one.

Let me give Elizabeth's choice first. (Elizabeth is our eldest. It is she who does most of the stepping.) 'Armor argent, on a cross azure five fleurs-de-lis, gold, in the dexter quarter a Lion rampant, red. Crest, a castle, red, on the tower a Lion's head erased, in the mouth a round buckle, its Mottoe, *Esse Quod Opto*.'

I would not seem critical, yet this coat of arms strikes me as being perhaps unhappy in its abundance. The fleur-de-lis is unobjectionable, though I prefer the rose. But why five, suggesting that one of our ancestors may have been a florist who urged the world to say it with flowers? Lilies and lions alliterate neatly, but do they not make what Burke calls an incongruous mixture? And why two lions? Evidently the designer at the last moment realized that he had overdone the lion business; otherwise why did he erase one? What does an erased lion look like, anyway? Or perhaps it occurred to the designer that so many performing beasts might suggest, to those who, like me, do not readily interpret heraldic insignia, that some remote grandmother in her younger days was of sawdust connection — a lion tamer, for instance, or she may have thrilled multitudes by swinging, head down, from a trapeze far up in billowy, acetylene-lighted canvas heavens. As to the 'Mottoe,' one may applaud its spirit yet be unable to escape the feeling that to employ Latin is a bit 'high hat.' Some younger son may have succeeded in passing the mediæval equivalent of College Board examinations and acquired command of freshman-year Latin before being plucked, but why flaunt the achievement? I pass over the 'armor' without comment; a certain amount of hardware was, presumably, customary in heraldic device. Nor have I aught to say about the color scheme. I have never happened to see a red lion, but such there may be.

My main objection to this coat of arms, however, is that it may not belong to our branch. It is authentic, properly recorded and all that; yet I have a suspicion that it belongs rather to some distantly related cousin who migrated not to New England but to aristocratic Virginia. Our Matthias was a humbler sort of adventurer, of the modest 'origin obscure' type. He left England quietly, — not in the *Mayflower*, but in a boat which probably could outsail her, — and settled unostentatiously in Connecticut. He it was who, with four others, purchased five hundred acres in South End Neck (later known as East Haven) at a penny an acre. The price was a little steep, but Matthias was not one to haggle. My acquaintance with his posterity leads me to think that he did not pay cash down; probably he gave a long-term note.

If through Matthias we are entitled to any coat of arms, it is this one, which is also properly recorded: 'Armor gules, a chevron silver, between three Alligators. Crest an Alligator.' This is the choice of the younger members of the family, especially Alice, who is studying general science with fervor.

She is specializing at present in mud turtles. I too prefer it. How modestly simple: a mere spray of alligators — nothing but, or little but. The hardware feature was probably unavoidable, and the chevron a concession to the prevailing mode. John calls attention to 'gules.' 'What are they, Pop?' he asks. I appease his curiosity with a brief philological dissertation in my best manner, with a playful reference to 'gullet.'

Yes, indeed, how simple! And, let me add, how aristocratic! No lions clawing the air in silly rage. Really, in all the heraldic menagerie no beast is quite so common, and therefore commonplace, as the lion. Alligators are rare, and of greater antiquity, their family line antedating the Pliocene Age. A wonderful creature, too, is the alligator, possessing above all other animals the secret of waterproofing. An alligator has never been known to spring a leak. Much more might I add in praise of the alligator, but doubtless all is familiar to those even slightly acquainted with the Who's Who of animal aristocracy. I can but summarize by saying that the *A. mississippiensis* and its cousins are noble lizards.

Elizabeth, however, will not listen to any alligator proposition, and my wife Janet protests that she abhors all creeping things. Creeping things! It is against alligator nature to ramp, — let that be conceded, — but the alligator walks, and as for swimming, it could easily overtake an Olympic. I see plainly, nevertheless, that this coat of arms is out of the running.

Personally, I should prefer not to employ either of these coats of arms. Our English ancestors did well for their day and stage of development, but give me something more modern. Give me something conceived in the New World. If borrow we must, let it be from New England ancestors — from Nehemiah, son of Matthias the second, son of Matthias the first, for example, in whom one detects a softening of the sterner traits of the family, a certain rudimentary refinement groping toward artistic expression. Of course I have in mind Nehemiah's duly recorded 'earmark.' This I would take, unglorified by gules and what not, and make of it a family seal or crest.

Study it for a moment and note its merits: 'A swallow fork on ye near ear and a slit on ye end of ye off ear and a halfpenny ye foreside of ye same ear.' Happy blend of poetry (swallow fork), suggestion of seemly thrift that is not grasping (halfpenny), and simplicity itself (slit). How satisfying, too, is the unmistakability of this bovine coat of arms! It did not take long to pick out Nehemiah's heifers from the herd pastured on the commons. But the swallow fork appeals to me above all else, as something poetic, something — a mere dash, not too much — to make of the commonplace a thing of beauty.

I am sure any moderately skilled artist could take this ancient earmark and fashion from it a crest unique and lovely, though he should be cautioned to make the ears, both 'oft' and 'near,' unmistakably bovine. But not even Alice, who is fond of cows, will listen to this proposal. So there we are, and there we are likely to be, using plain note paper without a crest, merely because we cannot come to an agreement. I pass the earmark suggestion along to others, however, for I think it a good one. Of course if the rage for fostering individuality continues much longer, the only letter crest anyone will use will be a rogues' gallery finger print.

FINCH'S FORTUNE[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XX

ALAYNE watched Renny go and then sat down on a chair by the window, feeling suddenly weak. Her own voice echoed in her mind, repeating, 'You talk like a fool!' She had actually said those words to Renny. . . . And what was it he had said? That, too, was echoed in her mind. . . . She was not filled with remorse for her words or cut to the heart by his. She just sat motionless, stunned by the sudden rift between them. It was as though a crack in the earth had suddenly separated them. . . . Could that be bridged? Could she leap back, across the chasm of her words, and stand once more close beside him? 'The worst-tempered woman he had ever known.' And he had seen his grandmother in her passions! Had seen her draw blood from the boys with her stick! He had felt the sting of her tongue himself. Ah, but she was his grandmother! To be his wife was different. His wife must be meek. Well, if not meek, she must still not raise her hand against his dog.

Renny slammed the side door behind him, Ben still at his heels. He was glad to get out of the house, but no more glad than he had been a score of times after a family row, when perhaps old Adeline had followed him to the very door, raining recriminations on him. Certainly this tantrum of Alayne's had been rather a shock. He had thought she had one of the sweetest dispositions possible. And to have beat up old Benny like this, and then to have called *him* a fool! He gave a kind of hysterical grin as he thought of it. Whatever had got into the girl? Perhaps it was a child? Women got into strange states at those times, he knew. Had tantrums or wanted to eat raw carrots or common starch — anything to be unnatural. Well, he hoped to the Lord it was a child. Meggie and Pheasant had both had them in the year, and now he'd been married a year and never a whisper of one. He'd like a boy resembling himself, except for the red hair. He could do very well without that. If it were a girl he should like it to look like Alayne — only, on the whole, it would be better if it inherited Meggie's disposition.

He was only a few strides from the door when he was intercepted by Rags. In the bright sunlight the little cockney's coat looked very rusty and his scalp showed through his graying hair. He looked up at Renny with a mournful expression, twitching his nose and upper lip before he spoke as was his way when his feelings were hurt.

'Well, what is it?' Renny demanded impatiently.

'I've come to give notice, sir. I think that me and me missus had oughter go since we're not giving satisfaction to Mrs. W'iteoak, sir.'

Renny stared at him, thunderstruck. 'Mrs. Whiteoak has n't said anything to me about your not giving satisfaction. What is the trouble?'

'Well, sir, you saw 'ow it was about the marmalade at breakfast. I was that unnerved that I nearly jumped out o' me shoes when the bell rang, and I let drop the jar and smashed it. Not but w'at it was cracked already and our second-best one. Then, after breakfast, she came to the kitchen and poured out the vitals of her wrath on Mrs. Wragge. There was n't a pot nor a crock nor a drawer she did n't look into, and nothink was right. She even examined of the oven cloths and said they was tea cloths and had no business there. She was after Bessie for the way she plucked the fowls. Bessie's young and she can tike criticism calm, but Mrs. Wragge ain't herself this morning along o' her innards. She 'ad a fry o' some pork leavin's last night before she went to bed and at three this morning we both thought 'er hour 'ad come. So she don't feel able to swallow Mrs. W'iteoak's unreasonableness, sir, and my nerves won't stand it neither, so I think we'd better be goin'.'

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[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

'The hell you will!' said Renny. 'Get along back to your work. I never heard of such nonsense. You have a very good place here, and if your wife can't stand a little scolding she ought to be ashamed of herself. Give her a dose of salts and don't encourage her in her tempers.' He strode on, but Rags followed. 'We appreciate the plice we 'ave 'ere. I 'ave it in me to be an old family retainer, but w'at's the use if we can never do nothink to please the mistress?'

Renny stopped. 'Rags,' he said, giving him a look of almost tender familiarity, 'you and I were through a good deal together. I don't want to part with you and I don't believe you want to leave me. You know quite well how to pacify your wife. Probably what happened this morning may never happen again. I've overlooked things in you and you must show your good sense by putting up with a little criticism. Remind your wife of the dozens of times I've praised her sauces and her tarts.'

Rags's gray little face was quite broken up by emotion. 'Do you mind the time, sir, when we'd moved up in front of Wipers and we arrived in a God-forsaken plice just at dark, and inside of a hour I'd cooked you up a four-course dinner out o' some bits o' things I'd brung along in tins?'

'Do I! I'll never forget that dinner!'

They stood together talking of old times. Rags returned to the kitchen and told his wife that the master was all on their side and advised them not to 'take the missus too serious.'

'I could have borne with 'er faultfinding,' declared Mrs. Wragge, 'if she 'ad n't started in about the glazing on the platters. W'y, that was all cracked afore she ever set 'er foot inside this 'ouse.'

'My! she has a funny way of talking,' observed Bessie. 'When she began about the fowl's *plumage* I nearly burst out laughing.'

'Silly!' said Mrs. Wragge. 'That's the American for *fevvers*.'

Renny and the sheep dog went on toward the stable, but now he was genuinely angry at Alayne. It was all very well to be disagreeable to him — good God, she had told him that he talked like a fool. She had beaten poor old Ben for almost nothing, and now he found that she had all but lost him the Wragges. He remembered how she had drawn away from him when he had wanted to kiss her after breakfast. He sighed in puzzlement.

Usually he visited each of his horses in turn on his arrival at the stables in the morning, but this morning he felt out of sorts. He went straight to his little office and sat down before his yellow oak desk. Things were not going well with him this year. He had lost money at the races. A horse he had backed rather heavily, feeling certain of its quality, for it had been bred in his own stables and later sold to a friend, had fallen, thrown the jockey, and galloped riderless to the finish. A horse of his own, trained by himself as a steeplechaser, ridden by one of his own men, had given a far from brilliant performance. He had hoped to sell it for a large sum. That hope was gone, unless the horse retrieved its reputation in another race. He had sold two of his best horses to a prosperous broker, but for some reason the payment for them was not forthcoming. Renny did not want to sue for the money, but he needed it badly. Added to these misfortunes, a gale in the autumn before had taken the roof from one of the stables and blown down a portion of the wall. Luckily the horses had not been injured, but the carpenter and the mason were becoming anxious for their money. They must be paid somehow.

In the early spring he had had a letter from Eden asking for a loan. Eden was in France, where he had been working all winter, and he wanted to go to England. His health was none too good. He badly needed a change — they had had a dreadful winter of cold and rain on the Riviera. Minny was with him, of course. He could n't imagine what he should have done without her. Might he have a thousand dollars? And Minny had joined him in sending love.

When Renny had come to that part of the letter he had cocked an eyebrow. There was something about the whole tone of the letter that he had not quite liked. It was an almost impudent tone, as though Eden had said, 'Well, I cleared out with Minny and made things easy for you and Alayne. A thousand dollars is n't much to ask!' Eden had called it a loan, but Renny knew that he would never pay it back, and Eden knew that he knew. The money had been sent. One could scarcely refuse it to a brother who had almost died of lung trouble. Renny had never mentioned the affair to the family.

He picked up a paper that lay on his desk. It was an account from Piers of the hay, straw, oats, and chop with which he had supplied Renny during the winter. Renny had been expecting this account for some time and he had known that Piers put off the rendering of it because of the shortage of money.

The farm lands of Jalna were rented to Piers at a moderate rental. Renny bought from him the supplies he needed for the stables at the regular market price. Piers also supplied the house with fruit and vegetables at a low price, as they did not need to be packed or shipped. This arrangement had worked out excellently, each brother giving the other a little time when necessary. Their love of Jalna, their love of horses, and their pride in their family were a strong bond between them. In the last two years Piers had been ready with his rent each quarter, on the day of its falling due. Renny, on the contrary, had been obliged to ask Piers for more time on several occasions. He felt chagrin at this. He wondered if he might put off the mason, the carpenter, or some other creditor, and pay Piers at once. He ran his eye over the items of the account. Certainly the nags had got away with a lot of feed. But they were worth it!

He opened a drawer and took out the accounts that had come in at the beginning of the month. He had not paid the vet anything since the New Year. The vet's bill was mounting to a large figure, and he must be paid something. Urgent notes were attached to the accounts of the mason and the carpenter begging for an immediate settlement. Then there was the notice from the bank telling of a note that had fallen due. Renny had not been able to resist that lovely mare in Montreal, though he really had not needed her. . . . He lighted a cigarette and stared rather blankly at the papers on the desk. A jubilant neigh came from the stallion's loose box.

He looked out of the window as a car drew up outside and saw Piers alight from it. Since he had got the new car Piers seemed always to have some business that took him on the road. Renny went out and joined him.

'I'm sorry,' he said, rather stiffly, 'but you'll have to wait a bit for the money for that fodder account. Money is awfully tight with me just now, and the mason and carpenter are pressing. Other things, too.'

Piers's face fell. He had done the decent thing, he thought, in delaying the rendering of his account. 'Could you pay me half?' he asked. 'I need the money.'

'No,' returned Renny irritably, 'you'll have to wait till next month.'

They had walked past the barn to the new piggery for which Finch was paying. The work was proceeding well. It was an up-to-date, solid-looking building. Piers had it in his mind to breed pigs on a large scale.

'That thing is going to cost a lot of money,' observed Renny, eyeing it disapprovingly.

'More than young Finch expected, I'm afraid,' answered Piers, grinning.

'He shingled the barn for you, too, did n't he?'

'Yes. It needed it badly.'

'It appears to me that if you go on as you are doing you'll get more out of Gran's money than anyone else.'

Piers's lips hardened. If his elder was going to throw Finch's present to him in his face, he could be disagreeable, too. He said: —

'When all is said and done, Finch is

really doing it for you. The land is yours. The buildings are yours. I only have the use of them. You don't care what condition the farm buildings are in so long as the stables are kept up. These improvements Finch has made are for Jalna — not for me.'

'I would never have asked for them.'

'Of course not. As I said before, you don't care a damn about the farm buildings.'

'Well, you'll have the use of them all your life. You'll likely outlive me. They don't mean anything to me.'

'They mean that you get your rent the day it is due.'

'I suppose that's a shot for me because I have to put you off.' Renny's red face became redder.

Piers's eyes were prominent, as they always were when his temper rose. But he spoke quietly. 'No — but I don't like your tone about these buildings. You have known what was being done from the first and you've never said a word against the improvements until now.'

'It was none of my business. I don't care what Finch does with his money.'

Piers answered hotly, 'But you resent his helping me!'

'No, I don't. But I don't like your saying that he is n't doing it for you, but for me.'

'I did n't say that! I said he was doing it for Jalna.'

'I'll look after Jalna—without anyone's help.'

'Good Lord! Then you would sooner he had squandered his money? He was bound to do that if he were let alone.'

'I don't want any of it spent on me, that's all. You will be saying next that he bought the car for me.'

'Well, I acknowledge that was a present to me.'

'It would have been better,' said Renny, 'if he had helped Eden a bit. He's not strong. I had to send him a thousand dollars in March.' He had not intended to tell of the loan, least of all to Piers, but he felt himself forced to tell by what he considered Piers's surly attitude toward his delay in the payment of the account.

Piers returned, 'Well, all I can say is that you were a fool to do it.'

It was the second time within an hour that Renny had been called a fool, but he felt more hurt than angered.

'What would you expect me to do?' he asked. 'Let him starve?'

'That's what he deserves.' Piers turned away, as though he could not trust himself to speak on the subject of Eden.

XXI

Renny drew in the restive young horse he had been exercising and looked over the white gate into the fox farm. He was undecided whether or no he should go in. Before the death of Antoine Lebraux he had been in the house every day. The sick man had become more and more dependent on him. When Lebraux's periods of drinking had rendered him violent it was to Renny that his wife had come for assistance. After his death Renny had gone to the house constantly, trying to create order out of the disorder of affairs they discovered.

He had helped Mrs. Lebraux through the cubbing season. He had got Piers to buy some pure-bred Leghorns for her with which to stock the poultry house. He had sent old Noah Binns to dig the garden for her. He himself had gone about the house putting the rollers of window shades in order, tacking up sagging wallpaper, tinkering at the kitchen tap that dripped. He had interviewed the retired farmer who held a mortgage on the property and persuaded him to give her more time.

In return for these kindnesses Clara Lebraux had insisted that Renny use her stable, for his stables were overcrowded. It was all she could do. The horses were company, she said; she gave them their evening meal and bedded them down herself. Between the master of Jalna and Mrs. Lebraux had arisen the peculiar intimacy that is created between a man and a woman when he has seen her through distressing times, seen her looking her worst, red-eyed and unattractive or engaged in rough work, has done things about the house for her that a husband or a male relative ordinarily would do. They were as natural in the company of each other as two of the laborers on Piers's farm.

Things were going a little better with her now. She did not need his help so often, and a casual word from Piers had made Renny feel that there was some gossip in the neighborhood about his frequent visits there. It was characteristic of him that he should dislike being gossiped about. He was overbearing; he could taciturnly ignore criticism; but he did not like to think that the Miss Laceys, Miss Pink, and Mrs. Fennel were giving sly hints over their teacups. He did not like to think that the grooms and stablemen nudged each other when he turned his horse in the direction of the fox farm. It was not fair to Mrs. Lebraux that he and she should create even harmless gossip. Before his marriage he had conducted his casual affairs of the heart with capable secrecy. Since his marriage he had given no thought to any woman save Alayne. His former amorous proclivities had been consumed in the generous fire of his love for her.

But in Clara Lebraux he had found what he had never known before — friendship with a woman. He could spend hours in her company without remembering her sex except as an intangible something that enriched their intimacy. He never forgot Alayne's sex. It hung about her as a cloak, clouding his vision of her. It lay about her feet as a magic circle beyond which he had neither the power nor the will to press. His nature was intermittently sensual. At times when Alayne was talking, giving her opinion on some matter with the somewhat elaborate detail natural to her, he would watch her with a look that was both admiring and baffled and that had in it, as well, something hostile. He was aware that his impregnable masculinity was often irritating to her.

As he hesitated before the gate the front door of the house opened and Pauline Lebraux appeared. She ran toward him between the dingy white stones on either side of the path, her legs in their black stockings looking excessively long and agile. She threw back her head as she reached the gate to free her face from the uncared-for dark hair that hung like a mane about it.

'Are n't you coming in? Oh, please do!' she entreated, gaspingly, as though in excitement.

He noticed her low white forehead with its penciled brows, the foreign-looking eyes, the wide, rather thin-lipped mouth with an upward curve at the corners.

'No. I don't think I shall go in. Just tell me how you are getting along.'

'The very same. There's nothing new. But you have n't come for three whole days! We're so lonely. We think you are annoyed with us.'

'Open the gate, then.'

She threw it open with a grand gesture.

Mrs. Lebraux appeared at the side door of the house. She did not speak, but stood there waiting. Renny at once went over to her and they entered the house. They went into the sitting room that had become so familiar to him. He was used to high ceilings at Jalna. Here he always felt inclined to stoop for fear he would strike his head in the doorways.

He looked about the room, which had changed somewhat since he was last there, and said, 'It looks nice here. What have you been doing?'

She gave a shrug. 'Cleaning house. Making things look different so it will be less depressing.'

'Did you have a woman in to clean for you?' he asked.

'I did it myself. Skinned all my knuckles.'

He frowned. 'It does n't cost much to get a woman for a few days.'

'It costs enough to buy us new shoes, and we both need them.'

He looked at her shoes, then noticed the hand she extended as she knocked the ash from her cigarette. She had not spoken with exaggeration either of shoes or of knuckles. She was made of good stuff, he thought.

'I'll tell Binns to clean out the poultry house for you.'

'I cleaned it out myself before breakfast.'

'Hmph! How's the poultry doing?'

'Awfully well, but of course the price of eggs is low now. We eat them twice a day. I give the child a raw one in a glass of milk, she's growing so fast.'

'It's too bad the incubator went wrong that first time. I think it's rather a pity you set it up again. From what I hear, these late chickens are n't up to much.'

'I used Plymouth Rock eggs this time. They'll develop quickly into broilers. The lamp acted rather funny last night. I thought the first experience was going to be repeated, so I stopped up half the night with it.'

'Look here,' he exclaimed, 'you're going to overdo it, you know.'

'Oh, no, I'm not! I'm feeling a thousand times better than I did in the winter. I'm worried about the child, though.'

He looked at her inquiringly.

'Her education. She simply is n't getting any. Her father used to teach her, but I can't. In the first place, it is n't in me to teach. In the second, my own education was sketchy. Pauline knows more about literature and more Latin than I do. And, naturally, French.'

'You never learned to speak French from Lebraux?'

'No. What was the use? He could speak English. He used to laugh when I'd try my schoolgirl French on him. But he always spoke French to Pauline. Now she'll be forgetting it, I'm afraid.'

An idea came to Renny. 'Why, see here, my wife reads French very nicely! She and Pauline could read some French books together and it would do them both good. Alayne has really no way of passing the time. I'll ask her.'

Mrs. Lebraux's eyes looked blank, but she said, 'Thanks very much. I'm afraid it would be too much trouble for her.'

'Not at all. She likes children. She has always been very keen about my young Wake.'

'Well, I should be very grateful. Pauline wanted to go to Mr. Fennel with your small brother, but she's a Catholic, you know, and I'm sure Tony would have objected. What do you think? Do you think it is fair to her to hinder her education because of a prejudice?'

'I think her father's wishes should be respected. But among us we'll give her a start. Then, when things are a bit better with you, you can send her to a convent.'

'She's going on for sixteen.'

Renny knit his brows. 'Uncle Ernest will be glad to help. I'm sure of that. He's an Oxford man. Then, my wife for the French — and poetry. She knows all about modern poetry — if you want Pauline to study that. I think myself she'd be better without it. I'm afraid I can't do much myself. It's amazing how I've forgotten everything I learned at Varsity. Just in one ear and out the other. Money wasted. It was all athletics with me.

'An amusing thing about my education is this — the little I learned from the governess who taught my sister and me when we were kids is all that sticks with me. I know the dates of all the English kings and of the principal battles. You simply could n't catch me up on them. I might teach them to Pauline. It would be something to go on. Not one of my young brothers has hung on to them as I have. I've asked them suddenly — perhaps in the middle of their pudding — what are the names and dates of the battles in the Wars of the Roses? Do you think they could get them right? No. Or, perhaps, what were the dates of King Stephen? They were sure to be wrong. I could n't possibly forget — 1135 to 1154. Wakefield is pretty good at the kings. I've said them to him to send him to sleep when his nerves were rocky. It's the only use my education has ever been to me.'

Clara Lebraux listened to all this with serious interest. She puffed at her cigarette, scowling intently at him through the smoke. Alayne had heard him say the same words, with detached amusement, wondering at his ingenuousness.

'The governess was afterwards your stepmother, was n't she?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Were you fond of her?'

'Not particularly. I did n't think much about her. She was often ill, I remember. She'd large blue eyes that she kept half shut, and yellow hair. Eden's rather like her. She taught me poetry, too. Can you believe that? Tennyson. And I have forgotten every line of it. If Eden had inherited a love of dates from her instead of poetry, it would have been better.'

'I suppose. I can't read poetry at all. It bores me.'

They smoked in silence, he gazing thoughtfully at her brogues, thinking how worn they looked; she at his boots, admiring the soft glow attained by the leather after many polishings.

Pauline came in, her small face flushed

pink by the sun, her black frock worn at the elbows and too short for her.

Renny said, 'Now let's see what you know about history! What are the dates of Henry the Seventh?'

She stood before him startled, then shook her head. 'I don't know.'

He grinned triumphantly at her mother. 'I told you! She does n't know.' He drew Pauline to his side on the sofa. 'Never mind! I'll teach you them. We're going to educate you among us. How will you like that?'

Pauline thought he was magnificent. She laid her head confidingly against his shoulder. 'I shall like to have *you* teach me. Will you come here to do it, or must I go to Jalna?'

'I think I'll come here. But my wife will read French with you at Jalna.' By this time he felt sure that Alayne would acquiesce in the arrangement. How could she refuse?

'I know French already,' said Pauline rather haughtily.

'Don't be ungracious,' said her mother. 'It will be quite a different thing to read French literature.'

'Papa read French books to me.' Somehow she did not think she would like to read French with Mrs. Whiteoak. There had been something in Alayne's cool gaze when they had met that had given the child a sense of being repulsed. However, she had been taught to be polite, so she added, 'But I suppose these would be grown-up books. Quite different. Thank you, Renny.'

Both mother and daughter called him Renny, as Tony Lebraux had done, but he had pronounced it René.

When Renny looked at his watch, Pauline exclaimed, 'Oh, do stay for lunch! He must, must n't he, Mummy?'

'Yes, do stay! You have n't had a meal with us since January. But I'm afraid there is n't much to tempt you.'

'I'll make an omelet! I can make a splendid one. And there's ham!' Pauline was willing, eager to use their supplies for the day to spread a feast for him.

She tied a white and blue checked apron under her chin and turned back the cuffs of her black frock. Renny stood beside the stove watching her as she frowned anxiously at the mixture in the frying pan. What if the omelet would not rise? What if it rose and fell again?

No need to worry. It rose in a yellow foam; at its height it attained just enough firmness to support it; it turned a golden brown. She laid it on the heated platter and Renny went to the garden to get parsley; he brought enough to garnish a roast young pig, but Pauline would use it all. So the omelet came to the table resting on a bank of green, resembling a verdant mountain capped with the gold of sunset.

Pauline felt a quivering sense of pride in her achievement, elation at the presence of a guest — and that guest Renny. She smiled, lifting her lip and showing her small white teeth. They talked of foxes, and Pauline told of the habits, the knowing tricks, of each. The man who worked for them had made her a seat in one of the shady trees about which the enclosures were built, and there she sat by the hour watching the foxes. They had become so used to her that even the shyest no longer scurried into his den when she climbed the steps to her seat. The boldest knew her. They knew, she said, the names she had given them. The cubs loved her. They were wonderful foxes, no two of a like disposition.

'She knows more about them now than I do,' said Clara Lebraux.

'Experience shows,' Renny said, 'that the more foxes are handled as tame animals the better they thrive. Better cubs. Better fur.'

'If only,' cried Pauline, 'I might keep them all! But I have my pets and they must always be kept for breeding.'

'You must not be sentimental,' he said. 'I would sell any horse I own.'

'But not to be *skinned!*'

'Well, perhaps not. I agree that that's hard.'

While Mrs. Lebraux cleared away the luncheon things Pauline led Renny upstairs to the vacant room next her mother's where the incubator was kept.

'What do you think I do?' she exclaimed, squeezing his arm when she had him alone. 'I steal eggs from the poultry house and feed them to my baby foxes!'

'But that is wrong,' he said, looking

down at her as severely as he could. 'Those eggs are worth something.'

'Bah, a few eggs!' she cried, with the exact expression of her father.

'But look at these! See what they are doing!' He pointed through the narrow glass door of the incubator.

An egg next the glass was rocking like a little boat on the sea. Another showed a dark triangular chip. Through a third was thrust a gaping yellow beak. Far in the twilight at the back staggered a pitiable object, wet, goggle-eyed, half-fainting, hemmed in by the rows of uncompanionable spheres in which slept, cheeped, chipped, or lay dying his contemporaries. His woebegone expression showed his consciousness of being hatched too soon.

Renny struck a match and held it near the glass. They peered in, rough black head and red head touching.

'Is n't he a sight?' breathed Pauline in ecstasy.

'Poor devil,' said Renny. 'That's what it is to be born the eldest of a family.'

XXII

Since the departure of Nicholas and Ernest, Rags had been laying tea in the dining room instead of carrying it to the drawing-room as was the custom in old Adeline's day. Her sons would have resented the change, but the younger members of the family enjoyed having their bread and butter, cakes and jam, spread out before them and sitting around the table to eat.

Renny had not returned until teatime. He entered the house in rather a propitiatory mood toward Alayne. In spite of her hard words to him, he felt that, as a sensitive and fastidious woman, she had probably had a good deal to annoy her that morning. He knew that the servants were not what they should be, but he felt quite sure that nothing she could do would change them. He knew that he and old Benny the sheep dog were not all they should be, from her point of view, but he hoped that in time she would become accustomed to them and their ways.

He rather admired the spirit she had shown that morning. He had never seen her in a temper before. To think that she would hit the old dog with her slipper! And tell her husband that he talked like a fool! He grinned when he thought of it. He was elated by the idea of getting Alayne to read French with little Pauline. He felt that, if she would agree, it would be the means of drawing her and Clara Lebraux together. It would be good for each of them to find a friend in the other. It would be especially good for Alayne to have an interest outside Jalna, for he realized that often time hung heavy on her hands.

He went up to his room and changed into another suit, after having scrubbed his face and hands till they were red, and flattened his hair with a damp brush. This was done in order that she should to-day have no complaint that he brought the smell of stable with him.

She was pouring tea when he went into the dining room, sitting at her end of the table with a book she had been reading open beside her. Piers and Pheasant were talking with rather ostentatious good spirits to each other. Mooey had been brought to the table and was perched on the large volume of *British Poets*. As he ate his bread and butter his eyes were fixed on Alayne with a wondering look, as though he expected her at any moment to attack him. Since his parents were present to protect him, he would not have been altogether sorry to see her make some such demonstration. He smiled up at Wakefield, who sat beside him, and whispered, 'I'm not f'ightened of Auntie Alayne.'

'Of course you're not,' said Wakefield, patting his head. 'So long as you do just what Uncle Wakefield tells you, nothing can harm you.'

Renny grinned at the children, then went and sat near Alayne. She had given Rags a few roses for the table, which he, in a conciliatory mood, had placed in a vase beside her plate. As he entered the room with a fresh pot of tea for Renny he cast his eyes on the roses and then on Alayne, emphasizing the fact that they were his gift to her.

She looked up from her book and smiled at Renny, — a somewhat forced smile, — then lowered her eyes again, abstractedly eating a small iced cake while she read.

With her book, her roses, and her cake, she was separated from the other members of the family in a kind of frosty seclusion.

At tea Renny liked a pot to himself, which Rags always ostentatiously placed beside him. He was very hungry after the lunch at the fox farm, accustomed as he was to a solid one-o'clock dinner. He ate in silence for a time, feeling himself in rather an uncomfortable position midway between the opposing factions at the table. Vaguely he wondered what he could do to please Alayne, to show her that the words she had cast at him that morning had not rankled. He discovered the roses and drew the vase across the table to him. Glancing at Alayne from under his thick lashes to make sure that she was observing him, he sniffed each rose in turn, thrusting his handsome bony nose into the heart of each like some enormous predatory bee.

'These smell awfully nice,' he said. 'Out of our own garden?'

'Yes,' she returned, closing her book on her finger. 'You had better put them in the centre of the table. I don't know why Rags should have set them by my place.'

Piers and Pheasant had ceased their animated talk long enough to listen to this exchange of words. Now they began to talk again, their eyes dancing. They paid no attention to their child, who sat gazing in astonishment at the large piece of cake Wakefield had put on his plate while he still held another piece in his hand.

Alayne returned to her book and Renny set the vase of roses carefully in the middle of the table. His first effort had failed. Rags had come into the room and was gazing at him with an adoring expression. He came and bent over him, whispering, 'Is your tea all right, sir?'

'Oh, yes, it's quite all right.' He looked up into Rags's pale eyes as though for inspiration.

It might be well, he thought, to show Alayne that he was definitely on her side regarding Mooey's misbehavior of the morning. He fixed his nephew with his gaze and said: —

'What's this I hear about you? Going into Auntie Alayne's room and flinging her powder about! Let me catch you in there again and I'll warm you so that you'll not want to sit down for a week.'

Mooey's eyes overflowed with tears. He laid down the cake he had been eating beside the piece he had not yet begun, and clutched his head in both his sticky hands. He made his mouth square and emitted a wail. Piers shook his finger at him.

'None of that!' he said. 'Sit up and take your medicine. Take that cake off his plate, Wake.'

Mooey gulped back his woe and wiped his eyes on a corner of his bib.

'It's pretty hard,' exclaimed Pheasant, 'always to restrain a small child so that he'll never get into the least little bit of mischief!'

'You must manage it somehow,' said Renny.

'If only Alayne would keep her door shut! Mooey can't manage door knobs yet.'

'Alayne can't keep her door shut. She does n't want it shut. She likes the air to stir through it.'

'But she's always complaining of drafts!'

'A draft in the sitting room and a draft in her bedroom are two very different things.'

Alayne sat listening with the feelings of one engaged in a lawsuit who sits silent, made to writhe alternately by the attorneys for and against. She had come to tea scarcely knowing how to face Renny. She had brought her book to the table as a protection. Now Renny's attitude of aggressiveness on her behalf gave her an agreeable sense of power. For the first time she felt the possibility of influence over him. If only she had him to herself! But how little likelihood there was of that, since even now he was fretting at the smallness of the family! While he was in his present mood it might be timely to introduce the subject of a nurse for Mooey.

She said, looking down the table at Pheasant and speaking gently, 'I know it is quite impossible to keep babies out of mischief. Don't you think it would be better if you had a nurse for Mooey? It would give you so much more freedom. Mrs. Patch has a young niece who might easily be got to come by the day.'

'I can't afford a nurse for him. Pheasant has nothing else to do and Bessie takes him off her hands sometimes,' said Piers.

'One could see this morning,' returned Alayne, still looking at Pheasant, 'how well Bessie looks after him. He might easily have got into danger.'

'I quite agree,' said Renny. 'We'll engage the Patch girl, and I'll pay her wages.'

This was not at all what Alayne had intended. It was not fair. Already he was doing far more than was necessary for Pheasant and Piers. Alayne sometimes wondered if they or he realized what the cost of keeping three people amounted to in a year. In spite of her effort to control it, her face fell, the corners of her mouth went down.

Piers's eyes were on her. He smiled triumphantly as though at a victory beyond mere matter of money, and said, 'Thanks awfully, old man! There's no doubt that it will be a relief for Pheasant and we shall all feel reasonably sure that the kid won't be upsetting Alayne. For my part I think it would be much better if he did n't come to the table.'

'He shall come to breakfast and tea, but not to dinner or supper,' said Renny dictatorially.

Mooey did not like this discussion about his meals. He laid his forehead against the edge of the table and wept. Piers got up, threw him across his shoulder as though he were a parcel, and carried him out.

Before she followed him Pheasant said, 'Thank you very much, Renny. It will be nice having a nurse. I'm not going to be excessively grateful, though, because I think you are doing it much more for Alayne than for me.'

They were alone, except for Wakefield. How often it seemed to Alayne that they were alone except for him! He had grown quieter of late. He was growing taller, too, and he often had a brooding, half-sulky air. Then again he would be his mischievous precocious self.

Renny turned sideways in his chair and crossed his legs, regarding her with a pleased air. 'I've got something nice for you to do,' he said. Wakefield also turned sideways in his chair, crossed his legs, and folded his arms. Alayne drew the vase of roses from the centre of the table toward herself, withdrawing her hand just at the spot where the roses and their foliage would intervene between her face and Wake's. This was an unpremeditated gesture. It was simply that she must do something, though it were merely symbolic, to shut him off from herself and Renny.

'What is it?' she asked, trying to look pleasantly eager.

'I've arranged for you to read French with the little Lebraux girl. You see, she has no one to speak it with now.'

'But why should I? I suppose she reads French better than I do already. And I speak it very little.'

'Then it will be a help to you as well.'

'But I don't want to do it!' The thought of reading or speaking French to a child whose native tongue it was bored and intimidated her. She would not have minded teaching a child ignorant of the language, but that the child should know it better than she, would perhaps go home to criticize her accent to her mother, was not to be endured.

'Don't be silly! I've promised for you.'

'It is impossible.'

In exasperation he poured down a cup of scalding tea. 'That's because you dislike Clara Lebraux.'

'So her name is Clara!'

'Why not?' He had nothing to conceal, but the color of his face deepened at the implication of intimacy in her tone.

'No reason at all. It is a name I've never cared for. And I do not feel attracted to Mrs. Lebraux. But that has nothing to do with my refusal to read French with her child.' Her voice wavered. She picked up a morsel of bread and began to pulverize it between her finger and thumb. 'Renny, can't you understand? It would be embarrassing for me to attempt to teach that girl!'

'Not to *teach!* To *read* with. There's a vast difference.'

'I am sorry, but I can't make the effort.'

'Not to please me?'

'To please you!' she repeated, raising two blazing eyes to his face. 'Why should it be so necessary to your pleasure?'

'It's not. But I hope I have some compassion in me. Give me one sensible reason why you won't do this and I'll try to understand.'

'I have explained.'

'If anyone else offered such an excuse, I can imagine what you'd say!'

'Can you?' She turned her head aside indifferently.

'Yes. You'd say they were being self-conscious and self-centred.'

She directed a hurt and angry look at Wakefield, then rose from the table. 'Not before an outsider, please,' she muttered, and left the room.

Renny took out his cigarette case, extracted a cigarette, and lighted it. He smoked in silence, his face twisted into a peculiar grimace which, if it had been observed by one of his kin, would have been translated as expressing a mood of defiance and chagrin. No one saw it. Wakefield was sitting with his elbow on the table, his head resting on his hand. The last of three sighs, drawn from the depths of his being, disturbed Renny's reflections. He shot an inquiring glance at the boy, noticed the despondent droop of the smooth dark head and the thinness of the childish wrist.

'What's the matter, kid?' he asked gently.

'Nothing.'

'Are n't you feeling well? Are you tired?' A tone of anxiety at once came into the elder's voice. Behind the sheltering hand he saw the boy's mouth trembling.

'Come here,' he said, and pushed his chair back from the table. Wakefield came round to him with averted face. Renny pulled him to his knee. 'Tell me,' he repeated, 'are n't you well? Is it your heart?' He put his arm about Wake and pressed his thin muscular hand above the weak organ as though he would impart some of his vitality to it.

Wakefield shook his head. Then he said, twisting a button on Renny's coat, 'It's Alayne. She does n't like me any more. Just before she went she called me an outsider. Did you hear her?'

Renny gave an embarrassed laugh. 'That meant nothing! Married people call others outsiders sometimes — I can't just explain why.'

'Well — if you can't explain — it's just as though you call me an outsider, too.'

Renny answered, impatiently, 'When married people make love or quarrel they generally like to be unobserved.'

'You did n't mind my being here. And it was n't only what she said — it was what she did. She pulled the bouquet so that it shut me out. She did n't think I noticed, but I did. She'd like to shut me out altogether and there's no use in your saying she would n't, Renny.' He began to cry softly, producing a ball of a handkerchief and rubbing his eyes with it.

Renny burst into noisy laughter. 'Why, you little idiot, you know very well that a dozen wives could n't come between you and me!' He hugged Wake to him and kissed him repeatedly. Wakefield's crying rose to almost hysterical sobs.

Alayne had left her book in the room and, thinking that by now Renny would have gone, she was returning for it. However, when she reached the door and saw the brothers, she quickly passed on toward the drawing-room.

'Alayne!' Renny called. 'Come here!'

She returned to the doorway and looked in at them, with a self-controlled expression on her pale face.

'You have hurt Wake's feelings by calling him an outsider. I explained that to him. Now he says that you moved the flowers so that they would shut him off from us!' He gave her an entreating look as though to say, 'I can't have him worried! You must bear with his whims and with my love for him.'

She saw the look and read in it only a repetition of his willingness to impose a disagreeable obligation on her that he might gratify someone who roused the protective instinct in him. The sight of Wakefield clinging about his neck, Wakefield's shuddering sobs, Renny's look of entreaty, filled her with cold anger. What Renny wanted her to do, she felt, was to come in and pet and reassure the boy. She could not do that; something reticent in her forbade the demonstration. She felt that even to deny that she had moved the flowers for a purpose was a debasement of her dignity.

After an inward struggle she said, 'I had no idea that I should hurt Wakefield's feelings. I'm sorry, if I did. But I can't help thinking it is a pity he hears so much of the grown-up talk. He's too introspective. He's becoming neurotic, I'm afraid. And is n't a boy of his age too big to be kissed?' She spoke in jerky, uneven sentences.

Renny said, 'His father was dead before he was born. His mother died when he was born. He's always been — well — I've often wondered if I should rear him. You can't wonder — '

She interrupted, 'But anyone who knows anything of child psychology knows that to talk that way before him is the worst thing possible for him. It puts into his mind the thought of forlornness, dependence, weakness. Can't you see?'

'No, I can't,' he answered hotly. He glared at her with the look of old Adeline. 'If your father had been a horse dealer, instead of a New England professor, we might understand each other better.'

'Renny,' she cried, 'how can you?' And she flew upstairs to her room.

Her room was to be her refuge more and more often in the following weeks. Her feeling of estrangement from the family increased rather than decreased. For Renny, to the springs of whose life she had joined her own in faith and in passion, she experienced a strange numbing of the emotions. She waited till this darkness should pass like a trailing cloud, and the light of their love burst forth again. She withdrew herself spiritually as well as physically. On his part, he treated her with more than usual politeness before the others and avoided her in secret. Piers and Pheasant believed that harmony had been restored between Renny and her, but believed also that a delicate balance was being maintained in their relations which might easily be upset.

Wakefield brooded on the scene in the dining room, but repeated nothing of it to the other members of the family. At this time he acquired the curious habit of going to the room he occupied with Renny when Alayne retreated to hers. When she closed her door, she often heard the closing of that door, as though in mockery. Sometimes, as she sat writing, she heard the door open, then, after a space, close again, as though he had stood in the doorway listening. What did the boy do in there? She was convinced that he did nothing but brood or dream, that he went for no purpose but to vex her.

The weather was hot, and her room, shaded by a giant fir tree, was always cool and pleasant. Mr. Cory, of the New York firm of publishers for whom she had been a reader, sent her several advance copies of new books from his autumn list, asking for her opinion of them. He flattered her by telling her that he had found no one adequate to take her place, on whose judgment he could so rely. The books he sent, the subjects of which were history, biography, and travel, interested her intensely. She wrote him long letters about them. So she created, for the time, an independent world of her own within the walls of Jalna, in which she recaptured some of the spirit of tranquillity and contemplation of her old life.

It was a false tranquillity, a contemplation born of her passion to conceal her real state from herself. A word, a glance, would have been enough to shatter her self-control. But each day, as the heat increased, her face became more of a cool mask. She became even more fastidious in her dress. Renny, as though fastidiousness were a weapon which he could use as well as she, became more and more careful of his dress, too. Pheasant and Piers, in emulation, made themselves as spruce as possible. Even Wakefield wore his best clothes every day, and Mooey screamed for a silver napkin ring for his bib. Piers had forbidden Pheasant to bring him to the table and Renny had not again expressed a desire to have him there. A depressing quiet hung over their meals, often broken only by Rags's whispered conversations with Renny.

In late July, Alayne had a letter from her aunts on the Hudson expressing their intention of visiting her. The thought of a visit from them was both delightful and worrying. They had never been to Jalna and she longed to show them the old house and the rambling estate. Yet would she be able to conceal from their shrewd and loving eyes the present volcanic barrenness of her life? Might not an eruption be possible during their visit?

She was all the more apprehensive because her aunts had never met Renny.

They had given their hearts to Eden at first sight. The divorce and her remarriage to Eden's brother had been a shock to them. It was only now that they could make up their minds to visit her. She wished that the elder Whiteoaks were at home. The presence of Augusta, Nicholas, and Ernest appeared to her now as a protecting wall behind which she might conceal her own heartache. She had always thought how interested she would be if she could see her aunts, so refined, so whimsically proper, so gingerly perched above all ugliness in life, in the same house with the three elderly Whiteoaks, across whom lay the lusty shadow of old Adeline.

How she had welcomed the departure of Ernest and Nicholas for England! She had looked forward to a summer of greater freedom in her life with Renny, a summer of fulfillment, of spiritual development of their love. And it had come to this! If the uncles had not gone away, things might not have come to this pass. Even that thought came to her. Over and over again she lived through their misunderstandings and tried to see what she might have done to prevent them. She could not discover anything in her most self-accusing mood that would have prevented them except the humbling of her spirit to his and the absolute conforming to the life of the house. She believed that if she had it all to live over again she would do just that — humble her spirit and conform absolutely.

Perhaps, if only she had agreed to read French with that unattractive Lebraux child, all might have been well. But the thought of the child brought the thought of the mother, and the thought of the mother brought a rush of anger and jealousy that drove all else from her mind. She discovered that she was bitterly jealous of Mrs. Lebraux, that she was even jealous of little Pauline. When Piers made a remark to Renny in reference to the fox farm, and Renny answered in obvious familiarity with its affairs, she dared not look at them lest they should read the anger in her eyes.

Looking back over her acquaintance with Renny, she recognized that he had always irritated her, excited some latent antagonism in her, sometimes as though deliberately, more often by simply being himself. She and Eden had never quarreled. From the first her love for him had in it a maternal quality. There was nothing maternal in her love for Renny. It was instinctive, violent, and without rest. And though there was no rest in it, no peace in it, neither was there growth. It was like the sea, eternally beating against its shores, yet eternally bound by them.

What had they been quarreling about? Old Benny — the sheep dog. Mooey — the baby. Pauline and Wakefield — children. Was their life together to be ruined by quarrels over dogs and children? If only she had a child of her own, things might be different. But Renny had never expressed a desire for a child of his own. . . .

XXIII

Alma Patch was the girl who came as nursemaid to young Maurice. She was the niece of the village nurse, and her aunt was well pleased to be the means of installing her at Jalna. The village nurse was also the village gossip, and, as the Whiteoaks were the mainstay of rumor and of tattle, Alma would be a conduit through which a continuous supply would flow.

She was a strong girl with sandy hair and a freckled face, and she never raised her voice above a whisper except when she sang or laughed, which she did in a piercingly high soprano. She was as lazy as possible and very fond of children. To sit on the grass minding Mooey, while he trotted about her in his play, sometimes stopping to throw grass on her or hug her or even kick her, was Alma's idea of bliss. Then to fill her stomach with good food, and her mind with rich gossip, and return home at dusk an object of rare importance to her friends, constituted a life of such perfection as it is given to few to enjoy.

About the time of Alma's appearance at Jalna, Pauline Lebraux gave Renny a nine-months-old Irish terrier named Barney, which had been sent to her for her birthday by a friend of her father's in Quebec. It had been impossible for her to keep the dog because he spent all his time in barking at the foxes, exciting them to frenzy. So, though she loved him, and because she loved him, Pauline presented him in turn to Renny on his birthday. As though he needed another dog!

But Renny seemed to have unlimited room in his affections for dogs and children. He looked on Barney as the one dog to fill a long-felt want. But the terrier was the wildest, most untamable creature that had ever been on the place. Piers thought he was excessively inbred. Renny, who was an advocate of inbreeding, insisted that Barney was the victim of a system of raising dogs like wild animals. He guessed that he had been brought up in an enclosure without a word of kindness. To make friends with him, to teach him what companionship of man and dog might be, this was a task after Renny's heart. And Barney, who was beautifully set up, had, beneath the untamed look in his eyes, a look of desperate need.

But he would not allow himself to be touched. He scarcely knew his name. He carried his meals into a corner, growling like a wild animal while he devoured them. He slept in Wright's room over the garage, but he did not make friends with Wright. From the moment he was released in the morning he ran hither and thither as though half demented by the multitude of strange sights about him and the vast open spaces where he might run at will. The fields of grain were tall and a deep golden color. Barney spent most of his days in them as in a jungle. Deep in a field a movement might be seen stirring the ears of wheat or barley, and then stillness again, for it was sultry weather and no breeze touched the grain. Sometimes when Renny walked past the fields, followed by his two clumber spaniels, Barney's face would appear, watching them cautiously from the shelter of the grain. He would let them get a little way ahead, then, in his concealment, he would bound after them till he was again abreast and again he would peer out with that same desperate look in his eyes.

The spaniels appeared to understand all about him. In his own way Renny had explained the situation to them. They would give a friendly look in his direction but no more, walking with dignity at their master's heels.

At last a day came when he emerged from the shelter of the grain and ran in the open for a little way near Renny and the spaniels.

'Just watch,' Renny advised Piers, who had been inclined to jeer, 'and you will see a splendid dog in him yet. He's never had a chance till now and he's responding to it every day.'

'He's getting to look a little beauty, no doubt about that,' acceded Piers. 'He's grown a lot since he came. But I'm willing to bet that it will be cold weather before he comes of his own accord to you and lets you pet him.'

'What will you bet?'

'A fiver.'

'Done.'

Renny won the bet by a wide margin. He was riding his favorite roan one morning at a canter along the path through the woods when suddenly he came upon Barney, his head in a burrow. When the dog withdrew his head he seemed too astonished for movement. He stood sniffing the roan's legs, then raised himself to sniff Renny's boots. When horse and rider moved on he trotted close behind. From that time he followed the roan whenever and wherever he could. Inside of a month he had come to Renny of his own accord and laid his head on his knee.

Renny's pleasure in this achievement was so great that he boasted of it even to Alayne, who cared little for dogs, and for this dog less than others, since it had come from the fox farm. But she tried to soften her face, which felt rigid, into a sympathetic smile.

One day in late August, when a thunderstorm was pending, Renny and Piers, accompanied by Wright, went in the car to a sale twenty miles away. Pheasant was in bed that day, feeling ill. She had told Alayne that morning that she believed she was going to have a child.

Alayne wandered about downstairs trying to settle herself at something; but the air was full of electricity, there was a sulphurous light in the sky, which seemed uncomfortably near the treetops, and she felt disturbed, even shaken, by Pheasant's news.

A second child for her and Piers! Perhaps another son! And there were no signs that she herself might become a mother. She had not yet been married a year and a half, but she had a morbid premonition that she was to be childless — that she was to see Meggie and Pheasant rejoicing in their motherhood, see Renny carrying their children in his arms, and feel herself married without the fulfillment of marriage. She leaned against the window of the sitting room looking out on the side lawn, where, in the sultry shade, Mooey lay stretched flat on his back idly lifting first one leg and then the other. Alma sat beside him, her face a blank from contentment and heat. Alayne wondered what went on in that head under the sandy hair. She watched the girl's large pink hands pluck blades of grass and tickle her own lips with them.

As she was wondering thus, Alma's eyes became round and prominent with terror. She opened her mouth wide and gave a piercing scream. The shock to Alayne was all the greater for never having heard the girl utter a sound above a whisper up to this moment. Mooey sat up and looked at Alma.

'Do it again!' he said.

As though at his bidding Alma repeated her scream, and now Alayne saw what she was screaming about. Barney was flying round and round the lawn in a kind of aimless fury, his jaws snapping rhythmically and foam whitening his lips. He passed beneath her window then and she saw his eyes fixed in a hallucinated glare. From a window above came Pheasant's shrieks, then her agonized call to Alma to run with Mooey to the house.

'This way!' cried Alayne. 'This way! Bring him to me!'

Alma snatched up the child and passed him through the window to Alayne just as the dog again flitted by like a creature from a nightmare. Somehow Alayne managed to drag the girl in also.

She ran to the hall and met Rags there. His pale face had become ashen.

'Did you know that that dog of Mr. W'iteoak's 'as gone mad, ma'am? Is n't it terrible?' He ran to the front door, shut and locked it.

Alayne could hear a commotion of voices in the basement. She could hear Pheasant frantically questioning child and nurse upstairs. One of the farm laborers, named Quinn, appeared at the back of the hall.

'Don't you think we'd better shoot the dog, ma'am? He's gone clean mad!'

'Yes, yes — we *must* have him destroyed! It's too terrible. Oh, I wish Mr. Whiteoak were here!'

'The cook said that if you would let me have Mr. Whiteoak's gun — I could use that.'

'His gun . . .' She looked at him blankly.

'The cook says it's in his room.'

'I'll fetch it, ma'am,' put in Rags.

'No, Wragge. I will get it.'

She ran up the stairs, feeling electrified to strength and competence. Pheasant followed her to the door of Renny's room. 'It's in a leather case,' she said, 'in the cupboard.'

Alayne found the case, rapidly unbuckled the straps, and took out the polished gun. Her hands were steady as she carried it down to Quinn and put it in his hands. She suddenly remembered Wakefield and asked where he was.

'Oh, ma'am!' cried Rags. ''E's over there with 'is pony, and the dog has run to the stables!'

Quinn hurried off with the gun.

Pheasant called from upstairs, 'Alayne! Come — quick! You can see him from my bedroom window!'

Alayne flew up to her, but when she reached the window, though the stables were visible, nothing living was to be seen but Quinn running toward them with the gun in his hands.

'Had you seen the dog to-day before this happened?' she asked.

Pheasant pressed her fingers to her temples. 'Yes. I saw him following Quinn. Quinn was taking the roan and one of the farm horses to be shod. Barney was following the roan. I thought it was funny, because I'd never seen him go out on the road before. . . . There! Quinn has gone into the stable! Oh, is n't it horrible? Shall I close the window so we shan't hear the gun go off?'

Mooey shouted, 'I want to hear the gun go off! Bang! Bang! I'm not f'ightened!'

'I don't think you had better shut it. It is stifling — the hottest day I have seen this summer.'

They stood staring in the direction of the stables, — of which only a part could be seen through a break in the row of firs that had been planted with the object of hiding them, — as though they expected to see something frightful enacted there. Presently they heard shouts, and their fascinated eyes saw figures running past the open space. Then, between the firs, the terrier appeared, and ran on to the lawn in a strange, lolloping gait, evidently at the point of dropping. There was a tear on his haunch from which the blood dripped to the grass. He raised his head and looked up at the windows where they stood.

Quinn and two other men ran into view carrying hayforks. One of them, a youth from a Glasgow factory, kept well behind the other two, his round face stupid with fear. Pheasant and Alayne did not realize what the men were going to do until they ran up to Barney and began to jab their forks into him. He fell, bleeding in a dozen places.

Then the Glasgow youth pressed forward and thrust his fork so deep into the body that he had to put his foot on it in order to pull out the prongs.

Alayne had Pheasant, fainting, on her hands.

Young Maurice asked, 'Why did they do that? But Barney was naughty, was n't he? Why does Mummy want to sleep?'

By the time Alayne had got Pheasant back to her bed and had restored the child to his nurse, Wakefield had rushed into the room. His eyes were glittering with excitement.

'Did you see?' he cried. 'Was n't it terrible? I was standing quite close, behind the bushes. I saw everything, you know. Quinn did n't understand Renny's gun. He could n't make it go off. They chased Barney round and round the stable and Quinn managed to wound him, but he got away and ran toward the house. I believe he thought he'd find Renny here. Won't Renny be surprised when he comes home? I hope I can be the one to tell him!'

The car, in which rode Renny, Piers, and Wright, did not turn into the drive until late afternoon. It went straight to the stables, and there were half a dozen men about eager to tell the news.

'You fools!' exclaimed Piers. 'The dog no more had rabies than you have! He was hysterical. Nothing more.'

Wright said, 'If I had been here, he'd never have been killed. We've had them like that before this and they got over it, did n't they, sir?' He turned to Renny.

Renny was staring at Quinn, who had told excitedly of his prowess, but who was now looking slightly abashed. The Glasgow youth stood close by, eager for praise, if there was any, but disclaiming all responsibility in the act.

'Do you mean to tell me,' said Renny, 'that four of you chased that puppy through the stables with pitchforks, then rounded him up on the lawn and butchered him?'

'The gun would n't go off,' muttered Quinn.

'What gun was it?'

'Yours, sir. Mrs. Whiteoak went and got it for me.'

'Why did n't you shut him in the loose box?'

'Gosh, I would n't have touched him on a bet, sir. He looked something fierce.'

'Where is he?'

They had buried him.

'Dig him up! I want to see him.'

They led the way to the spot, and the Glasgow youth, eager to put himself right, snatched up a spade and thrust it violently into the ground.

Renny took it from him. 'Here!' he said. 'Do you want to crack his skull? I'd sooner see yours cracked.'

He began cautiously to uncover the body. When it lay exposed, he bent over it. He turned it on its other side, frowning at the wounds. He ran his hand along the spine in a quick caress, then straightened himself.

'You made a pretty mess of the job,' he said. He added, to Wright, 'Have the head taken off, Wright. I shall send it to be examined. He should never have been taken on the road in a heat like this.'

He returned to the house. In the hall he met Alayne.

'Well,' he said with a grin, 'so you managed to murder my dog among you, while I was away!'

(*To be continued*)

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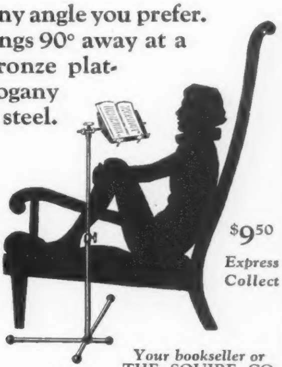

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

Born a Virginian of the Valley, Willa Cather was early transported to the West, where she grew up on a Nebraska ranch and was educated in the University of that state. This shift in her geography had a lasting influence on her novels to come. In time, journalism drew her eastward: she served four years on the staff of a newspaper; she wrote for the magazines; she was associate editor of *McClure's* for seven years when that magazine was at the top of its stride. Meanwhile her books had begun to appear. Her first novel, *Alexander's Bridge*, was, she says, 'the result of meeting some interesting people in London. . . . Soon after the book was published I went for six months to Arizona and New Mexico. The longer I stayed in a country I really did care about, and among people who were a part of the country, the more unnecessary and superficial a book like *Alexander's Bridge* seemed to me.' So she reverted to type. *O Pioneers!* — her next effort — was a book 'entirely for myself,' a story about some Swedish farmers in Nebraska. Thereafter came those novels, written with rare quality and understanding and dealing now with the present, now with the past, of our West and Southwest. *My Antonia* (1918) established Miss Cather definitely in the sun. *One of Ours* (1922) was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. *A Lost Lady* (1923) and *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (1927) distinguished her as our foremost woman novelist of to-day.

WILLA CATHER

Shadows on the Rock

[Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50]

The spell of Miss Cather's new novel begins with the beautiful title, *Shadows on the Rock*. This quiet chronicle is full of the pathos of humanity — the eagerness, the effort, and above all the transitoriness, emphasized by the mighty background against which the shadow-shapes come and go.

Simplicity and largeness characterize equally this story of old Quebec. It is one of the shorter of Miss Cather's novels, and one of the more beautifully constructed. It follows the cycle of a year, and is finished by an epilogue that shows the harmonizing work of time. Ordinarily it might be thought an odd tribute to an American novel to say that it seems like a perfect translation from another tongue; but it is high praise, I think, to say of a tale of seventeenth-century Canada that it sounds like the work of a Frenchman. And surely this is true of *Shadows on the Rock*, this story of simple lives that yet gives, as its author supremely knows how to give, the brooding sense of eternity.

As ably as Mr. Theodore Dreiser portrays naïve ignobleness, Miss Cather portrays an instinctive fineness and magnanimity. The gentle soul of Euclide Auclair, apothecary of Quebec and personal physician to Count Frontenac, takes on stature as the story progresses. Auclair is a man both keen and kind in his judgments of men, both firm in his principles and tolerant. His nature is a generous one. Well aware of a certain timidity in himself, a reluctance to exchange things as they are for unknown conditions, he heartily admires the self-reliance and adventurousness of Pierre Charron, the woodsman, and the pertinacity of the count, his patron in essaying enterprise after enterprise. The sense o Canada as an outpost, or a land where hearts are turning back with longing to another land, is given by the opening scene, in October, when the ships have sailed fo France, and by the scene in the following fall when th ships sail up the river again, welcomed with an uproa of joy and with tears. But it is given quite as much b the silent yearning of the apothecary for his old hom in France. Similarly, the sense of Canada as a well-grow young land with a life of its own is given by the ultimat resolution of Auclair's homesickness into contentment

Infant excellence in fiction is all too likely to becom a stench in the nostrils. But the child Cécile Auclair with all her precocious piety of a well-taught littl French girl, with all her precocious tact and selflessnes and steadfastness, is an altogether fragrant little creature. Still more appealing is Cécile's protégé, the sma good Jacques, son of La Grenouille the prostitute. can think of few episodes in the chronicles of childhoo more engaging than the little boy's proffering of his on treasure, his carved wooden beaver, to companion th *beau petit âne* and the *beau mouton* in Cécile's miraculou crèche. 'He is n't new,' says Jacques. 'He's just m little old beaver the sailor made me, but he could kee the baby warm.' Pleasing, too, is the little boy solemn wonder at Cécile's silver cup, engraved with h name. 'To have a little cup, with your name on it . . even if you died, it would still be there, with your name

The author's work has always been marked by a tra without which no novelist, I think, reaches greatness - compassion. In *Shadows on the Rock* an example of th

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

is found in the portrait of Blinker, the thickset cross-eyed drudge who tends the baker's oven fires at night and worships the apothecary's little girl as if she were an angel. Poor repulsive Blinker is a heartbreaking figure — secretly tormented, waking and sleeping, by memories of the horrible trade that his father had compelled him to practise in France; so soft-hearted that he has to creep from the room, shamed by his sudden sniffles, when Cécile, on Christmas Eve, tells Jacques once again how the kings and the shepherds came to worship the little weak Jesus.

I think that Miss Cather's power of feeling and rendering beauty has never shown itself more superbly. Nothing in the book is more living than the magnificent pictures of the city on the rock above the great river, in many seasons, hours, and weathers. The art of these passages is above praise. I believe that to many readers they will be the lasting impression made by the novel; as to others the enduring memory will be that of the human bravery seen afloat for a while on the mightier stream.

Ethel Wallace Hawkins

No sooner has a writer become 'established' than curiosity is kindled in regard to his private life. Vaults are opened, intimate papers made public, table talk remembered as though it were gospel. But while some strive to superimpose the man upon his writing, others are content with the soberer task of evaluating his work.

WRITERS AND CRITICS

In reading a biography one of the first questions to ask is, What attitude does the biographer assume toward his subject? Is it one of hero worship or solid respect or intense dislike? These are a few common attitudes out of numerous possible ones, and recently in the name of the 'new biography' we have observed many authors adopting certain of these possible attitudes which, did we meet them in society, would strike us as insufferably conceited or downright caddish. We have seen little men, taking advantage of a change in morals and manners, patronize great men; we have been served with unverifiable guesses about the private sex life of notable people by psychologists of dubious repute; we have seen the great dead used simply as an excuse for a display of wit by a live gossip. In short, like several other forms of writing, biography has become journalistic. I realize that I sound as if there were before me some rank examples of scandal-mongering to discuss, but that is happily not the case.

Fairfax Downey's *Burton: Arabian Nights Adventurer* (Scribners, $3.00) is a piece of exploitation, but a mild and pleasant one. Mr. Downey has selected an easily exploitable subject, the career of Sir Richard Burton, swordsman, consul, explorer, linguist, and translator of the *Arabian Nights*, and he has written to be entertaining. He neither probes nor judges the extraordinary man of action and letters. He simply recites brightly and fluently the events in this singular Victorian's life. It is obvious that he delights in Burton, who as a boy was a scamp, as a young man a student of 'monkey language,' as a mature man a disguised and successful pilgrim to Mecca and explorer of East Africa for the sources of the Nile, and as an old man the British Consul at Trieste, a figure of amazing energy, courage, and swank. Burton's visit to America in 1860 and his acquaintance with Brigham Young is one of the episodes Mr. Downey has done better by than his predecessors, but on the whole his biography is just one more biography, not remarkable for the inclusion of new material or for penetration, but readable, enjoyable, worth doing simply for the sake of keeping interest alive in its hero. The last Burton biography was in 1907. It was time for Mr. Downey's book.

***James Fenimore Cooper*, by Henry Walcott Boynton** (Century, $5.00), is a biography of another order. There is no nonsense about Mr. Boynton. He has immersed himself a long time in his subject, he has been patient and shrewd and common-sensible, he has studied hitherto inaccessible material on Cooper, and now quietly he presents us with a solid achievement, the definitive life of the great romancer, displacing Professor Lounsbury's life published in 1882. This is biography, old style, and it is curiously refreshing in a period of glib hypotheses about men. For the keynote of Mr. Boynton's book is a fair-minded respect for his subject. He is neither clever nor hasty, but spends himself in getting Cooper before the reader. After all, Cooper was an author who once impressed great men like Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, and Melville, and we must beware of lightly dismissing him. In fact, after finishing Mr. Boynton's account we could do ourselves a good turn by picking up W. C. Brownell's remarkable critical essay on Cooper in *American Prose Masters;* reading it would, I think, produce some reduction of our current valuations of current novelists without one tenth the creative power of Cooper. Will Mr. Boynton's biography kill the legend of Cooper as a mean-spirited controversialist? Such legends die very hard, but the truth is out at last, and Cooper appears to have been right most of the time in his famous lawsuits and quarrels.

There is a strong biographical element in each of the critical studies that make up **Joseph Wood Krutch's *Five Masters*** (Cape and Smith, $3.50), but Mr. Krutch has a bigger purpose than making separate criticisms of Boccaccio, Cervantes, Richardson, Stendhal, and Proust, and that is to trace the mutations of the novel. For some reason American critics are shy of discussing the novel in its larger aspects, its principles, development, and secret potentialities; they leave that

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to such brilliant Englishmen as Percy Lubbock, E. M. Forster, and Edwin Muir. Exception must now be made of Mr. Krutch for his bringing to view the origin of naturalistic fiction in Boccaccio, the method of 'three dimensional' fiction in *Don Quixote*, and the sentimental pattern of Richardson which has so dominated us. On Stendhal he is not so satisfying, but he recovers to write the best criticism of Proust an American has made. It appears to me that Mr. Krutch is the subtlest and the best orientated of the Junior Liberal critics. One may dispute the validity of his orientation, but Mr. Krutch has at least allied his critical practice to some sort of well-woven comprehensive 'philosophy of life.'

That is still to do in the case of **Edmund Wilson.** ***Axel's Castle*** (Scribners, $2.50) is a collection of longish papers from the *New Republic*, treating of contemporary masters like Eliot, Joyce, and Yeats for the benefit of the general reader. As an impressionist Mr. Wilson has his points, and he is something of a guide to the bewildered. But if his sensibility is alive, his generalizing faculties are almost dormant. He holds, for example, that prose can actually assume more and more the functions of poetry, which may, he thinks, be abandoned as a technique of literary expression, and his criterion is, astoundingly, the suggestiveness of words. Words in prose suggest, so do words in verse; ergo . . . But there is no excuse, in view of the considerable literature upon the differentiations of prose and poetry, for bobbing up with this senseless criterion of suggestiveness. At the close of *Axel's Castle* Mr. Wilson has reduced himself to saying tender farewell to Symbolism (subjectivism) in letters, and to muttering vaguely of social literature as the next desirable phase. Thus there are simultaneously an attractive æsthetic side and an insipid reasoning side to Mr. Wilson. One wishes that he could acquire more rugged convictions, discover more clearly what his certitudes are and what he does not know; and the wish is not idle, for there is a means for forming convictions, a means neglected in our time, but glorious in the past. It is pondering, and to it we are indebted for the maxims of such writers as La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues, Thoreau, and Nietzsche. But our writers no longer ponder, they only reflect.

GORHAM MUNSON

THE ART OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

John Mistletoe, by Christopher Morley

[Doubleday, Doran, $2.50]

THIS is Christopher Morley's portrait of the artist as a young man. Mistletoe, as you may remember, has for many years served as Colonel House to Mr. Morley, advising him on certain worldly and unworldly matters and frequently suffering his name to be attached to prefatory paragraphs and such Morleyan incunabula as belonged exiguously to italics or quotations. Readers of Mr. Morley's essays will recollect him at once in the company of Effendi, the Urchin, Titania, Dame Quickly, the Caliph, the Old Mandarin, Endymion, Mr. Gissing, Toulemonde, and others of remote control; but a few pages here will reveal him in his true estate — the greater part of a dual personality, and the most genial of Hydes to the author's Jekyll.

I dislike to say that the book is charming. That means so little. Let us call it essential, or elemental. 'I honor words and they come with difficulty.' Evidence of the first, but not of the second. Sentimental? 'I see you, Tony, in your blue shirt, in the green and yellow wood. I hear the blows of your axe; the steady keening of your saw in measured hero couplets. Pure October air is round you, smell of logs and mould, unmitigated sunshine of noon, and you have nothing to think of nor perceive but the split of the axe-blade, the smell of logs, the feel of earth under your bootsoles, the feel of barky wood on your hard brown hands.' One can do with that.

Cherchez l'oriflamme. I see you, Christopher, with your puns and the Slavic pen, Regus Patoff, and the desk you once described vicariously in *Toulemonde;* and I know what it means to you to write. I shall not attempt to dissect what you have done. But I can open this book almost anywhere and understand that you write best what is closest to you. 'Be clear,' said Havelock Ellis. 'Be not too clear.' What is continuity? I note with private satisfaction that you have not been hindered by sequence or chronological regimen. From Haverford and Darby Creek to Oxford, Garden City, Philadelphia, and New York, I am glad to see that the anterior substance (did you call it?) which is memory is not too ordered in delivery, but lets things fall with the cadence of first summer rain. You do not believe in method. Indeed, had you employed it, it would have spoiled what you have said so well. You found the Oxford you loved a 'strange mixture of cathedral, athletic club, monastery and tavern,' and more in the *Leaves of Grass* than is good for your readers; you have studied New York 'as a botanist would study a jungle.' 'Smatterer then as now,' as you modestly call yourself, your obviously vast reading is strewn through 450 pages. Perhaps you have strewn too much. I am not sure. But Morley into Mistletoe, this is, as you say, many of the 'hard-won inflexions from his own grammar of surprise.'

Thirty years of the twentieth century! You have crowded a lot of enviable life into that. Dr. Canby once said of you: 'I do not mean to describe Christopher Morley as a man born out of his time. He can be as modern as Joyce when his perceptions are on the alert, although his pose of an ancient hearty (of which heartiness is no pose) may deceive the uninitiate.' I do not think he will be deceived. He will find you 'ware an' wakin',' as Henry Newbolt said of Drake. Some of the words you honor he will have to look up. But you can never convince him that they came with any difficulty.

DAVID MCCORD

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ATLANTIC BOOKS, *published by* **Little, Brown & Company,** *Boston, Mass.*

The BOOKSHELF

THE SHORT STORY

THE short story is the most popular form of literature in the United States to-day. It has become, indeed, a product singularly American; it has lent itself easily to our hurried way of life. There are a limited number of our citizens who take the time for long reading, but there are an unlimited number who read in snatches while traveling or at home. Magazines (short stories) are what they read. Not unnaturally the magazines tend to standardize their type of fiction: they put a high premium upon the entertaining situation, breezy dialogue, and the happy ending. Whether because of this craftsmanship or because of their millions of readers, popular magazine writers only exceptionally survive in book form. Writers like Katharine Mansfield, on the other hand, who search for greater freedom in the short story, have to depend essentially upon book publication. Each guild, of course, has produced its masters: from the magazines have risen O. Henry, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Ring Lardner; from the 'independents' Katharine Mansfield, Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway.

After Richard Harding Davis, the short-story idol of the late '90s, came O. Henry. His early stories, written in prison, appeared when magazines were beginning to grow; in New York he wrote for editors, pressing him for copy long overdue; as Willa Cather says, 'he made the short story go into the world of the cheap boarding house and the shopgirl and the truck driver'; he wrote with amazing invention, a bright antithesis of phrase, pathos that was usually concealed, and with a famous twist at the climax of his plot. Those who love his tales, those interested in the mystery of writing, will be repaid in the reading of a new biography, ***The Caliph of Bagdad*** (Appleton, $3.50), by two of his old associates, **Robert H. Davis** and **Arthur B. Maurice.** O. Henry was an evasive man, and it is impossible to extricate him wholly from the shadows that darkened his career. The problem of his jail sentence is a case in point: it can hardly be whitewashed as Bob Davis would have us believe. A partial rather than a thorough book, this new biography is unquestionably rich in its personal anecdotes and unquestionably right in its analysis of O. Henry's source material and technique.

The twelve hundred pages of ***The Book of Tish*** (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.00) are a monument to the technique of **Mary Roberts Rinehart.** Mrs. Rinehart's eccentric old maids, Tish, Aggie, and Lizzie, are probably the most lovable characters ever sponsored by the S. E. P. But as one reads their adventures en masse, one is uncomfortably aware of certain properties which by repetition build up a 'Tish formula.' The danger signals set in the opening paragraph, — Tish's increasing audacity, the crossed lovers, Aggie's false teeth, the blackberry cordial, the intervention of Charlie Sands, — these are the elements which make the stories individually delightful but somewhat standardized when in bulk.

Of course there is more to them. Underneath their gay pattern there runs a gently ironic commentary on the years 1910 to 1930: here in the absurd antics of three old maids are pictured the extremes to which we Americans are carried by our fads and fancies. Mrs. Rinehart is ingenious, her humor is infectious, her narrative as natural as practice can make it. One should not complain if she chooses the magazine, not the book, as her medium.

Mr. Charles R. Walker's stories, ***Our Gods Are Not Born*** (Cape and Smith, $2.50), were written with a book in mind. Post-war impressions seeking to depict the tension, frustration, and recklessness of our contemporary life, these sketches have more intellectual than narrative value. The author is in earnest; to be entertaining is the least of his tenets. He aims to give you the study of a single character faced with a crisis of readjustment. At his best, as in 'The Murderer' and 'God Bless You, Mr. Vice-President,' his personalities hold you fast; at his second-best, the pages become fragmentary and too indirect, the phrasing too self-conscious.

Many Thousands Gone, by **John Peale Bishop** (Scribners, $2.50), is a group of five narratives, picturesque, beautifully graphic, whose theme is the invaded South of the Civil War. The first two pieces touch with high lights the Southern temperament, the last three (and notably the title story, which won the Scribner Prize) disclose the shock and disrupting tragedy that followed the invasion. More arresting than battle scenes, because so much more intimate and touching, are these vignettes of the womenfolk, the stay-at-homes who lived in a crumbling world and suffered loss, degradation of spirit, and fear. The prize story and 'Young Death and Desire' are my favorites, emphasizing as they do the objective and episodic method here employed with such skill, proportion, and good effect by the author. Mr. Bishop is to be congratulated.

Edward Weeks

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Raymond B. Fosdick ('Our Foreign Policy in the Looking-Glass') is a corporation lawyer and a practical student of foreign affairs. In 1919 he was civilian aide to General Pershing in France and later served as Undersecretary-General of the League of Nations. He is a brother of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Δ A tireless sportsman who has ranged three continents for big game, **James E. Baum** ('Hunting the Wild Ass') was in Persia collecting specimens for the Field Museum of Natural History when he had the adventures here described. **Simeon Strunsky** ('Jones, His Mother and His Wife') is a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. **T. Swann Harding** ('Another Jew without Money'), with nearly a score of years spent in laboratory research behind him, is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. **Sir John Campbell** ('Waiting for the Rains') served for a generation in the Indian Civil Service and is now India's representative on the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations. **Freda C. Bond** ('The Seven Seas') is an English poet. **Helen Peffer** ('They Want Their Money Back') is managing editor of a scientific trade paper; **Juna Newton** has charge of the Returns Department of a large New York store.

Oliver McKee, Jr. ('The Direct Primary — A Failure and a Threat') is Washington correspondent for the *Boston Transcript*. **Ralph P. Holben** ('Science Goes to Prison') is Assistant Professor of Sociology and Criminology at Dartmouth College. Δ A well-known yachtsman, **Alfred F. Loomis** ('Sportsmanship in the Rough') has borne witness to the joys of his particular sport in his book, *The Cruise of the Hippocampus*. Δ Crippled by arthritis and handicapped at the age of thirty by failing eyesight, **Ogden W. Heath** has made up his mind to become an author; 'The Light Is Sweet' is his first published effort. **Francis G. Peabody** ('Law and Self-Control') was for many years Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in the Harvard Divinity School; he has been professor emeritus since 1913. **Thomas T. Read** ('Our Mediæval Minds') is a mining engineer whose professional life has been divided between America and China. He is now Professor of Mining Engineering at Columbia University. **Maude Dutton Lynch** ('Conscripted Children') finds time to mother a growing family and to write occasional magazine articles. **Julius H. Barnes** ('Business Looks at Unemployment') is president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. **Sumner H. Slichter** ('Pharaoh Dreams Again') is Professor of Business Economics in the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard. He has just published a book, *Modern Economic Society*, containing a survey of the present industrial system in America.

Mazo de la Roche is the author of *Jalna* and *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, to which *Finch's Fortune* is a sequel. A brief synopsis of previous installments follows: —

Up to this point the narrative has dealt largely with Finch Whiteoak, who at twenty-one has inherited his grandmother's fortune and gone on a trip abroad, taking with him his two uncles, Nicholas and Ernest Whiteoak. While in England, Finch falls in love with his cousin, Sarah Court, but before he realizes it a Canadian friend, Arthur Leigh, arrives on the scene and marries Sarah. The story now goes back to the rest of the family at Jalna in Ontario. Finch's oldest brother, Renny, has recently married Alayne Archer, a rather intellectual American girl who had first come to Jalna as the wife of his brother Eden, a young poet. A strong attraction sprang up between Alayne and Renny, and when Eden ran off with a girl named Minny Ware, Alayne divorced him and married Renny. But she soon finds that the careless exuberance of the family at Jalna grates on her New England nerves, and she often feels out of touch with her straightforward, unintellectual husband. A series of petty annoyances leads to a sudden quarrel between them.

The *Atlantic* is proud of Mrs. Wilson's paper, and some there are who understand.

LONDON, ENGLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Will you permit me to say how deeply ashamed I am of having written an article ('For the Preservation of the War of 1812,' April *Atlantic*) which seems to have stirred up a good deal of national hatred? When I suggested, foolishly, that because the War of 1812 was in danger of being forgotten we should change the name of New York City to commemorate it, I spoke ironically. It did not occur to me that this fact would not be evident. I was not trying to disinter old hatreds. I was trying to bury them in a grave decorated with ridicule. I was trying to express my fury against the fact that, as a defenseless little child, I was taught in school to be patriotic about a 'glorious victory' which very few Englishmen — in spite of Green's history — have ever heard of, and which Canadians are taught to believe they won.

I want to make it plain that I believe that if American children are still to have the shameful folly forced into their consciousness, it ought to be taught to them realistically, and not romantically. I see no reason why children should ever be taught about war; but if they must learn of their war-making fathers, why not tell them that the only way to be worthy of these fathers is to avoid their errors and improve upon their methods? Why not say simply that in Colonial days there was no good road from Boston to Philadelphia, and that men suffered patiently the hardships of the journey; and likewise, because they had not discovered the roads to peace, they sometimes suffered their necessary wounds bravely?

But if we must teach them about battles and campaigns, for the sake of truth let us see that their histories are not written by either patriots or compatriots. Let us do it internationally, from Geneva. Let us appoint a Finn to prepare textbooks for American children, a Swede for English children, a Chinese to write for French children, a Pathan to write for German children, and an Englishman to write for children of some nation against which his country has not within the last hundred years carried on a war of 'self-defense' — if such a nation exists. Writers so detached might occasionally get at the truth. And then national groups might begin to realize that when they pray, 'Give us, O Lord, in this world knowledge of the truth,' they are in reality praying to be delivered from vicious patriotisms.

This letter is *not* ironical.

MARGARET WILSON

Children and the movies.

THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Surely everyone will agree that much of William Orton's article, 'Hollywood Has Nothing to Learn,' is fine. May I suggest, however, that he has considered the movies from the point of view of the producers — namely, as a business of furnishing commercialized entertainment to adults? The trouble with this position is that it takes no account of the children.

Surveys have shown that, on the average, the movies touch every child of school age once a week. The impressions which they create in the minds and characters of children are beyond all calculation. Long ago our government decided that it was a function of the state to educate and protect children; hence schools have been established and parents are required to send their children to them. This is a direct interference with the personal liberty of parents, yet most people will agree that it is justified.

On the same principle would not our government be justified in setting up machinery to prevent the motion-picture industry from defeating the work of the public schools? This would not mean censorship, which is applied at the *point of distribution;* rather, it would mean a type of social control applied at the *source of production*, before the expense of filming had been incurred. The proper authority should have power not simply to eliminate pernicious material, but to suggest ways of making a story better. Such social control would bring to the movies not only the point of view of men interested in making profits, but also the point of view of men interested in making character.

FRED EASTMAN

What is your experience?

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Before me are the fruits of a shopping expedition undertaken to determine, at least to my own satisfaction, whether the Philadelphia store with which I am connected is as bad as those portrayed in that exceedingly clever article published in the May *Atlantic*, entitled 'Who Wants My Money?' I asked Mrs. Marion Brown to make actual purchases of the articles specified, at the same time being careful to note the length of time required and the quality of service rendered by our people. I frankly told her that I wished to compare her experiences with those outlined in the article. Since I did not wish to influence her in any way, I asked her not to read the article until after she had made her report.

Mrs. Brown readily agreed. Her shopping list was copied word for word from the *Atlantic* article: 'two brassières like my last ones; one pair of flesh-colored side garters; two pairs of women's pajamas, cotton, sleeveless, size 38; two spools of white thread, number 60; an eggshell sweater; a pair of walking shoes like those I had bought the week before (they were so comfortable and good-looking that I thought I had better buy another pair before they were gone); four pairs of lisle socks, size 11; four sets of men's underwear, broadcloth shorts and white lisle shirts; an over-the-bed lamp in either blue or yellow; a fifteen-dollar wedding present.' Those who read the article will recall that its writer allowed two hours within which to complete her purchases; after some most unhappy experiences covering three and one-half hours of precious time, she gave up in despair, departing homeward minus four of the most needed items. Of her shopping tour she wrote most entertainingly, a thing which I fear is beyond me; I am content to record Mrs. Brown's experiences faithfully, letting her story speak for itself.

'Faring forth with instructions to purchase the articles on my list, I enter an elevator in which I descend to the lower-priced section where I so often shop for my own needs. My watch tells me that it is now 2.15 P.M. First, I must find "two brassières like my last ones." What kind did the author of the article wear? Not knowing, I seek ones like those I wear and find them. No trouble thus far.

'Next, I must look for side garters. A girl in Art Needlework says to try Corsets. I go there and am told to try Notions on the main floor or Corsets upstairs on the third floor. Poor service this, for I am left to guess at which of two points this elusive article may be found. (Did I but know it, the wanted article is within a few feet. The sales person does not know her stock.) However, going to the Notions Department, I get what I want, and since I secure the spool cotton at the same place, not much time is lost. Retracing my steps, I seek out "pajamas, cotton, sleeveless, size 38." I learn that no such size is made, but I am assured that size 17 is the equivalent. A good selection is offered and I secure what I want without difficulty.

'An eggshell sweater, I fear, will be difficult to find. But it is on my list, so I go in search of it. No, they do not have it. Instead I am offered one in creamy white, so dainty and so in keeping with the feminine mode that I buy it. It is not what my list calls for, but surely no one of my sex could resist it. I check this off my list with a clear conscience. Next, I must buy shoes. Again, I do not know what might be meant by ones "like those I had bought the week before," but I do know what I like. Those first shown are not at all what I want. Four more pairs are brought and among them is a pair of one-strap walking shoes, with moderate heels, which will not be conspicuous on the street and yet will give my feet freedom when considerable walking is to be done. The purchase is quickly made.

'At the hosiery counter, I am offered lisle and rayon of fancy design, but I explain that I want them for an elderly gentleman. All-lisle socks are then found and I choose socks of plain dark blue which I am sure will be satisfactory. The same sales person finds for me lisle shirts and broadcloth shorts, which complete this part of my list. And so to Lamps, for an over-the-bed lamp in blue or yellow. Eight styles are shown, and from these I pick one which answers the description on my list. Last, but not least, I must select a wedding present for about fifteen dollars. Since I am of econonical mind, I cut this to five dollars. Being also of practical mind, I turn to the bedding section for suggestions and discover that I can secure a spread of both useful and ornamental design for three dollars and ninety-five cents. This I buy, and lo! my shopping is done. It is now 3.40 P.M. My shopping has been completed in exactly one hour and twenty-five minutes, and I depart to make my report with everything on my list purchased.'

Because it justified my pride in the institution of which I am a part, Mrs. Brown's report was received with deep satisfaction. It is passed on in the hope that it may not only be of interest to others, but may serve to point this moral: That not all merchants are such bad storekeepers as those who provided the experiences about which your writer asks despairingly, 'Who Wants My Money?'

JOHN H. MARCHANT

AN EVOLUTIONIST TO HIS HOUSE CAT

When you were a hungry sabre-tooth
And I was a mere sub-man,
You did n't desire to be stroked on the back
Or to nibble sardines from a can.

Your rap at the door of my cave at night
Was a thing to be viewed with alarm;
It did n't denote that you wished for a snooze
By the fire, where the dogs could n't harm.

When you were a tiger roaming the woods
And I was a luscious human,
A meeting with you caused my heart to beat fast
And my brain to respond with acumen.

You delighted to cuddle up close in the dark
In that masterful way you had,
For mine was a skin that you loved to touch —
But it was n't a Woodbury ad.

My playful attempt to tickle your chin
Is received with comparative quiet,
But my mode of approach would have differed
somewhat
Had I been the first homo to try it.

Though I've often heard praise of the good old days,
I'll confess that I hardly could wish
For the time when you were a sabre-tooth
And I was your favorite dish.

FRANCES BAKER

The safety valve in a national plan.

HARVARD LAW SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May an ex-corporation lawyer who by some accident has become a law professor add a word to the discussion of current business problems so ably opened in your June issue by Mr. James Harvey Williams and Mr. Stuart Chase?

It is hardly possible to question the truth of Mr. Chase's central thesis that we shall ultimately be forced by the conditions of machine production to adopt a national economic plan. But such a plan, to be workable, must solve one problem which was not even confronted by the War Industries Board and the Russian Gosplan — that of disposing of the surplus human energy which a rational ordering of our business life would certainly release. Ten years of commercial and corporation practice have given me some opportunity to observe the process of consolidation by which business appears already to be groping towards some sort of centralized control. One unfortunate consequence of this process is to thwart or waste the initiative of large numbers of enterprising young men. Everyone in business can recall examples — men of unquestioned ability and ambition who would head productive businesses of their own if they could obtain capital, but who cannot obtain capital because the conditions of cutthroat competition described by Mr. Williams make the risks of small enterprise too great. Too many such men now rust in salaried jobs where they are outstripped by plodders, or else turn to wasteful or speculative enterprises of the kind which Mr. Chase rightly deplores. It is probable that the great Common Stock Bubble was largely inflated by people who sought in the risks of speculation some compensation for the lack of individual enterprises of their own.

An adventurous and aggressive spirit is the greatest natural resource of any people, as the Incas learned to their sorrow from the little band of Spaniards bred in a continent of poverty and wars. Mr. Chase's national plan will have to provide for its conservation, along with the timber and the coal and oil. But if we are not to engage in warfare, if commercial buccaneering is to be planned out of existence, if we cannot, like the Russians, look to a foreign model whose mechanical equipment we are to 'overtake and surpass,' where is this spirit to be cultivated and employed? Is it to have no outlet except in rum-running and professional sport?

It is precisely here that Mr. Williams's 'The Reign of Error' points out one of the essential conditions of advance. There are, perhaps, a few basic industries in which monopoly cannot be escaped. If so, these must be treated as public utilities, either legally or in fact. But the field of competition must be kept as broad as possible, and — paradoxically — this can be accomplished only by restricting competition to productive ends. Just as we protect productive competition by forbidding theft, just as we protect it by forbidding slavery even for the discharge of lawful debts, just as we protect it by attempting, at least, to suppress the racketeer, so we shall protect it ultimately by eliminating those forms of commercial competition which can only result in the destruction of both competitors or their consolidation into a single trust.

So I say, 'Good for Mr. Williams, and more power to his pen!' The only place I quarrel with him is where he says, 'The problem is fundamentally economic and not legal.' That hurts my professional pride, — and it is wrong, too, — because the law is and always has been concerned with the conflicts between men's economic interests, and with not much else. What Mr. Williams means is that most lawyers don't understand or think much about his particular problem, which is unfortunately true. When they went to law school they were elaborately drilled in the rules which governed the economic conflicts of the nineteenth century, but they hardly got an introduction to the problems of the twentieth-century game. This seems to be bringing the argument too near home, however, and I must pause. When the national plan is completed it will include a rather extensive reform of legal education — but that, as Kipling used to tell us, is a story by itself.

Sincerely yours,
George K. Gardner

Imagination pays dividends.

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Atlantic, —

I read with a great deal of interest the article, 'Imagination — An Investment Asset,' by Jonathan C. Royle in the Financial Counselor section of the June issue. Being closely affiliated with the investment business, I was very strongly impressed by the sound logic of the article. Far too many people, as the records show, have persistently poured their accumulations of a lifetime of labor into decadent industries because they lack the imagination to visualize the youthful giant industries in the offing. During the next five or ten years the march of scientific discovery and research will probably make it more important than ever for investors to practise the policies so ably set forth in this little masterpiece by Mr. Royle. Let's hear more from this author.

Edward J. Dies

Chacun à son goût.

Washington, D. C.

Dear Atlantic, —

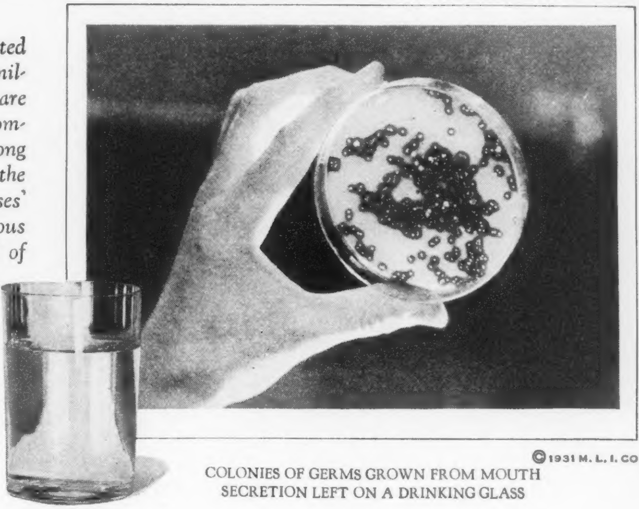
Usually I avoid 'flying stories' as I would poison, because almost all of them are rather 'sad stuff.' Impelled by curiosity, however, I read 'Big Flight' in your June number; and my opinion remains unchanged.

Perhaps one of these days there will appear a writer of flying stories whose stock in trade will consist of something more than a handsome, dashing hero (sometimes he is one of those strong, silent men) and a beautiful, tearful damsel who spends most of her time worrying over and praying for her sky-going superman (I have never seen such a damsel in real life). Along with the aforesaid hero and damsel one always finds a jumble of technical aviation terms and hangar-door slang. The plot never varies. The formula is to describe meticulously how the hero pilot put on his flying gear, warmed up his engine, checked his instruments (each instrument is always carefully mentioned), conversed in gruff, manly tones with his faithful mechanic, who assures him that the 'old boat' or 'old girl' is in the pink of

On the Rim of a Glass

"There are in the United States, on an average, a million persons who suffer or are recovering from some communicable disease . . . Among the most damaging are the so-called 'respiratory diseases' and the ordinary contagious diseases, practically all of which are conveyed . . . by the common drinking cup."

—Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cumming of the United States Public Health Service.



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COLONIES OF GERMS GROWN FROM MOUTH SECRETION LEFT ON A DRINKING GLASS

ALL BUT two States in the Union have passed laws forbidding the use of a common drinking cup or glass in public places—meaning a cup or a glass which has not been thoroughly washed or cleansed after one person has used it and before another drinks from it.

Each of these States has gone on record warning against germ infection which may follow the use of an unclean glass or spoon or other drinking or eating utensil. Scientists have proved beyond contradiction that it is highly unsafe to use a glass which was not thoroughly sterilized after being used by someone having a communicable disease.

Disease may be spread not only by common drinking glasses, but also by towels, nail brushes, combs and hairbrushes that have been used by other persons. Coins and paper money are also known to be germ carriers, as are improperly washed knives, forks and dishes.

The common drinking cup or glass has been banished forever from most public places and properly conducted businesses. But there are still all too many soda fountains, wayside soft drink stands, carelessly run restaurants, hotels and private homes where scrupulous cleanliness is not observed.

Perhaps it is because germs are invisible to eyes unaided by powerful microscopes that their presence is usually unsuspected. Thousands of them can lodge on a spot no bigger than a pinhead, while millions of them can be found on the rim of a glass which has been in public use without complete cleansing.

Like nearly all great forward movements for better protection and consequent better public health, the movement to outlaw the common drinking cup depends on complete public support and universal personal cooperation.

Never drink from an unwashed glass.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

condition, clasped the beautiful damsel in a lingering embrace, leaped into the cockpit, and then — amid the frantic plaudits of the assembled thousands — started upon an epochal flight.

J. M. SHEEHAN

BURLINGTON, IOWA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

At seven o'clock at the breakfast table this (Monday) morning I read Mr. Francis Vivian Drake's 'Big Flight' with tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat which threatened seriously, at times, to interfere with breakfast. Considering the time, the place, and the day, I think this no small tribute to the literary powers of the author, and I wish to congratulate both him and the *Atlantic* upon having found each other.

JOSEPHINE W. RONEY

An old sailor's birds.

DUTCH FLAT, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I must tell you how keenly I enjoyed 'The History of the King Bee' by Charles D. Stewart in the May *Atlantic*. To me an article of this sort is worth more than the price of a year's subscription. 'Bird Heart' in the February number was another such article. I have often wished that its author, Mr. Julian S. Huxley, would give me some information about the behavior of a bird that has come under my observation during the past few weeks.

The bird is a red-shafted flicker, locally known as a yellow-hammer. My neighbor's house has a tin chimney which was set upon the roof ridge as an ornament — to give the roof symmetry, I suppose. Every morning for weeks past a red-shafted flicker has drummed upon it just as a flicker ordinarily drums upon dead branches, seeking grubs. Morning after morning I have wakened to the steady, quick drum of his bill on the metal. I should like to know just what he thinks he is doing. Surely he must know that it is tin on which he drums, or at least that it is not wood. Even my most unnoticing neighbors, who take no particular interest in birds, have noticed this one and have commented on his regular morning performance. After a while he leaves the tin chimney and comes to drum on the dead limb of a lofty poplar beside my window. If Mr. Huxley or anyone else can explain his actions, I should be most interested.

I used to love the sea birds in my sailor days. Often, while I stood at the wheel in a Cape Horn blow, there would be a row of half a dozen or a dozen great white albatrosses, one behind another, hovering with scarce-moving wings at a level a few feet higher than my head and just beyond the taffrail. For, with the exception of the booby, I know no sea bird that ever comes inboard — ever comes, that is, so much as a foot in from a line above the bulwarks. None ever passes through between the masts. None flies over, unless at a great height, as does the marlinespike bird. Well-nigh motionless upon the gale, those noble albatrosses would turn their heads and eye the young lad at the wheel. To catch an albatross was easy. All that one needed was a line and a hook, with a scrap of salt pork for bait. I have often hauled them aboard. While I have heard that sailors do, or did, at times kill them, I am glad to say that I have only once known a sailor to take the life of any sea bird. We used to catch them merely to watch them at close range. Always when we set them on deck they were immediately seasick, throwing up partly digested fish or whatever scraps they had picked up when we flung our scant leavings overboard after meals.

It was a common custom to fasten a scrap of canvas to the leg of an albatross, with the ship's name marked on it, and the latitude and longitude in which the bird was caught. I have seen albatrosses flying beside my ship with such scraps of old sail on their legs, but we were never able to catch one of these. Our messages were, I suppose, always written in vain, though perhaps there has been some instance of a lost ship being heard of thus for the last time.

In those southern latitudes were countless myriads of Cape pigeons — birds of about the size of a pigeon with plumage that was either jet-black or snow-white, the jet and the snow intermingled in a most lovely pattern. When caught, they would sit in a bucket of sea water and take salt pork slush from a sailor's hand. There were times, south of the Horn, when sea birds were so numerous as to form bird clouds, almost — albatrosses, Cape hens, mollymauks, ice birds, Cape pigeons, petrels. When we had come past the stormy Horn they would follow us north for days. I think these birds must do without sleep for great periods, for I have seen vast numbers follow for many degrees of latitude. Little by little they drop away, becoming scarcer as the ship goes north. Then at last comes a morning when the last Cape pigeon is gone.

Well, a man could write forever of birds, and of insects, and wish that he knew more about them.

BILL ADAMS

P.S. I must tell you about an old sailor we had with us on one voyage round the Horn. A Norwegian he was, a white-headed, bent man — a foul-mouthed old dog of the ocean. It was a custom of his to strip to his waist each morning and slap salt water over his hide, no matter whether in the tropics or in bitter seas. A dirty old devil, we young lads called him, for there was never an ending to his filthy tales. But he and I were together once upon the poop, and astern there hovered Mother Carey's chickens, a pale blue cloud of them. The mate called, 'Belay! That'll do,' and I made fast the rope that old Nelson and I had been 'swigging' taut. The mate went down to the main deck. Old Nelson, about to follow, paused and looked astern. 'See there, boy,' said he, 'Mother Carey's. Ain't they the pretty little sea butterflies, eh?'

I think that I never yet met a man in whom was not to be found, somewhere, a glint of heaven's poetry.

On the Lack of Necessity FOR SHOUTING

EVERY now and then we get a letter that reads something like this: "Your statements about Fels-Naptha are not strong enough. You are too modest about what your soap will do."

We plead guilty to the indictment, but we refuse to reform. We will continue to speak our piece in undertones. For we believe that most women prefer a quiet, reasonable story to one that is burdened with superlatives.

So we are content to make the plain statement that Fels-Naptha washes clothes sweetly, completely clean, and does it easily, without hard rubbing. Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help because it combines, in its big, generous bar, two helpers instead of one—unusually good soap and *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha. Working briskly together, these two helpers remove even stubborn dirt, and give clothes the snowy, airy sweetness that every woman likes so well.

Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes, and easy on the hands. It contains soothing glycerine. And glycerine, you know, is an important ingredient in most skin-lotions. Finally, Fels-Naptha never complains about conditions. It is the same willing worker in washing machine or tub; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water; whether you soak or boil. There is the Fels-Naptha story, told without benefit of ballyhoo. We hope you will get some Fels-Naptha from your grocer — a few bars or the 10-bar carton — and test the story's truth. If you find that we have erred, we believe you will agree that it has been on the side of modesty.

Special Offer—Whether Fels-Naptha has been used in your home for years, or whether you have just decided to use it yourself or have your maid try it, we'll be glad to send a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who do their own housework prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into washing machine, tub or basin, and find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, anyone can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as they are needed. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1931, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. G.A. 8-31
Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*________________________

*Street*________________________

*City*____________ *State*________

Please print your name and address completely

Adult infantilism.

West Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Atlantic, —

Let me express to you my thorough appreciation of Mr. Nock's article, 'American Education.' It impresses me all the more strongly because I have just received an invitation to the annual commencement festivities of my college, which illustrates — I am sure Mr. Nock would agree — the type of thing that never would come from a European university. This invitation has been so worded, so devised, as to appeal to the largest possible number of my classmates. We are all, therefore, indirectly — if not directly — responsible for the tone and style of it. Most deplorable of all, it will circulate among four or five hundred members of my class, already ten years out, and will doubtless impress the majority of them as a very clever, friendly bit of American collegiate enthusiasm.

I quote certain passages. The request for money is thus expressed: 'If you have n't replied in cash to my impassioned appeal of last October, and have just one dollar that is n't hitting on all four (or six), please tuck it into an envelope and send it on to Momma.' The attractions for commencement are announced: 'All the beauty and wit and latent talent among the various clubs will be spread before you. They are all working hard now, and the ultimate effect will be something than which there could be nothing whicher. If you survive this orgy, there's Illumination Night, which ought to finish you off.' Certain members of the faculty are referred to by nickname, and one is importantly described as 'not as usual, for his moustache has gone.'

There is no suggestion of possible interest in the intellectual or artistic achievements of members of the returning class, or of their use during ten years' time of the preparation which our college training was supposed to have provided for our lives. I am forced to admit that the appointment card from my dentist in France would stand infinitely higher in courtesy and dignity than does this announcement of my class reunion at one of the most important colleges of our country.

Alumna

'Doing and getting' versus 'Being and becoming.'

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Atlantic, —

Albert Jay Nock's article on 'American Education' in the May *Atlantic* reminded me of a bit of Virginia Woolf's gentle satire. Orlando's famous home had been in her family for about five hundred years. 'Her ancestors had accumulated field after field, house after house, honour after honour. . . . Any man who did now what her ancestors had done three or four hundred years ago would be denounced — and by her own family most loudly — for a vulgar upstart, an adventurer, a *nouveau riche*.' Mr. Nock and Mr. James Truslow Adams forget that tradition and culture, like Rome, are not built in a day. The most ancient of well-bred English families had a period of 'doing and getting' which furnished the background for their later generations, who can now spend much time 'being and becoming,' as well as denouncing as vulgar upstarts any family which is now trying to better itself materially and educationally.

Many graduates of our courses in agriculture, business administration, and home economics have glimpsed enough of higher learning to imbue their sons and daughters with a thirst for formative knowledge. Perhaps there is such a thing as evolution of brains. Perhaps, after several generations of the same family have 'floated' through our universities, their capacities and demands will have changed so that the universities may change their courses, even to Mr. Nock's limited classical curriculum — which Heaven forbid! But follow Mr. Nock's advice to cut the whole school population, above the primary grades, by 90 per cent, and see what would happen. We'd find ourselves back in the Elizabethan Age, when for every Francis Bacon there were hundreds of thousands of illiterates.

Mrs. Wilbur B. Ream

Remarkable coincidences.

San Antonio, Texas

Dear Atlantic, —

Robert Whitcomb's article, 'The New Pilgrim's Progress,' has struck very close home in this family. Two sons of mine, traveling their widely different paths, came in contact with him on his ten months' trip.

One of my sons was the 'well-dressed man in the company of a woman who passed by smoking a cigarette' and whom the policeman politely told that smoking was not permitted. He remembers the incident clearly. He had arrived from South America and was walking along the wharf with his chum's mother, showing her how they unloaded bananas. It was the time of Mardi Gras, just as Whitcomb described it. My son was attracted by Whitcomb's face and wondered what the poor fellow had done to be arrested.

Another of my sons was one of the 'bums' on the freight train out West which was loaded with hoboes. He remembers the young newspaper man and the signs, 'Business Is Good — Keep It Good!' — and the joke of it all. He struck Nevada in May in a snowstorm and slept in a haystack, but he found no work. The night he got home on a freight at midnight, two Negro women accosted him with 'Hello, son!' When he crawled in the basement and saw himself in the mirror, he understood: they thought he was one of their color.

Now you will see that we have a very kindred feeling for Robert Whitcomb. We admire his spirit and his descriptive narrative, and we hope to see more of him in print.

Louise Dimaline

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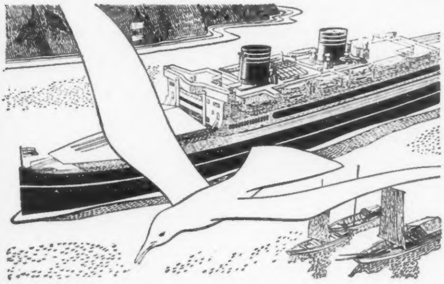

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The FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

COMMODITY PRICES AND THEIR INFLUENCE

by C. T. REVERE

IN his address last May before the International Chamber of Commerce in Washington, Secretary Mellon outlined the chief prerequisite to economic recovery. 'Prices,' he said, 'must be revised and costs of production and output must be brought down to a point where the demand will again be stimulated and goods move into consumption.' All this involves the restoration of balanced relationships between various industries; consequently it is necessary to understand how this dislocation occurred and to determine the steps by which readjustment may be effected.

First, it is essential to understand that we are passing through what many of us hope are the concluding stages of post-war deflation. Most of us have thought this took place in 1921, whereas really all that happened then was a credit smash following war-time speculation. This did not last long, because world necessities for raw materials and finished goods made it imperative that the production and distribution of these commodities be financed.

In the last ten years, therefore, the world has been bending its efforts toward a replenishment of its supplies of raw materials and manufactured goods. Misled, perhaps, by war-time and post-war demand, in addition to attractive price levels, it looks as if we had overdone production in certain lines. We might take the case of sugar as an example. In pre-war days, Central Europe and Russia, by the planting of sugar beets, used to produce half the sugar required by the world. While the war was on, this production was lost, and Cuba and Java speeded up their output of cane sugar until they could take care of practically the entire world's requirements. When the European beet sugar industry revived, the world found itself confronted with an annual production 50 per cent in excess of its requirements. The same thing has happened in other fields. In response to early post-war demand that seemed insatiable, productive effort was speeded up in rubber, silk, coffee, copper, steel, and in almost every line of manufactured goods.

Then speculation came along. It started first in the farm lands of the West, where buyers bought farms based on profits accruing from three-dollar wheat and other agricultural prices in proportion. Later it shifted to Florida, and when the West Indian hurricane blew that boom away, it was transferred to real estate in practically every large city of the country. Then it spread to the stock market, and this was the final phase.

All the time this was going on, we were increasing our production of raw materials, the demand for which appeared unlimited. Disconcerting indications that the world had outdone itself in this particular were furnished by various schemes to sustain prices in the face of supply and demand. Brazil tried valorization in coffee; the British tried restriction in rubber; Cuba attempted to control the sugar market; and Congress wrestled with the export debenture plan and the equalization fee, and finally adopted the Farm Board programme.

All these were warnings of the impending excess supply in commodities.

Finally the decline set in. It is not necessary to go into the question of who lighted the fuse in that long train of exploding circumstances. It is vital only to know that in spite of copper combines, valorization, restriction, and farm boards, prices of commodities collapsed throughout the world. Taking the high prices of 1929 for leading commodities and comparing them with the low prices of 1930–31, we find that deflation has proceeded in the most cruel fashion in history for the same length of time. Rubber has declined 77.7 per cent; coffee, 70 per cent; hides, 66 per cent; sugar, 60 per cent; cocoa, 60 per cent; silk, 60 per cent, and cotton 53.3 per cent. Copper has broken from the stabilized price of eighteen cents to eight cents.

When we look at these prices, — rubber six cents per pound, against twenty-seven cents in 1929 and more than a dollar about five years ago; sugar at one cent per pound and Rio coffee at 4.35 cents, against sixteen cents in 1929; silk at $2.13 per pound, against $5.25 two years ago, — it is only natural for most of us who regard prices largely from the standpoint of relativity to think that the worst has been discounted and that purchases of these raw materials around current levels entail minimum risk.

This probably is true. The bugaboo of the merchant and the manufacturer is inventory losses, particularly in raw materials. After rubber broke from above one dollar a pound to twenty-seven cents, the average tire manufacturer saw very little hazard in purchases at twenty-seven cents. Yet prices have broken twenty-one cents per pound from that point. Now, with rubber only a little above six cents, there is hesitation about

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THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

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It is recommended that readers write directly to the investment houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

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"Investment Review." A booklet giving current information on the selection of securities for investment is offered by Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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While we are attracted by the buying opportunities when we look at the prices of various raw materials, we are nevertheless confronted by the fact of unbelievably small consumption, when it would seem that, on price alone, maximum buying and processing activity should be the leading characteristics of the commodity situation. It is interesting, therefore, to examine into this phase.

We have an unbalanced situation that must be corrected before raw materials can pass freely into processing and goods can change hands on a basis of equality that will restore what we call a state of general prosperity. We have this unbalanced condition because the post-war deflation process has been most drastic in raw materials. Here we deal with the question of quantity, of supply exceeding demand. All schemes and plans, whether backed by national treasuries or by the resources of cartels and combines, have been ineffective to avert the stern workings of economic law.

With raw materials around the lowest levels in decades, we find that this post-war deflation has not yet been as severe along other lines. Services, as in transportation and distribution, rents and wages, have resisted the downward movement. This is an unbalanced condition that can be corrected in only one of three ways. First, raw-material prices might advance and thus restore the equilibrium. Second, services, rents, and wages may come down and give us a balanced condition. Third, there may be reciprocal movements that will tend toward the desirable equilibrium. At any rate, it must be obvious to any impartial student that with raw sugar around one cent per pound, rubber around six cents, silk, cocoa, copper, and many other products at their current levels, the producers of these raw materials cannot buy manufactured foods where processing and distribution costs have not declined, owing to the maintenance of wage scales, transportation rates, and rents.

We might take British industry as a case in point. The average price level of British exports in 1930 was 51.3 per cent above the pre-war level, while the average of British imports was only 18 per cent above the pre-war level. In other words, the countries that sold Great Britain her raw materials and foodstuffs in 1930 obtained only 18 per cent more than pre-war averages, while they paid 51.3 per cent more for the goods Great Britain manufactured. Herein we find the explanation for the decline in the trade of the United Kingdom and an illustration of what is bound to happen elsewhere under similar conditions.

There has been a general reluctance to reduce wages. This question happily has been fundamentally, although perhaps not politically, removed from class consciousness. The wage problem in this crisis is not an issue between capital and labor, or employer and employee. It far transcends such narrow boundaries. It is now a question between one group and another, chiefly between producers of raw materials on the one hand, and the processors and distributors of manufactured products on the other.

Leaving aside the question of the maintenance of wage scales by the exactions of labor unions and the agitation of politicians, and examining into the efforts of employers to alleviate the position of their workers, we can recognize readily the fundamental futility of all these palliatives. We see the working personnel of a given corporation employed part time with working hours and days staggered in order to distribute the contents of the pay envelope. From a purely humanitarian point of view, this may be commendable, but from an economic point of view it can be readily seen that it delays the readjustment without which balanced relationships never can be restored.

According to the last census of the United States, we had a population 54 per cent urban, and therefore assumed to be industrial, and 46 per cent rural, thereby embracing the element in our population engaged or interested in the production of foodstuffs and raw materials, including products of mines, and so forth. With current prices for farm products and existing levels for other raw materials and foodstuffs, how are the 46 per cent who produce raw materials going to take the products of industry in volume and pay for them?

One of our leading economists recently emphasized the fact that the secret of prosperity lay in balanced relationships between industries, for in the last analysis they buy and consume each other's goods. He pointed out that the purchasing power of every group is in its own products and services, and there is no danger of overproduction as long as they are in balance. There is no limit to the amount of work to be done in the world, or the amount of business to be had.

It should be an inspiration to work for such a goal. Readjustment may entail intervening hardships, but the rewards will be colossal. Even now the situation is not without its compensations. We are inclined to get too gloomy a reaction from the prevailing low levels for commodities. There is no magic in twenty-cent cotton and two-dollar wheat if group relationships are out of gear. The contribution of reduced production costs by the various groups would provide reciprocal benefits that should mitigate the rigors of readjustment. With a restoration of the balance between raw materials and finished consumer goods, we are likely to find a more solid basis for mass prosperity on a lower plane of prices than would be possible at higher levels, with disparities interposing obstructions to the free interchange of goods.